
DOWN
TYRANTS
A MEETING
HERE
TO NIGHT
BUILDING
EQUALITY

# SKETCHES

# IN ULTRA-MARINE.



By JAMES HANNAY,

LATE OF HER MAJESTY'S NAVY, AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENOY," ETC., ETC.



*Sir S.* Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.
*Ben.* Ay, ay! been? been far enough and that be all . . . . . . .
. . . Nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest an the ship be sinking, as we said at sea.

CONGREVE'S *Love for Love*, Act III., Sc. I.

Second Edition.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

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TO

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

WITH MUCH REGARD.

# PREFACE.

These volumes comprise in one collection the contents of three little books published by me, during the years 1848 and 1849; and some papers which enjoyed the advantage of appearing in the *United Service Magazine*, at a more recent period. They have all, more or less, been favoured with public notice and a fair circulation; and, I have reason to believe, are well known in the professions to which they more particularly relate. As I now send them forth revised (a part, too, for the third time), it may not be impertinent to preface them with a few words of explanation and elucidation.

If these writings, then, have any value (which I am more willing to hope, than ready to believe), it is because, while borrowing the form of fiction, they are based on reality and experience. The naval life of

England as it existed in the last age—in the days of Nelson and Collingwood—is depicted with admirable freshness and power in the novels of Marryatt, and the incomparable *Tom Cringle's Log* of the late Michael Scott. But the service of to-day has changed in many respects, from various causes, just as forms of life have changed everywhere. Different principles are used in selecting officers; regulations have been modified; but above all, a long peace has had the important consequence of making our naval men mingle more with their fellows on shore, and has brought them under the influence of all the excitements, intellectual and social, which, for good and evil, work upon England during our epoch. Change, by affording contrast and contradiction, is the very element of comedy, and whatever is interesting or amusing in these pages, will generally be found to be derived from a description of the peculiarities of a state of transition—a state of things where tradition is at war with the new, and out of which perplexities and extravagances arise. I am now speaking of this changed condition of the navy, as a subject of literary delineation (which is attempted here); but I am very far from presuming to speak of it as an object of censure. I believe that whatever is noblest in the spiritual inheritance of England, is at this moment afloat under her flag—and *kept fresh* indeed, in the salt

water over which she rules. I believe in the sea-life as a mode of human activity. And I entertain none of that absurd dread of degeneracy among the new generation, which is believed in, or affected by, the sticklers for form and letter,—the pedants of the pig-tail! I have always laughed at these gentlemen, and their followers, and I shall continue to do so. . . . But, for the many considerations growing out of these matters, this is not the place.

A word or two, somewhat more egotistical, may be pardoned. I joined the service early in the spring of 1840, and arrived in the Mediterranean during the thick of the well-known Syrian proceedings, towards the close of that year. I was on that same station —in large and small vessels—and up and down from Gibraltar to the East, till the autumn of 1845. But as soon as the Syrian operations closed, the squadron relapsed into routine, and months flowed on, which to "youngsters," fresh from school, were both dull and dangerous. The service is entered from motives of family interest, so early, that a considerable proportion of the young aspirants find that Nature (if her time had been waited) intended them for other careers. And what if you find in an employment, no hope of a career at all? . . . . I shall always esteem it among the most fortunate circumstances of my life, that in the line-of-

battle-ship, where my first three years were spent—I enjoyed the tuition of such a naval instructor as the excellent and accomplished gentleman who filled that office—the Reverend John Doyle Kennedy, of Her Majesty's Navy. To him I owe it, that I found the necessary aid towards developing myself for other and more congenial pursuits. To these I am now committed,—and I would wish it to be thought that it is in a spirit of honesty and sympathy, that in following them out, I attempt the description of those scenes and characters amidst which, as fortune would have it, my youth was spent.

I need scarcely say, that in spite of the autobiographical form, I do not intend myself to be accurately delineated in such a youth as Mr. Percival Plug, whose "Reminiscences" open the book; and who is only to be taken for what one of the gentlemen, in Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, calls a "Human Flying-fish;" a man "of animal spirits with a mixture of whim."

James Hannay.

*London*, 21*st* *May*, 1853.

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## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES OF PERCIVAL PLUG, R.N.

*First Series.*



*Second Series.*

# CONTENTS OF VOL. II.



# PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

AND

# SKETCHES

OF

# PERCIVAL PLUG, R. N.

(Late Midshipman of H.M.S. "Preposterous.")



*First Series.*




# CHAPTER I.

PLUG ENTERS THE SERVICE.—BAGGLES AND SHEERNESS.

My name is P. Plug; on the Grampian hills
My father fed ............ a frugal swain,
Whose constant care, was to increase his store,
And *send* his only son, myself *from* home.

(*From an original Tragedy in MSS.*)

It is customary for those who favour the English public with their personal reminiscences, to begin by giving an account of their pedigree and ancestry. I am sure I should be very happy to follow the general rule, if it were in my power, but unfortunately, the origin of the Plug family is lost in the obscurity which envelopes many more important matters. Of my great-grandfather an honoured family tradition preserves the fact, that a butt of claret was drank at his funeral by his pious and sorrowing friends. This was a good old Scotch custom which modern innovation has removed. "Now-a-days" (remarks a respected Scotch friend) "it's no worth while to gang to a funeral for a' ye "get."

To trace my progress from the cradle would, necessarily, be uninteresting. I cried and eat pap—just as Shakespeare did at a similar period of his life, and—

with precocious sagacity—quitted my native Scotland when quite a boy. At school, in England, I was flogged and taught the classics; learned to vote the pious Æneas a bore—my master an impostor, and all study a humbug—in fact, received the rudiments of a regular English education.

To what it is to be attributed I know not, but certain it is, that among the youth of Great Britain a very strong feeling prevails in favour of a sea life. Robinson Crusoe has certainly something to do with it, and the works of Captain Marryatt increase the feeling, by imbuing the juvenile mind with a delusive idea, that an officer in the navy has nothing to do but drink grog, and go on shore and make love to beautiful damsels with dark eyes. The effect of the idea is, to send shoals of the British youth into the navy long before they know anything about their fitness, or unfitness, for it, or any other profession, in consequence of which we perpetually meet with officers afloat who ought to have been parsons ashore, and *vice-versâ*. What a splendid boatswain was lost to the service in the Bishop of——! What a glorious ranter to the conventicle in Captain ——! I fell myself completely into the notion that Providence had intended me for a commodore. I chewed liquorice in the hope that the unwary would take it for a chew of tobacco; abandoned braces, in order to give my trousers a hitch; and longed for the time when I should have the opportunity of rushing, sword in hand, on some unoffending Frenchman, who had never done me any harm. My guardian offered no great opposition. The navy is a fine profession—and cheap. He was willing to sacrifice his ward to his country; by so doing he would be giving a pledge to the state—in short, getting rid of a troublesome boy at the expense

of fifty pounds a-year. Besides, who knows how soon a war might break out? I might, possibly, die a hero in the moment of victory—and the cost of my allowance would be at an end, and no funeral expenses to pay. Accordingly the family interest was brought to bear on the Whig Admiralty. At that period the Whig government was in rather a tremulous condition; unpopular in the country, and feebly supported in the house. Lord Muddle, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was in particularly bad odour in the profession—partly from his ignorance of its condition, chiefly, because he seemed to have an impression that the duty of a first lord was to fill the navy with his connexions and dependents. And it must be admitted that nobly he discharged that duty—persevering like a martyr in providing for his relatives, even at the expense of his reputation for honesty. He seemed to think that all his juveniles were expressly created to be admirals. They thought so too; and every young gosling of the brood took naturally to the water. To this patriotic minister my guardian applied for an appointment. His unsupported application was met by a decided negative. But he wrote again. His lordship was respectfully reminded that the governor had rendered service to the cause—had procured votes—made speeches. By an astonishing change the crowded engagements of Lord Muddle vanished, and I was appointed volunteer of the first class to H.M.S. Caliban, fitting out for the Mediterranean. She was properly an eighty gun ship, but by a cunning manœuvre two guns were removed, and she was thus brought down to the third rate—which took £100 per annum off the captain's pay.

I remember well that I was working a sum in deci-

mals, when a letter of large dimensions brought my appointment. It may easily be supposed that I did not drink much of the muddy school beer that day. I hurried up to town, procured my outfit, and in a short time went down to Sheerness, where it was necessary that I should be examined in reading and writing, which arts, and which only, the government requires naval aspirants to be masters of on entering. The regulation itself is of recent introduction. Ought it not to be applied to captains also?—I know instances, where it would be highly useful. Having got through this ordeal, which indeed appeared as troublesome to the examiner as to myself, I proceeded formally to join the Caliban, and was introduced to Captain Baggles and Commander Peppercorn. Baggles was an officer who had begun his career in the time of war (one of the Benbow school, of which I shall have to speak by-and-bye). He had trod a deck slippery with blood in Trafalgar, and passed unhurt through the fiery storm of that action. Since that period he had been unemployed, and probably would have remained so till his death, but a vacancy occurring in the representation of his native seaport, a Whig underling became a candidate for the honour; and Baggles, who was a Tory of the good old "port and prejudice" school, turned his old coat, sacrificed his principles, and got the command of the Caliban. He was a man of very narrow intellect, and large personal dimensions; a plethoric antithesis, who thought little and ate much; a Justice Shallow on the quarter-deck, and a Hercules at the dinner table. So much for Baggles. His young ones were promising "chips of the old block"-head. Miss Baggles "did not dance with midshipmen," and thought her papa the greatest officer afloat.

Commander Peppercorn was one of those individuals of whom everybody says, that he is a "good fellow at bottom." To be sure, you had to go rather deep into his character before you came to the good. Still, you knew it was there and tolerated, if not pardoned, the irritability and bad temper which floated on the surface.

My guardian, who had come to Sheerness with me made a respectful bow to these worthies. Baggles looked majestic—Peppercorn piercing.

"Well, Captain Baggles, I have brought down my boy to join you. I hope you'll find him a good officer," said my guardian.

"Hope so—hope so—for his sake," said Baggles, who spoke in spasmodic grunts. "Hope you won't give him too much money, sir." (No fear of that, thought I). "Money makes boys extravagant—makes 'em drink and smoke, sir—neglect their work—go to the devil—hem!"

"Well, young gentleman," said Peppercorn, "I will send you on board the hulk, and introduce you to your messmates, and you must come on board the ship every day, watch the fitting, and acquire a knowledge of the work."

This was accordingly done; my guardian returned to town, and I was left to my own resources and haunts on board the hulk, where the crew were quartered during the fitting of the ship. On going below I was ushered to a dirty gun-room, warmed by a small stove, near which were seated the only officers who had yet joined, viz., Mr. Hankom, an old mate of dissipated habits; Snigger, a second master, very much respected (it was known that he had once fought a duel across a billiard-table), Berkeley, a youth who had joined for

the first time, like myself; and Grenville, an assistant surgeon. A couple of forms served as seats at a long table, on which the names of many ships, whose officers had occupied the room, were cut deep; and a cask of ale was suspended in the corner. The other youngster and myself were examined at length as to our families and motives for joining the service, and warned fairly that we would repent of it before long. When the cold evening set in, rum, sugar, and hot water, were produced, and Berkeley and myself had a fight for the amusement of the others. I don't remember going to bed, but in the morning I woke up, finding that my bedding had been made into a couch on the lockers, and heard the voice of old Hankom—

"Now, then, youngster," he cried, "have you a basin?"

"Yes," answered I, with pride, and opening my chest displayed a shining pewter one, in all its maiden freshness.

"Any soap?"

"Oh, yes, two or three bars."

"And towels?"

"To be sure; the best huckaback."

"That will do capitally—hand them out."

Thinking that these directions sprung from an anxious solicitude on the part of old Hankom for my welfare, I obeyed his instructions readily, but was rather surprised to see him proceed to use them himself. However, I had too much sense to complain, and waited patiently till he had finished for my turn. After breakfast I went on board the Caliban.

Perhaps of all the scenes of confusion on the surface of our planet there is none so great as the deck of a line-of-battle-ship fitting out. The complement of men

not being nearly procured, drafts are obtained from the ships in ordinary, and from the dockyard. These, of course, are not in such a state of discipline as in a vessel in full trim, and a great deal of noise takes place. The decks are covered with spars, huge ropes, stores not stowed away, tar buckets, and paint-pots.

When I reached the ship, such was the state of things I found. Stores were being taken in at the lower deck ports, and guns hoisted in on deck.

"Now, then," roared a lieutenant who was superintending, "blue-jackets, clap on the purchase. (Silence, there, you d—d rascal, will you!) Away you go! That's it my men. Handsomely the guy!"

"Handsomely the guy!" thought I. "What the devil is a guy? That lieutenant seems the nearest approach to it, visible at present." And so soliloquising, I put my hands in the pocket of my monkey-jacket (for it was March, and bitterly cold in that barbarous Sheerness) and began to meditate. Here was I a helpless unit among a mob of roaring, stamping savages. Involuntarily my thoughts turned to bright drawing-rooms and warm fires.

"Hollo, youngster," cried the shrill voice of Peppercorn, "stir yourself, come. If I find you with your hands in your pockets again, I'll send for the sailmaker and have them sown up!"

This was encouraging, so I whipped out my unfortunate paws and began to poke about the decks very busily, the result of which zeal was, that I got in everybody's way, and was tripped up and trod upon once or twice by marines of huge proportions. This damped my ardour a little, but I reflected that everybody had to begin, and consoled myself with the notion, that I *would be able to make other people uncomfortable by-*

*and-bye, myself.* This consolation, indulged as it is, lies at the bottom of a good deal of what is to be complained of in the naval service. Some other changes must first be introduced before you can abolish flogging!

However, on the whole, I got on very well. I went ashore occasionally with my young comrade, Berkeley, and we made such admirable progress, that, in a few weeks, we were both of us able to discriminate judiciously between the ale at the Fountain and that at the Ship; we held scientific discourse on the relative merits of Cubas and Havannahs; discussed the pretensions of two rival barmaids (one with dark—the other with blue eyes); and at last were both agreed in opinion that Peppercorn was a passionate humbug, and that it was more than probable that Baggles himself was a fool.

And what more, reader, could you expect from a couple of boys of thirteen, sent on board a man-of-war from school, and put under the government of Baggles and Peppercorn? If you are not satisfied with our proficiency, you must be unreasonable indeed!

# CHAPTER II.

## PLUG ON SEA PORTS.

COCKNEY sailors, whose *ultima Thule* is Gravesend, are accustomed, when panegyrising some city man's yacht, to exclaim that "she sits on the water like a duck!" This praise could not be bestowed on the Caliban. You might rather say, that she sat upon the water like a goose, for the peculiar narrowness of her stern (she was built on a Danish model) caused her to be generally compared to that homely bird, by nautical men. The spring of 184—, the first born of the year, came laughing down on the earth and sea, enlivening even the dull Esquimaux of Sheerness (I cannot moderate the expression), and the fitting of the Caliban progressed. The guns and stores were got on board—the top-masts and jib-boom up and rigged. Officers and men joined; and at last, we went out to the Nore, and took in our powder. All this time we, the youngsters, had no duty to do, because we could do none; but Peppercorn insisted on our coming up every morning at four, to see the decks washed. Accordingly at that hour you would see half-a-dozen shivering and sleepy juveniles paddling about with bare feet among holy-stones, brooms, and wet sand. Occasionally we would take a nap on a gun-slide, when we would be roused by the shrill voice of Peppercorn—"Now, then, sir-r-r!" he would exclaim, with a prolonged shriek, "up with

you!" Moodily we used to obey. When we went below, it was to hear Hankom d—n the service; and his wrath was always vented either on the port or the "youngsters." It seemed agreed unanimously that, by some unlucky accident, we were the worst set of youngsters ever seen. The Admiralty had had a spite against the vessel. In fact, the senior mates had all been appointed by Tory governments, and looked only to Tory governments for their chances of promotion. They were, therefore, not particularly favourable to the *protegés* of a Whig administration. Absurd as party politics are every where—ludicrous in a vestry—productive of horrid boring in private society—they are nowhere so ridiculous in their aspect—so preposterous in their consequences—as in a naval mess. For, Whigs and Tories being alternately appointed by each party, and each man retaining his side from interest, the service is divided in factions, and nothing being understood of the subject, the debates are violent in proportion to the ignorance and prejudice of the disputants. The result is, sometimes, the actual separation of a mess, and, frequently, boisterous discord and contention. Old Hankom, in particular, was a violent Liberal, and used to dispute furiously with Lord Clanmore, the son of a Tory duke.

"That, sir," Clanmore would say, "is a measure which the Whigs were always afraid to undertake!"

"The Whigs afraid! *Try them*, my lord! Try *me!*"

On which two or three members of the mess would interfere, and laugh off the unpleasantness.

"Hankom," Clanmore would then cry out rather mollified, "a glass of wine?"

"No, my lord," (with haughty democratic pride), "you're of superior rank!"

After which the Scotch assistant-surgeon would say, that "he could honestly aver that he hadna ever seen siccan whelps as thae youngsters."

By-the-bye, I may just say, as the question is now agitated, whether assistant-surgeons should be removed from the midshipman's to the lieutenant's mess; that the sooner it is done the better—for the midshipmen.

Most of the arrangements of the Caliban being complete, we painted ship, and having fired a salute, departed from Sheerness, and arrived, by easy stages, at Plymouth, to complete our complement of men, and wait further instructions.

If you ask a midshipman which sea-port he prefers, expecting perhaps (if you are very verdant) an answer on public grounds, you will hear, that Sheerness is best, because so near to London, or Portsmouth, on account of its hotel, and other advantages (nothing about the dockyards, or anything of that sort); but Plymouth is not popular, at least, if we may judge from the fact that "west-countryman" is generally used as a term of derision to the service. I, for my part, enter a decided veto against *all* English seaports, as places of residence, on the following grounds:—

### A DIGRESSION ON SEAPORTS.

In the first place, it always rains at Plymouth; always blows at Portsmouth; and at Sheerness, always does both.

With regard to the society of seaports, nobody cares a rap far you unless you are naval or military, and if you are, they care for you in proportion to your money. Ensign Booby, with £800 a-year, obtains more respect than any captain or colonel of inferior means. In the next place, if you are single, you are bored to death by

mamas wanting to get you married, and if you are married, your wife is probably snubbed by the wives of other people. In fact, in seaport towns the women rank with their husbands—Mrs. Captain Tomkins above Mrs. Lieutenant Brown, and so on.

As to the military portion of the community, as many of the men in every regiment are of good family, they look down upon the seaport people, and think they do them a great favour by associating with them. Some regiments won't ask midshipmen to their mess. These, to be sure, are few. However, the naval messes, in their turn, fight shy of the military, and talk of a mess dinner contemptuously as a "barrack feed." Then there are naval cliques and military cliques. The former abjure these d—d soldiers; the latter shudder at those horrid salt water fellows. "I can't bear Mrs. Bubble's parties," says a young lady, "her rooms are black with naval officers." These friendly sentiments tend wonderfully to promote convivial parties.

And then, reader, the *shoppiness* of seaport social conversation! When military power is dominant, you hear of So-and-so of the 101st, and So-and-so of the 180th; how Slugsby's horse ran at the Tweedledum Races; and how Jenkins pulled the nose of Blubber, of the Heavy Baboons Regiment; of the prices of saddles and bridles, and the merits of hair triggers; of the late court-martial, and the new cartouche-box.

Even this is more tolerable, however (with shame I confess it), than the *shop* dialogue of a naval party. There you hear of the Vanguard's lower deck ports, and the Inconstant's rate of sailing; of hoisting in a launch, or rigging a pinnace. There, you, and your wives and daughters, may learn the latest improvements in all naval inventions. Should an elderly lady be anxious to

know which clue of a mainsail to haul up when it is blowing hard (a piece of information most useful to her), she is sure to learn it in such societies; and a high-church divine may acquire a perfect acquaintance with the merits of Symondite vessels.

As to seaport *scandal*, I leave that department with confidence till I speak of Malta. I flatter myself that my observations on the subject will be as welcome to the inhabitants of that island as the *sirocco*.

On entering the houses of some naval officers (mark, I only say some!) you involuntarily recognise old acquaintances. The rope which draws up the bucket is good ship's 3½; and the biscuits that accompany the thirty shilling Marsala are stamped with the queen's arrow.

When parties are given, ship's boats bear the guests, and the music of a ship's band keeps tune to the popping of the gooseberry.

But it is worthy of remembrance that some years ago, when a naval officer was killed at Plymouth, a colonel in command of a regiment (I wish I remembered the creature's name) refused to allow the regimental band to attend his remains to the grave; and it is still more worthy of remembrance than the mates who attended a meeting held to express the indignation which arose in the breast of every man of feeling at the denial —had all their promotions stopped by the Admiralty!

It is sometimes dangerous to have the feelings of humanity, and the courage to express them!

The impartial and intelligent reader will be able to guess, from the above observations, how I, Percival Plug, liked Plymouth. In a material point of view the place is beautiful, and the scenery near the town is fascinating. The noble Breakwater, fixed by the hand of science, resists the rolling of the ocean, whose baffled

waves dash themselves noisily and angrily; and break, scattered upon its surface. An ever fresh breeze wantons on the surface of the Sound, which its waters ripple in smiles to greet. On the western side is the beautiful scenery of the Mount-Edgcombe estate, and glancing towards the shore you observe forests of masts—the whole picture displaying an alliance between the best powers of nature and art.

But, morally considered, the society is disagreeable, and there is more vice among the lower orders than in most other towns. To this fact the bishop of the diocese has (oddly enough!) recently added his testimony. It is a curious circumstance too, that in Plymouth, as in other seaports, the most extravagant sects seem to flourish wonderfully. Portsmouth still boasts some believers in Joanna Southcote, who are greeted on leaving the dockyard, occasionally, by *gee-up, Shiloh!* from the boys.

At Plymouth we passed our time in the Caliban as other vessels do. At 9 A.M. we went to quarters, mustered, inspected, and dismissed the men. When we went on shore we regaled ourselves in the forenoon on pastry, in Union Street, and spent our evenings at the London. Occasionally we would go to the theatre, and on those occasions it generally, by a curious coincidence, blew too fresh to go off to the Sound. Sometimes also it happened that we had to pay a morning visit to the magistrate, which generally ended in our contributing a small amount to the revenue of our country. After a little affair of this sort on one occasion, a midshipman of the name of Woggles came on board in that state in which—lords wish to be, who don't love their ladies. It was nothing surprising this, on the part of Woggles, for Bacchus was the only deity in which he believed.

The boat came off to the ship, and his form was seen gracefully vibrating on the stern sheets. Peppercorn, who had observed the spectacle from the poop, came running to the gangway to receive the offender—his face glowing with delight at the approaching triumph of his power. The boat came alongside; and—shaking the side-ropes—his knees knocking at every step against the ship's side—up came Woggles, his face glowing with the grape. He staggered on board and stood in majestic drunkenness before his commander.

"Good God! Mr. Woggles—you're disgracefully drunk, sir-r-r," cried Peppercorn.

"I be-be-believe you, my pigeon!"

This was Woggles's sole reply to the indignation of naval power, and he was borne in triumph below.

But this brilliant retort—what was it, reader, compared with the humiliation which it was the lot of Peppercorn to sustain shortly afterwards at the hands of a junior? Peppercorn was in the habit of going on shore in plain clothes. Warden, a midshipman, had charge of the first watch on one of these occasions, and knowing, that an officer cannot be recognised officially if out of uniform, took care when Peppercorn came on board that there should be no light at the gangway, and no one to receive him. He himself continued walking about the opposite side of the ship and suffered Peppercorn to come on board unnoticed, alone. Foaming with rage, came that great commander on deck.

"What do you mean by this, sir-r-r?"

"Hollo," cried Warden, apparently quite ignorant of Peppercorn, "quarter-master, who's this?"

"Don't you know who I am, sir-r-r?" shrieked the little man again. "Who do you take me for, sir-r-r, eh?"

"Why," answered Warden coolly, from your voice I should take you to be Commander Peppercorn, but from your *appearance*—to be a *Jew!*"

Overcome by emotion, Peppercorn rushed down to his cabin and madly buried himself in his bed-clothes. You may be sure that the "youngsters" suffered for this in the morning. I, Percival Plug, who, if I met this Peppercorn now, would annihilate him, was three times called by him "a lubberly young rascal," when pursuing my duties as midshipman of the mizen-top, at loosing sails.

With the exception of little affairs of this sort, our time passed very heavily. It was curious for me to trace the gradual decline of my enthusiasm. I had got behind the scenes, and found that the fierce and dignified appearance of the heroes that strut the stage, was to be attributed to burnt cork, carmine, and a wig. I had walked up to the spectre that appalled my infancy, and found that it was a turnip lantern. Enthusiastic people had talked to me about warriors and mighty men. I had approached and beheld—Baggles! The veil had been pulled from the countenance of the false prophet, and behind it I had seen a vulgar face, with a pug nose.

However, I went on with my observation of the scene around me, and particularly took every opportunity of conversing with the old quarter-masters. To while away the tedium of the watch, I had walked one night on the poop, and sitting on the spanker boom, was lost in meditation. Old Davidson, the quarter-master, came up, and from the way in which he walked, I could see that the veteran was inclined to be communicative.

"Davidson," said I, "do you ever drink grog?"

"Sometimes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," said I, "if you go below to the gun-room, you'll find a bottle of rum in the buffet with a piece of paper round its neck, bearing my name. Bring up with it a tumbler, and some water. Are the hawse clear, by the way?"

"No, sir; there's been an elbow in 'em since the wind changed."

Off went the old boy, and presently returned with the materials.

"The present port admiral," said I by way of beginning the conversation, "seems to be pretty much liked by everybody?"

"Ay, sir; there's few fairer spoken, or what more you may call upright men, than old Sir Gregory—leastwise there ain't many who cares more for them as has the work to do."

"There's a ball there to night I see?"

"Yes, sir. It's to be hoped there won't be no such visitors to-night, as I heard my father say went once into the house in his time."

"Why, did any of Sir Gregory's predecessors encourage loose people then—bad society?"

"Whether he encouraged them (old Sir John Suckworth I'm speaking of, sir), I can't say; likewise, whether they was loose, I don't know; but I understand as how the grandfather of all loose folks—the father of all lies, as the parson calls him—was plainly seen the evening o' that old man's death flying out of the window alongside of him."

"Bah! Davidson, what nonsense."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but don't speak so loud. I never knew any good come of discrediting them sort of happaritions. Who knows who may be hearing of us?"

"Why, Davidson, you can't surely believe any such story?"

"My old father, sir (he served in the Terrible, and has been dead these two years), told me often that the sentry in the square, afore the admiral's house on seeing the devil and the old admiral coming out of the window together, was struck so fearsome that he threw down his musket, and ran off to the guard-house."

"Drunk, probably."

"No more than you and I, sir. And there ain't nothing so unreasonable in the devil's being visible, as a warning, just for once. That old Suckworth, sir, was as infernal an old tyrant as ever trod a deck. Many a man he was the hanging of in his day. 'Sir,' he would say to a poor fellow as was booked to swing, 'did you see the sun rise this morning?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then you *won't see it set!*'"

"Pooh, Davidson, inventions of some mutinous rascals he was forced to punish!"

"Maybe, sir; but there's *the fact* of the devil taking of him away,* in his nightcap too, sir, and dressing-gown, just as he had risen for a few minutes to sit by the fire; and you know, sir, he died in his arm-chair. At his funeral there was hundreds present, and my father, who was sitting at the window looking on, 'There goes the old fellow to hell,' says he."

"Well, Davidson, it does not matter to him now, what people say. I think I heard the Thunder strike eight bells. Our sentry seems to have gone to sleep. Go and see about the time and rouse up my relief."

* A naval journal gravely denied the literal truth of it. Plug, I suppose, thought only of what was *believed*—which is always important.—*New Edition.*

It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with anything further on the subject of Plymouth. We completed our crew and sailed for Portsmouth, where we took in some luggage (including an ambassador), and left England in July.

In the next chapter I shall have the pleasure of meeting the reader under a golden sun, on the waters of the Mediterranean.

## CHAPTER III.

"GOING OUT."—PLUG GIBES AT GIBRALTAR.—WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

If I were disposed to imitate the example of some modern writers of fiction, I should make a great point of describing the Caliban in the Bay of Biscay. I should talk of her jumping and rolling, and kicking and turning; and of the wind shrieking, and howling, and roaring; I should expatiate on the flying masses of clouds; and describe every feather in the tails of the stormy petrels which flew about her. Suffice it to say, that in due time we reached Lisbon, where we had to stay a week. It is a splendid and filthy town, which may be compared to a Venus with a dirty face; and by no means deserves so fine a river as the Tagus. I would advise those of the travelling public who may go there, to keep—in coming back at night from the opera—the centre of the street. Should they patronise the sides, they are likely to receive a shower from heaven—not of manna.

Gibraltar was the next place we proceeded to, and our passage through the "gut," as it is elegantly called, was celebrated with champagne. Hankom grew enthusiastic over his third bottle, and calling all the youngsters round him, tried to make us drunk. He

succeeded in becoming so himself at all events; grew tremendously warlike, and rolled about the gun-room, vowing that he would stand by his country—which he was quite unfit to do, and was carried to his hammock peaceably.

Gibraltar is an enormous rock, the top of which is peopled by apes, and the bottom by soldiers. There is a tradition that the apes came there originally by a submarine passage from the African coast, and emerged at St. Michael's Cave, which is about half way up. Whether this be correct I am unable to determine, for when the Caliban arrived, the tribe were enjoying themselves on the Mediterranean side of the rock, which they generally keep, until driven to the other by the east wind, and I had no opportunity of consulting them on the subject. The town is narrow and not particularly elegant; the inhabitants ugly, and not particularly clean. How the officers stationed there manage to rub along without falling a prey to *ennui*, I cannot understand. Billiards is an interesting game, but tables are few in number, and one cannot play for ever. The turn for "guard" comes only once a fortnight. Even cigars, direct from Havanah, at eighty dollars a thousand, will cease to charm, and the market near the New Mole, with its men and women in Spanish costume, its rich fruits, and its many-coloured game, cease to attract. What then can a sensible man do? Gallop his horse on the neutral ground, over a leaping-bar; fire at the pump there with a pistol; or cross over the Algesiras, and see a third-rate bull-fight? All these can be exhausted in a week, and what is a private gentleman to resort to, particularly if, as is generally the case, any draft on his intellectual resources is returned with "no effects!" A Calpe hunt was started

some years ago, but foxes are scarce, and there is nothing to jump over, or into, but some large holes. A hurdle-race was also got up, and this promised some excitement, for very soon an officer was killed; but an order from the Horse Guards put a stop to this luxury, and all was desolation again. Once the *ennuyés* had a rare windfall—a waterfall I should say. I allude to the bursting of a huge water-spout, borne by a whirlwind over the rock. This plunged the town in affliction and salt water, and gave rise to some amusing adventures for, the men-of-war present, seeing the confusion on shore (it happened in the night), imagined that a fire had broken out, and sent the boats on shore with engines to extinguish—the water.

Away went the Caliban, borne by the westerly wind, and next visited Barcelona. I expected at this place to see nuts swarming everywhere, but to my surprise never saw a bunch. And this may be taken as a general rule—that you can never get a commodity in a place universally celebrated for it. If you want Madeira, go to a London hotel—not to the island; and get your figs from a grocer in the city, rather than ask for them at Smyrna. Of Barcelona, it is only necessary to say that it boasts a splendid promenade and fine *cafés*, and that a very good dinner may be obtained on moderate terms at the *Quatre Nations*.

When the Caliban arrived at Malta, in the latter part of the year 184—, we found instructions to proceed to join the admiral and the fleet at Beyrout, carrying as many stores for the squadron as we could, without incommoding the guns. This was an important proviso, for the Syrian war had just broken out. Place after place had been bombarded, and troops landed. The gallant Albanian, who rules on the throne of Egypt,

saw his schemes of ambition defeated by European intervention. The tottering power of the Turkish empire was bolstered up by English assistance, and half the papers in France were crying out for war. It may easily be imagined that this state of things was a glorious change for the Mediterranean squadron, tired of the monotony of peace, and wearied with doing nothing. On arriving at Beyrout, where the fleet was, I entered at once into the spirit of the time. Everything was active and gay. Early in the morning the crews were summoned on deck to drill, and the strictest discipline maintained. All day long, boats were seen passing from ship to ship, and signals flew from the mast-heads. And as officers came on board to see old messmates, lively anticipations were interchanged. "Sidon will be the next place," you would hear a young midshipman cry, "then Acre—and then—who knows?—perhaps Alexandria!"

"If there's a war with France—I hear that they mean to send their squadron down to Alexandria, to raise the blockade there," said Ferrers, one of the Bellerophon, one day at lunch in our mess.

"I hope I'll be there if they do," said Sydney, one of our midshipmen. "I saw them weigh in Vola Bay last year, and two of them went ashore! That's not the kind of seamanship to face old Fisher of the Asia, and his squadron with."

"Then look at our gunnery," said Ferrers. "Do you know what the gunnery-lieutenant of the Harold did the other day? When we were bombarding the Beyrout, he went to one of the main-deck guns, and taking the trigger-line from the captain of it, pointed at the town. Soon after, a man's head was seen peeping through a loop-hole in the rickety old

castle. Jerk went the trigger-line—bang went the shot—and the fellow's head was smashed in a second."

A roar of laughter greeted the anecdote.

"Did he tell that story himself? because if he did, he ought to be raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Munchausen."

"A fact I assure you Queer fellows, these Harolds. Heard what old Laurie, the captain of her, did the other day?"

"No. We've been out of the fun, in this dirty old Caliban."

"Why, sir, the Harold was lying within gun-shot of the shore between Beyrout and Djouni, and there was nobody in sight on the beach at all. Up came old Laurie, and ordered half-a-dozen main-deck guns to be got ready. It was done. 'Now send the band on the poop, and make them play a lively air.' This was done also; and the mountaineers, attracted from their shelter by the music—like serpents charmed from their holes—came down on the beach. The guns were fired and they were cut up right and left. Didn't they run."

"The blood-thirsty old miscreant?" cried Sydney, and was echoed by some of the berth, though many could not help laughing at the trick.

"Not one of all these poor wild mountaineers," said I pathetically, "but had some dark-eyed girl to weep for him, most probably. Perhaps had a widowed mother, now lamenting him—desolate in the mountains of Lebanon!"

"Bravo!" said the matter-of-fact Ferrers, "all's fair in war. They'd serve us just the same if they had the chance. We've all got mothers to weep for us, havn't we, or relations of some sort!"

"Yes," remarked Burden, "and some of them don't come half often enough down with the needful."

Such were the stories which enlivened us. Better this, thought I, than τυπτω τυπτεις repeated in the class at old Birchem's, or illustrated, practically, by that gentleman with a rod!

"There's another story to be told of the Harold yet," said Ferrers, refreshing himself with a glass of "swizzle," as weak grog is called in the service. "Some of you fellows knew Langley, who belonged to her?"

"Ah! he came to sea as an amateur midshipman, and had £2,000 a year of his own; parted pathetically from a couple of maiden aunts—and all that sort of thing, didn't he?"

"Poor fellow," said Ferrers, "he was an enthusiast. I knew him very well, and I'm afraid I didn't half sympathise with him. He used to come on deck sometimes and talk to me in the middle watch, in the Bellerophon, about glory, and ambition, and the progress of the species, and God knows what—and he would never take anything—not even a cigar!"

"By Jove," cried old Hankom, interrupting, "the youngster was down cracked, and wanted a good rope's end."

"I hae seldom heard o' a more clear case of incipient insanity. He was *joost* distrackit, and gane clean daft," said the Scotch assistant surgeon.

"Well," continued Ferrers, "some time after our last conversation, it was determined to send boats with a party to cut off a train that had been laid to a mine on shore. Langley went to old Laurie and begged and prayed to be allowed to go on the expedition in the Harold's first cutter. With some difficulty he obtained leave. The boat landed, and Langley, sword in hand,

rushed at the head of the men on the enemy. The struggle was short and fierce: the work was accomplished—the party regained the cutter, and just as Langley jumped on one of the thwarts, a shot from an Albanian's musket struck him in the heart, and he fell dead in the bottom of the boat. As she neared the ship, telescopes were anxiously turned to her, but instead of the face of the handsome officer in her stern-sheets, a heap was seen lying there, covered with the ensign, which told the whole tale. He was buried at Djouni."

"Served him right," quoth Hankom, "for coming to sea, when he had £2,000 a-year!"

Shall I spoil with commentary this melancholy narrative? It is strictly and literally true. While I write these sentences, the breeze from the Mediterranean stirs gently the weeds upon his lonely grave.

We, of the Caliban, soon found that we had come too late on the station, and execrated our ill-fortune. Most of the active work had been done, and Stopford and Napier were waiting further instructions. Acre, however, was not yet taken—there was still a chance, and it was with some hope that we learned that we were to join the squadron blockading Alexandria, which (after watering at Dog River, near Beyrout) we proceeded to do.

# CHAPTER IV.

## BLOCKADING AND BAGGLES.

THE word blockading has a very warlike sound—smells strongly of gunpowder—and I have often made a considerable impression in private and domestic society by beginning the conversation with, "When I was blockading Alexandria!"

Now, however, when standing face to face with the public, and bent on telling the truth, it behoves me to say that this same "blockading Alexandria" in the Caliban in 184—, was one of the most peaceable, most commonplace, and most monotonous employments in which I was ever engaged. There were about six line-of-battle ships and a couple of steamers employed in the service. In the morning we stood in, in column, (that is, sailing abreast, two and two,) to make a demonstration, and to show the Egyptians that we were wide awake. Then we stood off again, taking care to keep out of gun-shot, and so went backwards and forwards for whole weeks. The internal affairs of the ship had a spice of absurdity which enlivened us occasionally; as for instance, Baggles would deliver an oration to the men in language that would have done discredit to the learned pig; and Peppercorn took it into his head once, to have all the youngsters sent to the sick-bay to take a black draught! But, generally, the affair was "slow."

What had become of the French war? Was Alexandria never to be taken? The mess, too, began to get short of potatoes and live stock, and famine was staring us in the face—I mean, by famine, the necessity of eating salt junk and biscuit, as Nelson and Collingwood did in the war, and as the common sailors do every day. We began to despond. Some fellows took to *vingt-et-un;* others actually began to read Goldsmith, and a few even advanced to the pitch of counting up their debts, and thinking of their relations. Baggles, whose library consisted of the *Nautical Almanack* and the *Whole Duty of Man*, took to eating against time; and Peppercorn to studying the weak points of his inferior officers, in order to know how to catch them tripping in their duty, and how to annoy them most. The arrival of the grog at three bells, in the second dog watch, viz., half-past seven P.M., was quite an event, for then we would listen to some old mate's anecdotes of past experience; or some midshipman who had served on board the gunnery-ship at P——, would tell us, how her worthy commander used to make long speeches to the midshipmen, which invariably contained this sentence—"subordination is the pivot on which the service turns;" how, consequently, those speeches were called pivots on all occasions; and how the "pivot gun at sea" was written and sung for public amusement. Or, perhaps, we would have the story of Lord Beckler, a young and foolish mate in the service, who having, on one occasion when out shooting at Lisbon with a mess-mate, shot a bull belonging to the beef-contractor, threw down his gun, with horror in his features, exclaiming to his companion, "Let us avoid the haunts of man!" Sometimes the story told would have a pathetic interest, or a horrible one, as when one of the mess told us of a ship that, having

been the scene of many murders, became haunted to such an extent, that no one on board her dared go to bed sober, but everybody got drunk at sunset. After such a narrative, would follow reminiscences of the coast of Africa—of slave ships crammed with negroes, each poor wretch having a tally round his neck, with a number on it, to distinguish him from his fellows, instead of a Christian name; of Drinkwater, a famous slave-captain, once an officer in the navy, who, in a hot chase, would loosen his rigging and stays to let the masts work; and of daring vessels, which, having got safe to windward of an English cruiser in pursuit, would hoist, in derisive triumph, a small nigger boy up to the peak!

. . . . . But what are those shouts on deck this fine night? It is past midnight, and all has hitherto been still. "Top-men up to shake a reef out! Top-mast studding sails ready for setting. Keep her away!" Have the French come at last? "Hurra!" A foreign vessel is trying to break the blockade. She has escaped the eyes of the other vessels, being specially reserved for Caliban, and we are off to capture her.

The helm having been put up, and sails trimmed, we quickly gathered way, and got within hail of the stranger, a large schooner—"Heave to," cried the officer of the watch. There was no answer. "Lower the cutter and I'll go on board," said the lieutenant. This he did, and did proudly, for he expected to get great credit for bringing the presumptuous stranger too. But what was his disappointment!—what was the disappointment of Baggles—of all of us, when it was discovered by the lieutenant that the schooner was the *tender of our own squadron!* whose officer in command had gone to sleep. We returned—like a dog with his

tail between his legs—to our station in the order of sailing, and furnished food for the laughter of the whole fleet next morning at breakfast.

While the Caliban and other ships were thus wasting their time and patience (how old Mehemet Ali must have laughed at us, when smoking his chibouque,) the fortunate portion of the naval forces had done a brilliant deed without our participation or knowledge; a deed which was to resound in Europe and echo over the globe. The Revenge joined us one day, under full sail. Expectation was instantly excited. An officer who came on board told the story in an instant.—

"Acre is taken, and Le Mesurier killed!"

This was the final blow of the British arms against that potentate, who, most of all living men, deserves a comparison with Napoleon. The hypocritical juggler who disgraces the French throne,* and aspires to such a comparison, shrinks into the proportions of a dwarf, compared with the profoundly wise, and nobly brave, monarch who has introduced into the east, European civilization and skill; and who is equally great in council and in the field. The "balance of power," it seems, required that his designs of aggrandisement should be checked, but his genius must command even a fool's admiration, and his name will be remembered as long as the old kings of his famous land—remembered by his actions, as Cheops by his pyramid.

It was in November that the fleet, under Admiral Stopford, approached St. Jean d'Acre, and demanded that it should surrender. An indignant refusal was returned, and boats were immediately sent from the

* N.B.—Mr. P.'s first work was published early in 1848.—*New Edition.*

squadron to lay down buoys. In the morning the fleet got under way, and anchored *inside* these. Whether this was the result of accident or design I know not, but it had an important effect, for the gunners of the battery on shore, thinking that the ships would anchor where the buoys had been laid down, pointed their guns beforehand, and blocked them up with bags of sand The consequence was, that the shot from the batteries flew all day long over the hulls of the English ships, occasionally cutting away rigging, but not doing much harm either to spars or men.

Different indeed was the way, in which the firing was managed, on the part of the British fleet. Since the destruction of the two cities—over whose foundations the Dead Sea now rolls its bitter waters—no town, perhaps, has been the victim of such fiery vengeance as was this stronghold of the East, whose walls Napoleon had attacked in vain. Showers of shot and shell poured upon it—sweeping men from the guns as the autumn winds sweep away the faded leaves; smashing the guns and their carriages—the houses and the walls, which falling, crushed in the ruins the men who vainly attempted to defend them. In the middle of the day, a tremendous explosion was heard. The heavens were darkened, and the strong ships trembled on the waters. Right well had a shell from the Gorgon done its duty. Hissing through the air it went, like a Fury dispatched from Hades, and fell into a magazine. When the noise died away, hundreds of human beings, as well as poor camels and asses, lay dead upon the ground.

In the evening boats and men landed. Acre had fallen, and with it the last hopes of Mehemet Ali's ambition.

Unfortunately the last hope of Percival Plug's warlike

ambition also. Napier came down to Alexandria—the affair was soon settled, and the "blockading squadron" departed for Marmorice Bay.

On our way thither we fell in with one of the most tremendous gales that ever blew in the Mediterranean. For two days I did not know what to think of the matter, and expected to see the moon clean blown out of the sky; but, luckily, no such catastrophe occurred, and in a short time I had the pleasure, in passing Rhodes, of laughing at one of the most amusing spectacles I ever saw.

Baggles, with a telescope, the size of, and uglier than, a pump, was observed, on the poop looking anxiously over the quarter, at the famous island—the *Claram Rhodon* of Horace—the dwelling place of the proud Knights of St. John. What could it be that thus moved the curiosity of Baggles, that—penetrating through the fat—was agitating his heart?

"Hum! hum!—can't see it—can't see it—hum!" grunted Baggles, red with excitement.

"See what, Captain Baggles?" asked an officer, who was standing near him.

"The Colossus, sir,—the Colossus!"

The unfortunate Baggles had never heard of the destruction of that celebrated statue. If "ignorance is bliss," he must have been a happy man.

Shortly afterwards the squadron arrived in Marmorice Bay, nearly opposite Rhodes. a bay, round, large, and deep, with a narrow entrance, resembling a Dutch jar in shape. It is surrounded by high mountains, and altogether would be a very jolly place to lie in, were there but a civilized town on shore.

After our arrival came the Turkish fleet, freed at last

from Alexandria, having, *en route*, suffered dreadfully from the gale, in which an unfortunate lieutenant was drowned. He had been obliged to go aloft to cut away the top-gallant masts—the seamanship of Turkish sailors not enabling them to shorten sail in fresh breezes.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE EAST.

THE time of the year is winter, but the weather is mild, and Marmorice Bay is sheltered by the hills. While the Caliban is lying there, with nothing to do, and the Turkish fleet is equally idle, and a shade more dirty—each ship, with its gaudy gilded stern, looking like something between Noah's ark and a lord mayor's barge—I beg to request the reader's company to a slight excursion to the East—the land of poetry and poverty; of sweet flowers and deadly reptiles; of "airs from Heaven" fit to ventilate a paradise; and of stenches that would terrify the sanitary commission; that would appal even those benevolent busybodies, who will have—not a finger—but a nose—in "everybody's pie:" and those professional philanthropists, who "seek the bubble reputation, even in the *sewer's* mouth."

It may be as well to premise, once for all, that this work is not intended to be a consecutive narrative, but essentially a sketch-book. I shall not say that the Caliban went on such a day, to such a place; for during our commission, we went to the same places over and over again; but I shall describe what I have seen and heard at various periods;—giving as much personal narrative, only, as may serve for a thread of connection

—a line to lead the reader through my labyrinthine windings to the Fair Rosamond (so I flatter myself) within.

Mount now reader, on the crupper of my Pegasus, and let us go to Beyrout.

The East is like a painting by Turner—a very wonderful production, but requiring to be seen—from a certain distance. Stand, for example, on the deck of your vessel, smoking your cigar, off Beyrout, shaded by a closely spread awning to protect you from the sun. You see a town before you of bright-coloured buildings, looking like a house built of cards. It is set in a beautiful country—low, but relieved by small hills, and dotted by forests. Along the side of the latter, runs a road, and the country is everywhere intersected by lanes, with high banks on the sides, overgrown by the rough green prickly-pear. In the distance are the mountains of Lebanon, high, barren, and bare—wearing a light night-cap of snow on the summit; and even in their bosom having streaks of snow, in the shaded portions, protected from, or deprived of, the sun-god's smile. Down nearly to the water's edge, some dozen miles from the town, are high rocks, between which, as if a passage had been cut for it by a tremendous blow — runs Dog River, where vessels water. The town itself, stands close upon the edge of the sea, and the foot of the old black castle is washed by its waves, which break also over the top of some small rocks peeping above the surface near the narrow landing-place. Seen in summer time, when the bright flowers are woven into the green of the country, the spectacle is beautiful, but, as I said before, it must be seen from a certain distance. "Keep your distance," and your impressions will be one sensation of delight,

and the views will long after rise to your memory, cheering you in the "Fog-Babylon," as Carlyle hath it, called town. But approach nearer, and your enthusiasm diminishes. As the boat nears the shore, just as she turns round the point to go in, there comes from it, a fearful stench. On that point stands the slaughter-house, and down its sides runs the putrifying blood of a week's sacrifice! You would think that they had been offering up a hecatomb to the devil, and meant the smell to be in keeping with the occasion. The boat hurries past, and soon you land at the narrow, slippery stairs on the right-hand, opposite the Castle. You enter a narrow town—pass through the streets with their bazaars of gaudy trumpery; and securing a wretched horse, with a wooden contrivance for a saddle and its deficient trappings, helped out by knotty ropes and coarse cloths—depart for an afternoon ride. The lanes are dusty, and, perhaps, the sea-breeze benevolently stirs them. An hour or two gives you a slight coating, and the dust getting into your eyes, fits you admirably for a calm poetical contemplation of the scenery. In the meantime, huge blue-bottle flies coolly settle themselves on your quadruped to lunch, insensible alike to the lashing of his tail and your whip. When you come back from your pleasure excursion, what refreshment would you like? You are at liberty to help yourself to a cup (the size of your grandmother's thimble) of muddy coffee without sugar or milk, with a nargilly that won't draw, or a glass of weak lemonade, which nearly chokes you—it is so full of pips! Beware of the brandy—unless you like aniseed; and you must indeed be a profound oriental scholar if you don't quarrel about the change of piastres with your host—a Maltese, who has, most probably, been

obliged to fly his native island. As for the heat of Beyrout, it is intense and overpowering. For a great part of the summer months the sea is not visited by a breeze during the whole day. I have known the thermometer under the Caliban's poop, in the shade, stand for weeks together at 90°. The parts of the ship exposed to the sun's rays grew so hot as to render it impossible, for you to retain your hand upon it for any time; and if we removed at night from the cock-pit, where the heat was above 100°, to take a nap on deck, it was nothing uncommon for a man to find himself, on awaking, pinned—like Gulliver—to the deck, the pitch of the seams having melted, and kept fast his clothes—sometimes even his hair! Thus, the East has its disadvantages as well as its beauties; and I would recommend my readers, when they encounter in society a travelled bore, who raves about the latter exclusively, to say to him—"Yes, sir, Syria is indeed, a 'land of roses,' but when you were there how did you like to encounter, in your daily ramble, a dead camel? Was its odour or that of the roses predominant? How many such pleasing objects did you meet for one Lalla Rookh?" This will check most bores of the species; even Lord Caskobeer (should you have the ill-luck to meet him), whom I saw at Beyrout, wearing trowsers of enormous width—perfect wind-sails—of what may be called the butchers'-blue pattern, and a huge-brimmed straw hat, such as the peasants in a pastoral opera wear. He had escaped the bitter ridicule of Lord Bubbleby, which always greeted him in the Lords, and was now writing a book of travels of enormous size, to tell the people of England what he had for dinner abroad, and other important matters, and was very intimate with Captain

Ransacker, of H. M. steamer, Hookit, who was known as Lion Ransacker, and who, when ordered home, sailed from Malta in *the middle of the night*, rather unexpectedly. There were some persons on shore, by the way, who did not hesitate to say, on that occasion, that the captain's large bills, had something to do with this nocturnal sailing, as daytime would have done very well for it; but as these were mere honest tradesmen, and the captain wore large whiskers, and had a swaggering air, nobody paid much attention to them.

Beyrout is not without warlike attractions, as the Druses and Maronites are perpetually fighting, burning each other's villages, and carrying off each other's cattle. It is by no means improbable that you may drop on a pitched battle, going on in a quiet valley, and view it comfortably from the top of a house. Should you be a fighting man, your aid will be welcomely received, but take care to get on the strongest side if possible. With respect to their relative merits, it is right to give the preference to the Maronites, who profess Christianity, but you must be guided by circumstances. Young Elson, a friend of mine, in the Caliban, fought a whole afternoon with the Druses, and did not find out his mistake, till it was too late to go over to the other side. I took care to keep the safe side—that is the top of the house aforesaid, on the "*suave mari magno, &c.*," principle of Lucretius.

Watering at Dog River, is an operation, which, next to the total want of water, is perhaps the most disagreeable in the world. As the Caliban was never managed like any other vessel, a great deal of water was wasted, and the consequence was, that the duty of watering fell very frequently upon us; and then it was per-

formed at Dog River. That beautiful little stream after running down to the shore between the rocks, forms a bed for itself near the edge, and makes a kind of small lake. Now, as a strong surf continually beats upon the beach, the shingle and stones are heaped up on the narrow entrance to it, and consequently the passage is so shallow that no boat can pass through, except at particular periods. This renders it necessary to send engines on shore with hoses attached to them, and leading to the boats anchored in the surf. Besides this, a great number of casks are pitched overboard; the men stripped to their waist, plunge over also, and pushing them before them, swim on shore. Here they fill them, and make them fast with "toggles," to ropes leading from the boats, which tow them on board—laden also inside—by slow and laborious exertions. All the work which I have thus briefly described, is done under a scorching sun, and in a roaring surf. The skin crackles on your face, and your lips swell and peel. Who can describe the delightful effect, of a glass of cold brandy-and-water, on coming on board, after such an expedition?

I cannot better conclude this chapter, devoted to Beyrout and the vicinity, than by narrating the melancholy adventure which happened to Lieutenant Bulbous and Mr. O'Doodle, of H.M. brig Snob, when lying there, three years after the time of the Caliban. The Snob was a beautiful brig of the Symondite build, and O'Doodle and I, had many very pleasant days in her; for I belonged to her after the Caliban had left the station, though not at the period when Bulbous's adventure took place.

The Snob was lying near the town, and the Esk, whose captain was senior officer, was lying at Dog

River. Letters and despatches arrived on board the Snob, and Bulbous was directed by the commander to proceed with the latter, first to the Esk and subsequently on shore to the consul. Mr. O'Doodle accompanied him as midshipman of the boat.

Bulbous was a little, fat, pompous man, who was bent on two things—dignity and comfort. Like Garrick between the tragic and the comic muses, Bulbous was divided between his regard for his dignity and his belly. Between the two he was sometimes in a tantalising position. Thus, "dignity" made him desirous to keep his inferior officers at a distance, but "comfort" prompted him to come and have a chat with you, and a cup of your coffee. It was amusing to watch the struggle, and see how "comfort" invariably got the best of it.

On the occasion in question, when the boat started on its long journey, dignity was predominant, and dashed with a little sulkiness, made him rather disagreeable. After some hours' pulling, the boat reached the Esk, and while Bulbous was delivering the despatches, my friend, O'Doodle, took care to procure for the midshipman's berth a couple of "stonemasons" of good strong Hollands—bottles, the sight of which at any time would rouse into animation the coldest individual, but how much more if he was just starting at the beginning of a long evening, on a ten miles' pull? It is not in human nature, to be sulky with two such bottles in view, and Bulbous began to relax. His fat cheeks glowed; the dewlap under his chin wagged; his little eye sparkled merrily, and he began to nudge O'Doodle, with the air of a jolly fellow.

"What say you to trying one of these, sir?" said O'Doodle.

"I'm sure I see no objection."

Out went the cork, and in an instant that little "rattle in the throat" was heard, which, in a bottle, as in a man, tells that the spirit is about to depart. "Hah! Capital stuff that. Where the deuce did the Esks get hold of it? Are you ready for another?"

Round went the bottle, and this time the crew were helped to a glass. This invigorated them, and they "gave way" lustily. Once more round went the pleasure-bringer, and again,—and again.

"I don't think," mused Bulbous, "that a song would do us any harm. Who can give us a song?" he cried. "Jones, lay on your oar and give us a song."

Jones complied, and then Hobson and Dobbs; and then Bulbous himself, and O'Doodle.

The second bottle was broached, and now the men began to "catch crabs," and very little progress was made. They splashed each other with the oars, and roared in the most discordant manner. Poor O'Doodle put his head under his wing, and took a nap. At last the boat reached the shore. Bulbous went up to the consul's house with the despatches, and the men began to quarrel and fight. O'Doodle interfered to prevent them, and was knocked into the water. One man got stabbed with a knife.

By this time their absence had excited surprise on board, and a boat was sent for them. They were taken off to the Snob—poor O'Doodle being attired *a la Turc,* having changed his wet clothes for an oriental garb! Dignity had once more become predominant in Bulbous, and he walked a long time haughtily about the deck. Both of them were punished for this offence by dismissal from the service, which finished their naval career, and finishes this chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

SMYRNA.—PLAINS OF TROY.—SYRACUSE.

NEED I enumerate in detail the various voyages of the Caliban from the period of her leaving Marmorice Bay? Need I tell how we were sent from port to port, wherever the most work was to be done and the least credit to be got for it; how we were sometimes baked at Beyrout and sometimes buried at Gibraltar? And all this was owing to the fact that Baggles was a nobody; sprung from no "lofty lineage," boasting no connections in the peerage, and no relations at the "board." It should have been remembered by the commander-in-chief, that if the escutcheon of the Baggles family was humble, it was at least without a stain; that all his progenitors were decently married in the parish church by banns; and neither sold their consciences nor ruined their tailors. The latter half of the nineteenth century will look into these matters more closely, and then, perhaps, people will begin to question the propriety of giving the command of men-of-war to mere aristocratic popinjays, who keep piano-fortes in their cabins, and use the ship's boats for the conveyance to and fro of the idle travellers, who fly periodically, like swallows, from their native country, to yawn abroad, as they had yawned at home, destitute of energy, and incapable of thought.

We were sent, as I said before, to the most disagreeable duties; and without tracing our journeys, I will sketch some of the different places which we visited in the course of our three years commission. I will now return to the east.

Claudian, a silvery poet of the iron age of poetry, has devoted his thirty-fifth epigram to a description of the port of Smyrna. I shall not quote it, first, because nobody reads him now, and, secondly, because I mean to describe it myself. The reader must take my strokes instead of his lines. Fancy then a dense, compact town, consisting of narrow streets, intersecting each other like the lines of network; fancy this town situated at the foot of hills, one of which has an old, sombre, Mrs. Ratcliffe-looking kind of a castle on the top of it, which was built by a brother of the great Norman, the conqueror of England. Fancy again that this town stands at the end of a long, narrow gulf, on the sides of which wild fowl breed, paint it in your mind's eye of various bright hues; ornament it with a few flag-staffs, bearing the colours of the nations of the different consuls; imagine behind it an immense expanse of verdant plains, spotted by pretty villages and shaded by noble trees; and you can form some idea of Smyrna and its environs. This was one of the famous seven candlesticks of the Revelations—now unhappily snuffed out; and this was the town in which Polycarp had a large, and decidedly unpleasant stake. It is divided, strange to say, into three quarters. Of these, the Franks or Europeans have one; the Armenians another; and the Jews, who seldom have quarter given them anywhere, are permitted to possess the third. I know no city where the traveller is so apt to lose his way, and so unlikely to find it again. It is positively labyrinthine, "a

mighty maze," and quite "without a plan," and how is an Englishman—knowing, like a true born Briton, no language but his own—to make himself intelligible to those sleepy looking, turbaned old gentlemen, sitting in their doorways, and possessing scarcely sufficient animation to puff out their tobacco-smoke? As for consulting one of those dark-eyed, languishing-looking women, with the complexion of the olive, and lips of the rose, beware how you venture on that. Civilities to women in the East—particularly from Englishmen—have but one interpretation put upon them, and are answered by the weapons of the men. The articles of commerce to be procured at Smyrna, are Turkish and Persian carpets, and cherry brandy; tobacco and melons, hollands and curacoa. It is possible, that there may be many more for aught I know. But I speak in preference, of those which I have tried, and as for the last I mentioned, I love the very sight of the jolly old Dutch galliots which bear them in their capacious holds.

Smyrna boasts many English families, so that you can enjoy tea and small talk,—with a dash of sherry and scandal, just for a relish if your tastes run that way. I observed one curious fact of the habit of the English there, viz., that they look down upon those of their countrymen who have been longest settled there, calling them Smyrniotes. This, indeed, may be remarked of English settlers generally, that the man who has been most at home is best thought of; for it is a melancholy fact that people feel uncomfortable abroad, who would be miserable if they were in England. Cannot they be satisfied, with plains that always flourish, and a sky that never frowns; with cheap luxuries, and an easy existence; and must they sigh for "fog-Babylon," taxes, and the influenza?

The hotels are very indifferent, and I do not think that you will find the autograph of Percival Plug in the travellers'-book of any of them. In fact, I tried to discourage the system of autograph writing generally. What possible use can it be to a civilized creature to be made aware of the fact that "Mr. Tomkins, of Clapham, had a good night's sleep here," or that "Mrs. Buggin's fowls worn't cooked properly?"

As little pleasure is to be had in the town, let the traveller take a horse and gallop over the splendid plains—perhaps the most beautiful in the world—to visit the neighbouring villages, the nearest of which (if I remember right) is Bonabat. But before he gives his horse the bridle, let him pause on the Camel's Bridge, which the caravans cross on leaving the town; and turning to the right and left, contemplate on one side the magnificent cypress forest which forms the Turkish cemetery; and on the other, the bright expanse of the country. The first is the perfection of shade; the last of light; and if the one has a greater interest, as the last resting place of the departed, the other, by its bright beauty, is calculated to dissipate the gloomy impression which the sight of a thousand tombs makes on the thoughtful mind.

Slight was the impression, however, which it made on the minds of the merry party of midshipmen that galloped over the bridge one day, when the Caliban was lying at anchor near the town. There were Berkeley and myself, and half-a-dozen of the most reckless fellows in the mess, each mounted on an extraordinary quadruped, which no man could ride in London without being mobbed immediately. The high roads were neglected. It was determined to proceed "across country," and at full gallop we went, through the hedges, and

into the ditches, leaping and scrambling, and tumbling, in a way in which no class of human beings except midshipmen ever ride. If one got an opportunity of lashing another's horse it was never neglected, and the greatest triumph was achieved if it could be done in such a manner as to unseat the rider. The nearest village (such is the progress of civilisation!) furnished London bottled stout, which had a considerable influence on the ride back. On our return back we secured partridges for dinner, and the evening was spent at a kind of masked ball, given by the Greeks. To this day I shudder at the remembrance of the fearful odours which permeated the room where the company perpetrated what they called dancing. They compelled me to indulge in a large number of glasses of lemonade and brandy, which had the effect of making me lose my way on leaving the room, and I would probably have wandered all night but for a kind Samaritan—a young Scotchman I mean—who, recognising a countryman by my voice (we speak the purest accent in *our* part of Scotland), conducted me to the wharf.

On the whole, I consider Smyrna a very pleasant place, and I shall not forget in a hurry the snug dinners of Mr. B——, our consul there, a jolly old gentleman who has the jovial, gentlemanly *bonhommie* of the old school, without their pomposity. In case these pages should meet his eye, I venture to ask him if he has any of that capital hock left?

Let us now depart to another scene. Among the places in the East visited by the Mediterranean squadron is Beshika, or Basika Bay, near the mouth of the Hellespont—for I won't call it the Dardanelles—and

just opposite Tenedos. This is a convenient watering-place, which constitutes its only attraction in a utilitarian point of view. But "lives there a man with soul so dead," &c., who will not feel a rush of enthusiasm, when he remembers, that there are those plains of Troy, infinitely more familiar to his youth than the plain of Salisbury? Who can look unmoved on those fields where the Hector and Achilles of his boyish days were wont to contend. Have we been birched in vain? Did we then, remain ignorant of science, and French, of modern history and modern discovery, of the mysteries of statistics, and the value of commerce, for the sake of knowing Priam better than George III; Hecuba better than Queen Anne; Achilles than Marlborough; the Scamander than the Thames; mythology than christianity;—and shall we not be able to muster a decent show of classical enthusiasm on the very plains of Troy? Alas! I fear that such is generally the case. Such was the case with us in the Caliban, at all events. Baggles, of course, had never heard of Troy, with the exception of having some hazy notions about "troy weight;" but we all of us went off shooting red-legged partridges in the neighbourhood, in as matter of fact a manner, attired in shooting coats, just as if we were in Kent. In fact, there is nothing to be seen but barren plains covered with furze bushes, and one or two mounds, which pass for the barrows of heroes. A sad place, truly; but there are sadder things than death in this world. Rightly considered, the saddest thing about those plains, to one who remembers the god-like story is, that there are people who deny the whole affair, and that modern criticism doubts the personal existence of the bard.

The partridges are not numerous nor good, and the

country is not beautiful. The Scamander is represented now by a small bright stream, winding its way through some trees, and boasting one old water-mill of the most primitive construction. Different is this poor brook from the river where the Trojan maidens used to come to offer, in a spirit of religious liberality, that most valuable sacrifice—their charms—to the river-god !*

Opposite Basika Bay stands old Tenedos, rocky and black. He too has no advantage to recommend him to a resident, except partridges. The wine which this island produces is the most drinkable of all the modern wines in that part of the country, and mulled, will be found pretty tolerable. As for the others, no human being who had ever tasted sherry, would attempt to

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,"

except for the purpose of emptying it out of the window. It has a sickly, sweet, unpleasant taste, as if it had been flavoured with resin and bad honey.

On a fine summer evening, when the sun is sinking slowly in golden pomp in the west, a spectator at the water's edge in Basika Bay, will see the summit of Mount Athos just raised above the horizon, and gilded by the light, at a distance of about forty miles. This is the mountain between which and the main land, the

* The curious reader will find a piquant anecdote connected with this custom in the article "Scamander," in the Dictionary of Bayle, told with all the lively wit and curious erudition for which he is distinguished.—*Note to First Edition.*

[Boys take to reading Bayle as they do to smoking—prematurely; but the story is poetic, though in Bayle.]

Persian monarch was said to have cut a passage for his fleet.

> "Creditur olim,
> Velificatus Athos"—

says Juvenal, contemptuously. It is now the seat of many convents, and has received in consequence the title of the Holy Mountain. I believe I am right in saying that those modern enthusiasts, who still entertain the hope of being able to expound the Revelations, believe it to be the "glorious holy mountain," on which the great Prince Michael is to fix his tabernacle. The navigation near the entrance of the Hellespont is very dangerous, and it fell to our lot, once or twice, when lying at Basika Bay in the Caliban, to have to assist vessels that had run ashore on the rocks of Rabbit Island, on which occasions, while the lieutenant commanding the party, and the men composing it, were employed throwing overboard the cargo to lighten the grounded vessel, and laying out anchors with hawsers to haul her off, it sometimes happened that the midshipmen of the boats were more agreeably occupied below, with those refreshments which every well-regulated skipper's cabin contains. And a very comfortable place a skipper's cabin is; "a little *dirty*, but no less divine." To be sure, the apartment in question is narrow, the roof low, chairs ricketty, skylight muddy, and floor damp. In addition to which, it is not perhaps pleasant, to sit in the vicinity of the unmade bed of a middle-aged gentleman, sparing in his ablutions; and a strict philanthropist would wince at the sight of the "colt" made of good inch-and-a-half, suspended on yonder peg, on the cabin door, for the exclusive regulation of the "captain's boy." But let the said

boy, summoned by the captain's indignant roar, and welcomed by an execration and a threat, place the portentous sized jar—the classic *amphora*—on the table; light your cigar, slap the old boy on the back (if you have your glove on), and I promise you a pleasant hour —at least if you are one of those Linnæan observers of human nature who, aspiring to the classification of the varieties of the human plant, don't hesitate to seek it anywhere, on sea, mountain, or plain—loving to play with the "flowers" of the race, but not hesitating to grasp the nettles. Among the "sea-weeds" of the species will such an enquirer find some extraordinary specimens. I have met many landsmen who thought Mr. Dickens' Cuttle an impossible character,—a kind of Caliban, existing only in imagination, and certainly supernatural—but no nautical men, who could not easily fancy the existence in a quite earthly sphere, of "Ed'ard." Let this remark of mine console Mr. Dickens, and "when seen, make a note of!"

It is not strictly regular in this part of my book, devoted to the East, to speak of Syracuse; but in my discursive way I find it more convenient to say a few words of it now.

There is the fine wide harbour, and the white and airy-looking town. On the left (larboard) side of the vessel, lying with its head towards it, stretches a long, flat, marshy country, fertile in papyrus, and sheltering to snipe. The streets are filled with the indolent and sensual population; and among them you may see the cavalry capering on their small black horses, and diminutive infantry in blue trowsers, with big muskets, which they appear incapable of using. May all the tools of tyranny (whether human or otherwise) be equally feeble and few!

The English traveller must pay half-a-crown here for his bottle of porter, and content himself with a mule to ride on (unless he prefers a goat). Let me recommend a huge mulberry tree near the watering-place. Of course, nobody neglects going to see Dionysius's Ear, which famous prison is in excellent preservation.

Verily, "the evil that men do lives after them!" The "solemn temples" of ancient Sicily; the exquisite statuary; those splendid works of art, consecrated to religion, which enriched the plunderer Verres; the senate-house where Cicero paraded his Greek; the tomb marked with a sphere and cylinder, which, in a happier hour, the orator brought to light: all these, where are they? Who shall point out the dust to which *they* have mouldered? But this Satanic creation —this monstrous invention of a tyrant's brain—stands now, almost ready for immediate use! A little brushing up would, I actually believe, render it once more serviceable. Could not certain politicians be brought to subscribe?

Some speculative character has contrived means by which to hoist up a chair to a chamber in the rock, about eighty feet high. This they call the place where the crafty old tyrant stationed himself. A little powder fired off from a pistol at the entrance to the Ear, makes a sound which reverberates through it like thunder—rolling from side to side in a fearful manner.

It is to Syracuse that the squadron go for water, when Malta runs short of it. On this service went the Caliban thither; and having completed it, left the harbour—as we will do now.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BRIG SNOB.

PERHAPS, on the whole, I enjoyed myself more in H. M. Brig Snob, than either in the Caliban, the Orson, or the Preposterous,—which vessels had the honour of my company at various periods—the Snob following next after the Caliban. Reader, did you ever see the Snob? She was a sixteen gun brig, of the Symondite build, with masts raking slightly, beautifully bright copper; a ferocious-looking figure head, sitting a little by the stern, and painted black, with a thin white riband round her. The port-sills were not painted red, as in some small craft, but had a share of the bright orange tint which coloured the inside. In fact, the Snob had the dashing look of an opium clipper, or slave ship, toned down into somewhat of the respectability of a man-of-war in times of peace. She was a vessel of decidedly irregular habits at sea, diving and jumping like a porpoise, without any regard to the comfort of those inside; but swift as an arrow, and rapid in turning as a weathercock. She never went *over* a meeting wave—did not condescend to do that—but dashed her nose impetuously *through* it; jerked back slightly with the shock, quivered a little, and then dashed onwards, after giving a shower to everybody on deck.

I had several reasons for joining the Snob after the departure of the Caliban for England. In the first place, a small craft is more free and easy in regard to discipline,—and besides, moves about a great deal, and sees the best and most curious parts of a station. The Snob was a great deal in the Archipelago, or "up the arches," as the sailors call it; and that part of the world I shall touch on by and bye.

The Snob was commanded by Captain Delamere, a gentleman of family, polished manners, and refined education. As an officer, he governed less by discipline than tact,—managing the ship more as the president of a republic than the despot of an empire. His treatment of his officers was distinguished by one principle of liberality very different from the general custom, viz., this:—that he treated the junior officers with more consideration than their seniors, knowing well that the rank of a lieutenant enables him to take far better care of himself than that of a midshipman, and that the latter, of course, requires greater encouragement. This had the effect of making him, to a certain degree, unpopular with the lieutenants. But who were they? Why, there was Hireling, the first lieutenant, and Bulbous the second (whose melancholy catastrophe I gave above). Besides these, the gun-room officers were Dalton the purser, Leonard the surgeon, and the master. The midshipman's berth contained O'Doodle, Streatham, Bowler the clerk, and myself—besides Callender the assistant surgeon.

When I joined the Snob, I found the mess rejoicing in two things—plentitude of debt, and absence of liquor. Bad management had caused the first—the drinking propensities of Bowler the second. For Bowler having found it impossible to live without a bottle of rum *per*

*diem*, had so drank that he had endangered his life, and it had been found necessary to prohibit the mess from getting rum, on that account, or from having any private supplies on board. The order was strictly carried out by Hireling, the first lieutenant, who, the better to ensure it, employed the sergeant of marines (a man quite after his own heart) to act as a spy upon the mess. As our berth was situated on the lower deck, and its door faced straight forward, this was an easy matter. We used however to deceive the spy occasionally. A midshipman would procure a black bottle, fill it with water, and cork it up. We would then take an opportunity of displaying it to him, as if by accident. He would rush to the capture with the eagerness of an exciseman, and soon find himself wofully disappointed.

Hireling had been brought up in a good school. His father having commanded a convict-hulk, he had been educated on board, amidst all those scenes of refinement which a convict-hulk may be supposed to display. He had served, after joining the service, under one of the old school, who prided himself on being able to abuse a man for a quarter of an hour, without using the same expression twice! Under this Billingsgate Quintilian, young Hireling, with good natural talents for picking up what was low (and that only), had acquired a copiousness of diction that a fish-fag might envy in despair. He was, of course, destitute of letters (I doubt if he had ever heard of Gibbon, for example); he used to behave with servility to those above him, and tyranny to those below; he would walk among the men, giving a kick to one, and interchanging a coarse and very stupid joke with another. In the absence of the commander, he used to

drill the crew for the sake of tormenting them. He knew nothing of truth except the name, and would have sold his soul to anybody foolish enough to risk an outlay in so worthless a bargain.

"Main-top-gallant-yard, there!" you would hear him cry. "You've a head, and so has a scupper-nail and a pumpkin!"

He liked to see men punished, and gloated over the exhibition of a flogging with the blood-thirstiness of a hyæna—which animal he resembled in ferocity, as he did the baboon in outward appearance. So much for him!

Having determined to clear off the mess debt, if possible, Bowler was made caterer, and insisted on the most regular payments, and the most rigid economy.

"What! twice to beef, Mr. Plug? Good heavens, sir! how can the mess afford that?"

"Really, Bowler"—

"Now boys," Bowler would continue, placing a small leg of mutton before us, "here's a dinner fit for a king. Carefully with the salt, O'Doodle; salt's deuced dear in this part of the world. Why, what are you staring at, Mr. Streatham?"

This was a dialogue one day at sea.

"Upon my soul," said Streatham, who had just been helped, "I hardly know.—I say, Plug, do you perceive anything odd about that mutton?"

"Why," said I, inspecting, "nothing very odd for this mess—but it's scarcely fit to eat!"

"And this," cried Bowler, "is my reward for weeks of anxious care! To be snubbed and reproached by a parcel of whelps, none of whom were out of longclothes when I came to sea!"

On which the good old man retired in a fit of sorrow

to his office, over the bull's eye of which we used always to place a coil of ropes, to deprive him of the benefit of the light. We thought he bore with the bad state of the supplies very well himself; but his resignation was easily explained one afternoon, by our seeing the mess servant take a small private dish of ham and fried potatoes in to him!

And we found out, after he left the ship, that while paying off one debt he had been contracting another; that he had supplied himself with private hams at our expense, and that there was a deficit in the accounts of the mess which could not be explained. In fact, we led a very strange life, what with one thing and another. At sea we were sometimes living on ship's dough and sugar, and in harbour on the choicest viands—Burgundy and Champagne; for after the departure of Bowler* (who was succeeded by pleasant Mr. Grub) we got permission to have supplies of drinkables in the regular way.

Hireling was not always without the annoyances which such people too often escape. He had taken it into his head to ornament the vessel; and as his taste was rather of the bagman order, it displayed itself in ludicrous instances of gaudy tinsel adornment. Our figure-head in the Snob was the form of an animal for which Hireling had, I presume, a fellow-feeling; for he determined to add a tongue to it, which, by what

* "Poor old Bowler," writes Plug to me, from H.M.S. Bluebottle (1852); "he is since dead!—*Requiescat!* Thou wert a grand old *bon-vivant* of the school of Toby Philpot, Bowler! and, as Christopher Anstey says—

'O'er thy tomb may pot-blossoms and marjorams wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave.'"

—*Editor.*

he considered shameful neglect, had been omitted. Accordingly, he had one made of his favourite metal, lead—had it painted of a glaring crimson colour, and stuck in the mouth. A little afterwards Captain Delamere was coming on board, and, as usual, passed round the vessel to observe her appearance, in which he felt a natural pride. Round the stern he went, and and along the sides—marked the furl of the sails, saw that the ropes were all taut, nothing hanging overboard, and so forth. At length he crossed the bows, and his eye caught the "ornament" appended by Hireling. He steered alongside forthwith, and came on board.

"Mr. Hireling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take *that thing* out of the mouth of the figure-head, if you please, sir!"

Poor Hireling bowed in a melancholy manner, and had the order executed—revenging himself by abusing the commander at the few and rather disreputable dinner-tables to which he had admission on shore.

Not long after the departure of the Caliban, an adventure worth recording happened to Berkeley, who, like myself, had determined to remain on the station. A delusive impression had become general about this time among the midshipmen of the squadron that it was necessary, at some period or other of their career, to have an hostile encounter. This was to be attributed partly to the influence of Mr. Lever's fictions, (did you ever read one of them, the hero of which did not invariably fight a duel and ride a steeple-chase?) and partly to the fact that duelling had been strictly prohibited by the Admiralty, which, as a matter of

course, had a natural tendency to stir independent minds into hostile exertion at once. The result of this popular feeling was a general investment in pistols of large dimensions. I was therefore not surprised when Berkeley came on board one evening and informed me that he was determined on taking immediate vengeance on Crickett, a marine officer of the Polypus, for grossly insulting him in the opéra. That a deadly insult had been given, so Berkeley said, there could be no doubt. He had exercised the privilege of hissing, and making other sounds in the pit, on which a marine officer sitting at some distance behind him had taken an opportunity of exclaiming, rather loudly, that such conduct was decidedly ungentlemanly. Of the marine officer he had got a glimpse, and on inquiry afterwards found that he was the Crickett aforesaid. This was an admirable opportunity for vindicating the dignity of the profession. He had long been resolved to have a crack at somebody, and Crickett (as a marine officer, and therefore naturally of small value) would do very well.

"So you see," concluded Berkeley, "old fellow, I came off to secure you at once, and show my friendship for an old mess-mate, by giving you an opportunity of being engaged in 'an affair!'"

My heart did not quite overflow with gratitude for this mark of delicate attention, but I expressed my instant readiness.

"Come," said I, "we'll talk it over with a glass of grog."

Everybody knows what talking a thing over with a glass of grog means, and how it invariably ends in the adjournment of the debate.

Next day the subject was resumed, and it was

agreed that I should dispatch a thundering missive to Crickett, requesting his immediate appointment of a friend. I did so, and received a very sensible reply from Crickett, urging the difference of age between himself and Berkeley—the strictness of the regulations—the paltriness of the affair—and delicately hinting that he, Crickett, was a married man.

"Bah!" said Berkeley, contemptuously, "let him hide himself under his wife's petticoats, and I'll post him. Try him again."

I tried another note, and poor Crickett still fought shy; and a useless correspondence ensued for some time.

During the interim it happened that Berkeley dropped into Ricardo's billiard-rooms, in the Strada Teatro, one evening, to have the usual quiet game, glass of sherry and water, and cigar. His friend had departed, and he was amusing himself by knocking the balls about, and trying all sorts of preposterous cannons and hazards, when a strange officer entered, apparently bent on a game. There was a bow, a smile, and an agreement to play. They did so, and grew very friendly. In about half-an-hour, in comes Jigger, of the Bustard.

"Well, Berkeley, my boy—I haven't seen you this age!"

The stranger threw down his cue.

"Mr. Berkeley, of the Hecatomb, may I ask, sir?"

"I have the honour to belong to that vessel."

"Will you step this way, if you please?"

They retired together.

"I must beg to inform you, sir," said the stranger, that my name is Crickett, and that I belong to the Polypus!"

And so it was. These two warriors had been playing together in the most friendly manner, neither having recollected the other's face. The farcicality of pursuing the affair was now obvious, even to Berkeley. When they met next, it was armed with "pocket pistols" of a most pacific character, and very pleasant contents; and though both combatants were carried from the scene of encounter, I am happy to say that they were only—tipsy.

About the same period, old Blunderedd, of H.M.S. Regina, had a quarrel, which did not end so well. A travelling professor had arrived in Malta, who undertook to operate on corns, and succeeded very well in relieving old Blunderedd. Now Blunderedd was a master—and masters, as is very well known, are not the most polished officers in the service; so he would harangue his mess-mates in the ward-room, on the operation, in a decidedly disagreeable manner. Shortly after one of these occasions, an article appeared in the *Malta Snail*, a local periodical, in which a sarcastic allusion to Blunderedd, *apropos* of the professor, was introduced. Blunderedd secured a copy, and rushed on board. On going down to the ward-room he assumed a commanding position, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—There's been an infamous attack made on me in this here periodical, and I'm convinced that it was written by some one in this here mess. Whoever he is, he's a confounded blackguard—so let him put that in his pipe."

This oration was received with "roars of laughter," as the newspapers say.

Blunderedd next retired to his cabin; and having summoned his boy, was very soon occupied in con-

structing a "colt." He obviously meditated the personal castigation of some one, and was determined to inflict it in the most professional manner. In a few moments Blunderedd was attired in spotless ducks and a broad-tailed coat, and bound for the office of the *Malta Snail*.

"Let me see the editor of this here publication!" said he.

"He's not within, sir," said an official; "but have you any message to leave?"

"My name's Blunderedd, and here goes to give you a d—d good rope's-ending you infernal libelling lubber!"

Whereupon Blunderedd rushed on the unhappy victim with the "colt," and commenced a savage assault. But all parties employed on the establishment rushed to the rescue. One flung a stool at the gallant officer—another pummelled him with a ruler—a printer's devil seized his wiry hair, and in a few moments the broad tails were in tatters, and the ducks stained by the veteran's blood!

What was the result? He was well castigated in person; heartily laughed at in the squadron; fined for the assault in the police court; attacked again in the journal, and made the subject of a reprimand in one of the verbose, windy, stupid, general orders with which old Sir Booby Booing, K.K., B.B.K, delighted to inflict on the fleet.

I am sure we had scarcely done laughing at the affair in the little dark berth of the Snob a week after, when the signal was made to us from the palace to "prepare for sea."

"Preparing for sea" means sending up top-gallant yards; bending studding-sail gear; hoisting in the

boats; passing the messenger—and what is infinitely more important in the eyes of all sensible officers, it means getting your mess stock, liquid and otherwise, on board; your washing off from the shore, and a store of novels from Muir's Circulating Library in Strada Reale, to beguile your hours afloat: it means also—more important still—keeping your duns from coming on board to bother you before starting!

All these things having been safely accomplished, the Snob left the harbour, resounding with the yells of Hireling, who abused the men working aloft, right and left.

In the evening as she surged slowly ahead, moved by a very gentle breeze, O'Doodle and I reclined comfortably in the stowed fore-topmast-staysail on the bowsprit (protected by the foresail from the sight of Hireling aft) smoked the tranquillising cigar, and watched the trembling streaks of gold, cast by the setting sun over the calm sea.

"This station is better than the Pacific," said O'Doodle. "I saw a man fall overboard there once in a gale; and while he was struggling with the waves, an albatross circled round him in wild swoops, and fixing its talons on his head, struck out his eyes!"

Who would not, after this, forgive the "bright-eyed mariner" who

Shot the albatross?

That evening as we sat at a frugal refection of cold salt pork, with a pickled onion, and biscuits and swizzle.

"Well," said O'Doodle, "now that we are at sea, and have little to do, suppose we write up our logs?"

"Oh! hang our logs," said I. "Take the advice of Horace about them, my boy—

'Dissolve frigus, *ligna* super foco
Large reponens!'"

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### ATHENS AND THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The first days at sea, after a long stay in harbour, are usually spent in regrets and anticipations; and as Dr. Johnson has pronounced that whatever raises the contemplation of the past and future above the present "elevates us in the scale of reasonable beings," they are no doubt very edifying. In the Snob we used to soothe our regrets, and add additional liveliness to our anticipations, by the enjoyment of such luxuries as each fellow in the mess had provided before leaving; and we usually managed to demolish all the cases of pickled salmon and bottles of claret in a few days, on which we returned with great philosophy to the "amber fluid" (with which title we dignified the rum), Bologna sausages, and biscuit. On the voyage of which I am now speaking, we encountered a *greggale*, or North-East gale, and were obliged to "dodge" about under the protection of the dark and frowning hills of the Southern point of Calabria—that land of fierce people and small fine-flavoured hams. For two or three days we stood off and on, under treble reefs and a storm try-sail, making that chopping motion peculiar to a vessel under easy sail in a swell. Owing to the wetness of the ship, we had the hatches battened down;

the hammocks were kept on the lower-deck, which made it insufferably hot and close; the deck itself was greasy with spilt cocoa, and as the funnel had an awkward habit of smoking (which the authorities would be better occupied in trying to put down, than the smoking of the crews), we were half suffocated, suffering from head-ache, and disturbed by the eternal creaking of the bulk-heads, caused by the violence of motion common to Symondites of every size. In addition to all this, we had sailed just before a grand ball was to be given on board the Regina, to the "fashionables" of Malta. The Reginas thought themselves crack fellows, aspired to be "the guards" of the navy, and tried to elevate the midshipman's mess above the vulgar standard of boisterous discomfort of the old school. And it must be said that they had a very elegant mess, gave very fine dinners, and cut a very good figure on shore. There was a little bullying of "youngsters" which might have been dispensed with very well, however. I don't see the benefit accruing from pitching a young gentleman out of the stern-ports of the gun room into the water, and compelling him to swim to the gangway to get on board: nor the humour of putting a youth on the lockers, and heaping him over with heavy cushions and midshipmen; nor the propriety of sundry little tortures, physical and otherwise practised occasionally by the Reginas, in spite of their "crackness." But after all, we must make allowance for the intellectual destitution which compelled some of them to resort to these little amusements to dispel *ennui*—and was not the Regina commanded by Captain Ricochet?—Ricochet who had come to sea in command, only because he had wasted a private fortune on shore; who was destitute alike of

the tact of the officer, the skill of the seaman, and the qualities of the gentleman—Ricochet who, having been insolent to a tradesman in his private residence, and having drawn his sword on him, was ignominiously expelled from the house, and had his sword thrown after him by the said tradesman.

On this occasion, the ball that we of the Snob missed went off very well. There were awnings spread, decorated with flags; dancing on the upper-deck, and supper on the main-deck; military officers and sherry, fruit, flowers, music, young ladies, champagne, and flirtation. No place for a good ball like a line-of-battle ship; and between the quadrilles few things more pleasant than to persuade your partner to come up on the poop—just for a little fresh air, of course—while papa is finishing a pint of sherry in the cabin, and mama has gone down to the main-deck to look for her daughter, where she has been told by one of your intimate friends that she is certain to find her. And then there is the fun of everybody getting into the wrong boat when the party breaks up at daylight, and all the officers finding next morning that they have brought away the wrong cocked-hat or cap.* What would Mr. Cobden have said to the state of the navy, if he had seen such a spectacle on board ship when he was abroad?

Having at last got away from the Calabrian coast, the Snob thundered eastward with a tremendous breeze; and having sprung a top-sail yard, ran into Navarino Bay. There we anchored before the dreary-looking town, with its miserable forts and puny houses, and long barren shores, in the waters, beneath which rest the bones of the many gallant fellows who perished in the bloody battle known as the "untoward

event." We only staid long enough to shift the yard, and having weighed once more, proceeded on our journey round Cerigo, and in a short time had entered the Archipelago, and soon had the pleasure of threading the narrow passage between the two pillars, or light-houses, placed at the mouth of the Piræus. In a short time we had threaded our way also between the vessels lying there, and selected a comfortable anchorage in the snug and convenient harbour. We were, of course, all anxious to get on shore at the earliest possible period.

"I tell you what, Plug," said O'Doodle, "I must get somebody to keep my watch for me to-morrow—I'm told this is a very decent place; hotels, *cafés*, an opera, nice rides, and all that sort of thing; a few snipes in the marshes, between Piræus and Athens, too, I hear. And old Brown, who keeps the English store, has some very decent wine. We must go and have a cruise, and I'm not going to waste my time among any musty old temples—mind that!"

O'Doodle's notion of seeing a curious place—a place that many a scholar and artist would long to visit—was a very singular one. Not the relics of antiquity, but the productions of modern civilization, were the objects of his interest—not ancient temples, but modern hotels—not ancient goddesses, but French landladies. As I viewed the place under both its aspects, I shall endeavour to give the reader a sketch of it.

The town and harbour of Piræus are distant from Athens about six miles, the country intervening between being uniformly level, partly wooded, and partly marshy. There is a very good road between them, on either side of the centre of which the wood is situated. Half-way on your right, as you go to the city from

the harbour, stands a Greek *café*, or classical public-house (at which, by-the-by, I may mention, my friend O'Doodle got his head broken with the leg of a chair), where you will find an idle mob of Bavarian soldiers, wandering Albanians, with pistols and dagger in their belts, and baggy kilts of rather dirty white, and young Greeks with red sashes, pinched in at the waist in the most lady-like manner possible—all lounging lazily, curling their long greasy moustaches, and tippling small doses of aniseed, or large draughts of red wine. The conveyances from the Piræus are rumbling two-horse vehicles, that most assuredly would never have won a prize at the Olympian games. Having settled the amount of drachmas with your driver, off you go to the town. You pass over the level uninteresting road—indulge possibly in a glass of lemonade at the house above-mentioned—the road winds little—you turn, and see before you the modern town of Athens, in its narrowness and poverty; and on the right the Acropolis and the Temple of Theseus, the remains of ancient Athens in all the grandeur of their decay—faded, weather-beaten, crumbling, but still sublime, and wearing a ghost-like look of melancholy beauty. Just on the right of the road, with its portico facing the east, stands the temple of Theseus, which of all the Athenian structures of antiquity is least dilapidated. Though small in comparison, the elegance of its form is remarkable; and time has tinged it with a brown shade, which, resembling the colour of autumnal leaves, has a softening effect that adds something touching to the beauty which the lapse of ages has altered, but not destroyed. It was built some years before the Parthenon, is of the Doric order—measures 104 feet by 45 (as we learn from Gell), and

has six columns in front, and thirteen on either flank. It is now used as a kind of museum for the preservation of small pieces of statuary and sculpture, among which I may mention some Bacchanalian boys in basso relievo as among the best. The government have had the sense to take precautions to prevent the pilfering of relics of antiquity which was formerly carried on wholesale; and every fragment of antiquity among the ruins on the Acropolis may now be seen carefully numbered with red chalk. Such measures were absolutely necessary; for it was formerly common for people to knock about the most precious remnants of the greatest civilisation the world ever saw, as wantonly as if they were no more valuable or beautiful than our architectural efforts in Trafalgar Square! When Sir Pulteney Malcolm commanded the Mediterranean station, two or three officers were dismissed from the service for an act of this character.

The Acropolis, in the days of its young splendour, must have been covered with columns almost as dense as a forest of trees. Of all the buildings which crowned it, there only remain three, and those in a mutilated and imperfect condition—the Parthenon, the Erectheum, and the Propylæa—groups of columns hanging together like the rallying remnants of a slaughtered army. The traveller wanders over a scene of desolation, stumbling across some mighty pillar lying among the grass springing up around it; and must learn the names of the works which he sees about him, as well as that of their designers and their object, from the books of controversial antiquarians—by endless conjecture—by emendations of Greek texts—and among the scattered hints of some traveller of ancient times, penning light allusions to things he thought sufficiently

well known, and never dreaming of the trouble his works would give to dark-lantern-hunting critics of a hundred ages after!

There is still shown in the rock, opposite that side of the Acropolis on which is the Temple of Theseus, a place that passes for the prison of Socrates, consisting of three narrow chambers, of which the centre one has a hole in the top. And not very far off is a lonely tomb, said to be the resting-place of the philosopher, where the names of numerous cockneys and travellers from the United States have been scrawled—intended, I presume, to add to the solemnity of the spot. No place is too noble or too insignificant for such records abroad. Descend to the bottom of the grotto of Antiparos, or examine the books of the humblest hotel, and you will find them.

Among the smaller remains of ancient magnificence, none are more elegant than those gems of architecture, the Tower of the Winds, and the monument of Lysicrates, both of the finest marble, the most faultless form, and the most elaborate finish.

But the sixteen columns which still remain of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, standing to the south-east of the Acropolis, at the distance of a few hundred yards, are the most magnificent remains that time has spared from the splendour of the past for the admiration and elevation of the present. They are upwards of sixty feet in height, built of the luxuriantly beautiful Corinthian order, and have an effect, at once so grand and so refined, that they seem to have grown from the soil by a miracle, to cast the ordinary efforts of humanity into the shade. These sixteen are the only ones remaining of the one hundred and twenty which this mighty structure boasted; and as its completion

was comparatively recent,* the deficiency must be attributed less to the natural course of things than to the wholesale plunder which, even after going on for centuries of barbarism, has left in Athens so much to be admired. The top of one of them is shown as the place where an extraordinary fanatic took up his residence.

I was much interested one evening when wandering near the ruins, by the sight of a Greek funeral. The coffin was open, and a garland of flowers rested on the bosom of the corpse. A man walked before, bearing the lid, on which was painted a white cross.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is notoriously but one step—and assuredly nowhere is that step shorter than in Athens. 'Tis but from the Acropolis to the town—from the temples of the republic to the palace of the king—from the remains of the dead to the dwellings of the living—and what a difference do you find! The palace of the Bavarian—the king Log of Greece—is a huge, white, flat building, looking like a workhouse, a hospital, or a barn. The king himself is very popular—his Bavarian attendants positively hateful. At the last revolution he exhibited the most miserable irresolution—positive unmanly weakness—was afraid to resist, and yet hesitated to yield; and, as is generally believed, was mainly guided by the counsels and supported by the courage of his beautiful and queenly consort. It needed a guard to protect the embarkation of some of the counsellors after that event.

Athens has but one good street leading straight through it. Near its entrance, as you come from

* It was completed by the Emperor Hadrian.

Piræus, stands a muddy date tree in its centre, for what use I cannot tell; it is most assuredly no ornament. The Greeks have scarcely a nationality. The civilization of the lown is partly French and partly Turkish. The hotels are carried on by Frenchmen, and the shops are bazaars. In the main street there is the *Café de l'Europe*, a place of general resort for coffee, brandy, lemonade, dominos, newspapers, and discussion. The Greeks are generally fine men, and there is a very intelligent expression of countenance in most of them. Their newspapers, as I was informed on good authority, are conducted with ability, and they have a keen relish for intellectual exertion. But their mental power is wild and undisciplined, and they are far removed from anything approaching to English civilisation. Under these circumstances, they could have no worse monarch than a common-place, conventional European king, governing by rote, and fretting and strutting his hour upon the stage of government, like the king in a Haymarket burlesque. Unfortunate, unintellectual Otho, what can be expected of you, tossed like a shuttlecock between unruly subjects and European diplomatists! The man is unsuited at once to the place and the time. If Greece is to be raised from the dead into new life, and the power must be the power of mind; the sorcerer a man of genius—a hero—a Mahomet—or a Cromwell. No Lazarus is raised by blubbering relatives, or by howling and lamentation such as that of past phil-Hellenes.

The Greek Church is in the last stage of degradation. The University did not contain a single native professor before the resolution. I understood at that period that this was to be altered; but I know not with what success the effort has been attended.

There are many pleasant rides in the vicinity of the town, and if it had no other attraction of the many which it possesses, the traveller would still look back to it with pleasure, if he had had the honour while there of an introduction to the English minister.*

* The English minister at the period of which Mr. P. speaks was Sir Edmund Lyons.

## CHAPTER IX.

PLUG DISCOURSETH OF TRAVELLERS—OF THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS—AND OF DIVERS MATTERS CONCERNING MALTA.

MOST of the midshipmen's mess of the Snob behaved themselves at Athens as they would have done at Liverpool, at Gravesend, or any common-place town—that is to say, they walked carelessly about the environs, sauntered superciliously among the curiosities, and wondered what they should have for dinner when they got to the hotel. We usually stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe, where there was (perhaps is) a very pretty landlady. I have heard, on good authority, that there was a landlord among the other fixtures on the premises, but him we never saw. I conclude, therefore, that he remained in perpetual solitary confinement somewhere about the kitchen. O'Doodle could, with difficulty only, be persuaded to visit the antiquities; and Hircling and Bulbous mistook a square clock tower, that was presented by the much-abused Lord Elgin to the modern Athenians, for the Parthenon, and vowed that it was the finest thing they had ever seen.

As we sat at dinner in the public room of our hotel, we discussed the latest news from England; and O'Doodle, seeing a gentleman present who certainly was an ill-favoured individual, took him for a foreigner,

and said to me quite audibly—"What a devilish ugly fellow, Plug, eh?"

"You have not travelled much, sir, I presume?" quoth the stranger, in excellent English.

O'Doodle laughed awkwardly, and blushed fearfully.

This little circumstance brings me to the subject of travellers, English and otherwise, in the Mediterranean, and I embrace the opportunity to dash off a sketch of them in a few bold strokes.

First of all (to give precedence to our countrymen), there is the class of rich yacht-travellers, who journey in large cutters and schooners, with enormous quantities of luggage, fat men servants, pretty nurserymaids, and chubby children. Their yachts are crammed as full of materials for a voyage as Noah's Ark. They travel partly to escape *ennui*, and partly because it is "proper" to do so. They bring hosts of introductions to unfortunate ambassadors, and condemn everything that does not resemble what they saw in England. They live in the most expensive manner in the finest hotels, which however they look down upon. They receive you in the most splendid style of luxury, but apologise for it, and remind you "that they are not in London now." If they encounter a foul wind, they run into the nearest port. They go mechanically to see antiquities, but are too dignified to be enthusiastic. They patronise the Parthenon, and say that "it's a pity it's in such a ruinous condition." They smile approvingly on the first Claudes, in the gallery in the Bourbon Museum, at Naples; and think it "proper" to look very solemn at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. In short, though they should travel a thousand miles, they are never out of England—a characteristic of very many travellers of all ranks. They look at

nature through an opera-glass. Sometimes they write large books of travels, in which they try to be very fine in describing storms. They quote—

> ———— Atra nubes,
> Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
> Sidera nautis,

and remark how singular it is,—"that these phenomena are the same now, as when Horace wrote!" They take care also to tell you in their quartos what they had for dinner, and how much they enjoyed the society of Lord X, the Marquis of Y, and Baron Z.

Besides these, there is the retired tradesman class, who, all the time they are abroad, are not only virtually in England, but in a shop or a villa near near London. When they meet you at a *table d'hôte,* they express their joy to "see an Englishman once more," as if they were in the desert of Sahara. They grumble at the bills and the bedrooms, and think "that after all, there's no place like home." They live in the closest, most densely-furnished rooms they can get, which they say "are in the good old comfortable English style." They order up huge tea-pots of tea, at the same hour as they did when in Clapham, on system, but take a little brandy in it, "just because they're abroad." They walk up Vesuvius—the father with a cotton umbrella, the mother in pattens. The son John (whom they have great difficulty in keeping in order) goes about the town to see if there's no place like Evans's, where he can have a lark. On their return to England, they only remember that it was very hot abroad.

I must not forget the pedagogical class of travellers. The pedagogue "carries a satchel of school books on

the crupper of his horse," as Sterne said of Addison He wanders about Athens with a pair of spectacles and a copy of Pausanias—quotes Homer at dinner at the hotel, and is going to start to-morrow for Thermopylæ, to see if any local investigation will throw a light on an obscure passage in Herodotus, that has troubled him a long time.

And then there is the aspiring young architect, who walks through the ruins of the ancient world armed with a measuring-tape, and judges of sublimity by inches. You ask him what he thought of a certain temple, and he tells you the diameter and circumference of its columns. But of the soul or spiritual meaning of such structure—the motive that animated its builders —or the idea which was its archetype—of these he knows no more than the lizards that play about its ruins.

How different from all these the philosophical wanderer that every now and then it is your lot in happy hour to meet! How different the man who walks through the world in a spirit of catholic sympathy with all around him, anxious to learn, ready to communicate, open to every impulse—bent only on the study of the good, and the admiration of the beautiful! Such travellers, of all ranks and countries, may sometimes be met by the fortunate—wandering planets bringing light; but how many boobies has England sent abroad for one M. A. Titmarsh—how many vessels, colliers, luggers, and others to return empty, for one gallant bark, to bring back treasures to its shore!

It was a merry employment to wander in a sweet summer in our brig, among the islands of the Archipelago. The heat of the day was moderated by a breeze that had stolen perfume from gardens as it flew:

and in the evening we anchored in some small bay, in water so clear and bright that far below could be seen the purple sea-weed of the floor of the deep. Poros, with its town projected upon a rock slip, and the sides of its bay lined with lemon groves, is one of the most beautiful of them.

The island of Antiparos has no attractions but its wonderful grotto. It is hilly and stony, and except at one end, quite uncultivated. We experienced some difficulty in finding the grotto; but after a rough journey we came to a small hill, on one side of which is the entrance to it, rather spacious, and of a circular form. The grotto itself is reached by a descent through a hole a few feet inside the archway. Our *modus operandi* was as follows—we made fast a rope to a stalactical pillar close by the entrance; pitched the coil down the declivity, and commenced, one by one, our progress down, holding fast by the rope. The descent is very steep, and the ground of it loose, dusty, and covered with stones, which ever and anon rolled down as we proceeded, waking the thunders of the echo. Occasionally we came to a place where it was necessary to descend perpendicularly many feet; and always found the rock fluted, as if by a chisel, into innumerable lines, by the gentle but omnipotent waters. As we got further down, the cavern became more spacious, and the blue-lights and port-fires which we ignited showed enormous stalactites depending from the roof, and every part around us, carved as variously and fantastically as it is possible to conceive—ornamented as we might imagine the Mediterranean palace of the father of Undine to be. A stone thrown casually downwards would keep falling and falling till the sound died away; and the light beamed faint and blue, down

the passage we had descended. Even thus far "into the bowels of the earth" were autographs to be seen, and a wooden board with O' βασιλευς της Ελλαδος on it, showed that the cavern had been visited by his Bavarian Majesty of Greece.

I, felt when we once more reached the upper air, as comfortable as Æneas may be supposed to have done on coming back from the infernal regions. Not long after, the Snob proceeded once more to that famous rendezvous—or skulking-hole, as Mr. Cobden has it—of the squadron—Malta.

The *physique* of Malta is tolerably well known to the English mind. Who is there that has not heard of the sterile rocky island which imports the very soil for its gardens from the rich and fertile Sicily? Who knows not somewhat of Valetta, edged with mighty fortifications, with its splendid churches glittering with the finest marble and purest silver, their ceilings glowing with the works of the artist, and floors marked with the arms and titles of the knights, whose remains moulder beneath? Imposing is it to enter one of these sacred buildings; and the stranger, though its shrines be such as he does not bow at, fears the very echo of his footsteps in its magnificent extent—is awed by its solemn silence, and looks with reverence on its rich ornaments, and the well worn oak of the confessionals, that have heard so many tales of sin—if the faculty of reverence has not been unhappily sneered out of him by writers of the simious, which has succeeded to the satanic school.

The English aspect of Malta contrasts curiously with the Maltese, in which it is, as it were, inlaid. There is Strada Reale, straight, broad, and quite with a London air; and nearer the harbour, there are the narrow

streets, the "streets of stairs," and the market, with its swarthy, brightly dressed natives, and its heaps of fish and fruit—its eternal olives and oranges.

If I were asked to name the leading characteristics of Malta, I should say the enormous number of priests and beggars, and the perpetual noise of bells. Go where you will, you encounter shovel hats and rags. If you ride to Civita Vecchia you will meet a whole mob of boys in the episcopal garb, and with features so pale, an expression of countenance so humble and touching, so quiet in all their gestures—the boy apparently having been extinguished in all of them—that it is impossible not to pity the fortune which has condemned them to begin this life of isolation and self-denial in an age so little disposed to view them with sympathy or kindness. The beggars look infinitely happier; but there is no contrast afforded by society so great as that to be seen in Malta, between the rosy, comfortable English parson with his black oily whiskers, and sermon once a week—and the pale and melancholy looking priest, with his daily services of all kinds in the church, and at home his solitary, rude chamber, presenting no signs of civilisation but the tomes of divinity strewed everywhere around. Truly, if the lives of these men were known to some of our protestant agitators, let us hope, for the honour of human nature, that we should have less said against them.

The society of Malta is of a mixed character, the military element predominating. The mercantile portion of the community give dinners and balls, and have boxes at the opera. The place is England in minature, in a social point of view. The governor is a little king, and has little *levees*. The naval commander-in-chief, the superior military officers, and the wealthy

portion of the mercantile community form a little aristocracy. They go to the opera in state; and as a rumbling old *caleche* draws up after it is over, you hear—"Mrs. Calico's carriage stops the way!" roared out in a most imposing manner, the position of Mr. Calico in English society being that of a banker's clerk. Then there are flirtations and engagements—and, unfortunately, sometimes breakings off of said engagements. There was Miss Cockatoo, for example, I remember; she must have had a most extraordinary heart—for it was broken two or three times, according to all accounts. But somehow or other, it always got mended again, as good as new (nothing like gold to solder up the general run of hearts), and she was engaged to somebody else. I think she must have had in the course of her matrimonal negociations enough ugly miniatures of lovers to stock a picture dealer.

She might well have exclaimed, with a young writer of the present day—*

"Are the stars but bright deceptions,
Is there nought in life to love—
Is all nature false?" &c.

* * * * *

Malta has its Newmarket also. There is a race-ground of hard road, and there are races twice a year; and a clerk of the course, and gentlemen in top-boots, and ringing of bells, and weighing of riders, and much noise—ultimately terminating in half-a-dozen smart gallops, which constitutes the "sport."

Noisy, but not very heavy bets are made; and every year or so, some foolish midshipman is found content to

* Mr. Sidney L. Blanchard.

lose a hundred dollars or two, for the sake of being thought a fine dashing fellow; and papa the country gentleman, or papa the clergyman, suffers in purse, that his son may be a Brummagem Bentinck.

Young military sprigs in Malta are sources of laughter to the sensible occasionally. Thus, fancy the principal *café*, Mula's, in Stada Reale, full, some night, of naval officers. Enter an ensign, only arrived a few weeks ago from school in England. Ensign walks to the glass in sight of everybody, pull up his stock, and cries out—"Ah! wait—aw! you've got nobody here to-night!" The naval men, too sensible to take any other notice of the impertinence, roar unanimously, in tremendous bursts of laughter.

# CHAPTER X.

PLUG DISCOURSETH FURTHER OF MALTA—AND OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

SARCASM is said, by Carlyle, to be the language of the Devil. Perhaps so. Who shall contradict Carlyle? But pray, if such be so, what is *scandal?* has it not an equal claim to the distinction? Shall we settle it thus:—that sarcasm is the language the Devil uses to your face—scandal that which he uses behind your back?

There is a good deal of scandal at Malta, as I have hinted before. In fact, as a general rule, there is scandal in all societies where the intellectual tone is not high; and such is the case with garrison society. Where people do not talk politics, literature, or art, they naturally resort to scandal, as poverty in circumstances drives the lower orders to gin.

Accordingly, Malta is scandalous! Lady Ostrich, we will suppose, is travelling, and is separated from her husband. Forthwith the coteries discuss the how, the why, and the wherefore. In a week, the separation has been exaggerated into a divorce—and the lady's fault from an infirmity of temper into a want of virtue. If she keeps out of society, she is ashamed to be seen: if she courts it, and appears much in public, she is

trying to brazen it out! Had Paradise been in Malta, and the story of the fall been repeated, in less than a fortnight Eve would have been made out the original tempter, and the serpent a boa-constrictor of the largest size known. And then the prying into, and loose babbling about the affairs of everybody! If a young officer is abstemious, you hear people say—"Ah! poor fellow, he's got nothing but his pay! I wonder how he manages to rub along!" If, on the other hand, he cuts a dash, then the very people who drink his champagne say, shaking their heads, "Depend on it we shall see the bubble burst before long!"

As a place for that magical thing, *tick*, Malta may fairly rank after the English universities. No sooner does a new ship come out than she is boarded by a number of tradesmen. The youngsters are tempted, give orders, and swell up bills—it is the old, old story. Presently, the ship is going to leave for England, and then the disturbance begins. "Pay de bill, sar!" roars the Maltese. The money, perhaps, is not forthcoming, and means are resorted to to keep "the duns" from getting on board. The sentry has orders to keep a particular boat off; the day of sailing comes; the stately vessel is seen leaving the harbour. Pertinacious to the last, the dun is rowed furiously in a line with the ship. "Did you get my bill, sar?" cries he to a youngster whom he recognises at the gangway. "Oh, yes," replies the youth, holding up a lengthy document, very coolly, "here it is!" The ship departs, and the creditor must wait till his debtors come again on the station, or till he can recover his debt by tardy communications with England. I am far from saying that such is the case invariably; but still there have been many instances such as I have drawn a sketch of—and

can it be wondered at, under the circumstances? For example, how that unfortunate Mr. Carbuncle, the jeweller, suffered! The man was as green as one of his own emeralds—opened a large glittering showroom, and invited patronage. What was the result? In a week there was scarcely a youngster who did not display in his stock a troop of dragoons, a huge knight with a mediæval battle-axe in his hand, or some such elegant design, worked in gold. They had even got to the pitch of making small presents to each other, such as a five guinea ring, or some trifle of that sort. Poor O'Doodle looked in a short time as if he "had been dipped in Pactolus," to use an expression of Dr. Johnson's.

Can I forget, either, the melancholy look of poor Bobacchio, who, when standing under the main hatchway, on the lower deck of the brig Roarer (Captain Bulrush), received a large tom cat of mature years on his bald pate, from above? The reader wonders, perhaps, why Bobacchio did not complain to Captain Bulrush. But if, indeed, any satisfaction could be obtained from Bulrush, there was the preliminary difficulty to be got over of finding that worthy officer in a sober moment. How often have I seen the scandalous old rip drinking and roaring in M——'s *café*, in Strada Reale, at night, surrounded by a crowd of applauding youngsters! Shall I ever forget how, on one such occasion, a *caleche* was obtained for the party—how Bulrush mounted on the top of it, which, as well as the inside—back, shafts, and every part—was loaded by a crowd of boys in uniform, shouting—"Make sail! go a-head!" and raising every kind of hideous noise! Bulrush was even known to put an officer under arrest for hauling up the mainsail at sea,

when it was absolutely necessary to the safety of the brig—to which fact he was blissfully indifferent from repeated potations. It may excite wonder how he got a command; but wonder will vanish when the fact is stated that he had electioneering influence, and that the Admiralty was a Whig one. However, other Admiralty functionaries besides Whig ones, may claim remark by their extraordinary proceedings. For instance—look at Sir Gabble Cocktail, who was first naval lord during Sir Beelzebub Windbag's administration. Do not all naval men remember how that old hero, when in command of the squadron in the West Indies, insisted—in the deadly heat of that climate—on all the officers wearing stocks, and coats buttoned up to the throat?

Let us not, howevet, too hastily condemn the eccentricities of such old gentlemen as Bulrush, for at least they serve to enliven the dullness of the island. On the same principle, let me here, on behalf of the residents, specially thank the worthy nobleman who took the trouble to go out there in one of the steamers of the Peninsula and Oriental Company, on purpose to fight a duel with an officer in one of the regiments; having accomplished which, without any deadly result, he returned to his native country. There was a dash of chivalry in this, refreshing in a mechanical age. All honour likewise be to the benevolent bigots of both religions, who, by attacks from the pulpit or the altar, manage to create a "sensation," and make the periods between the arrivals of the mails a little less long. Neither let us altogether forget the horsewhippings and actions-at-law occasionally arising from the "liberty of the press," enjoyed by the worthy editors of the *Popgun* and *Creeper*. But for these various excitements,

how would her Majesty's subjects get through the long summer days, particularly such of them as are visited by the *sirocco*—bringing unnatural heat, languor, weariness, and a sadness of spirits, that wine cannot exhilarate, flowers refresh, or music soothe—on its heavy wings?

The reader can best appreciate a midshipman's life in Malta, by accompanying (in imagination) two youngsters on a day's pleasure. They obtain leave from the first lieutenant, and call alongside one of the fantastically painted shore-boats, in which they proceed to land on the Valetta side, at that point which goes by the name of *Nix mangiare* stairs—a hill which leads to the military gate which you pass through in entering the town. On this hill the poorer part of the lower orders of Maltese were, some years ago, in the habit of reposing at night, in barrels; but in consequence of its becoming a popular amusement for young officers to roll the slumbering population down the declivity, they abandoned the practice, and have now taken to sleeping in sacks. Up this hill, through the gate, and up the streets of stairs—through Strada San Giovanni—past St. John's Church, the friends we have undertaken to accompany proceed, and finally halt in a *café* in Strada Reale. The day, of course, is begun with refreshment. The next step is to procure horses, for a ride to Citta Vecchia. By the agency of a bareheaded youth, in blue trowsers and a red sash, smoking a very black-looking cigar, and scratching his head with ominous frequency, these are obtained. Our friends mount. "Easy, sar!" cries the policeman as they pass through the gate in a canter, and away they go; and having passed out of the fortifications, gallop along the hard high road at full speed. It is a peculiarity of

Maltese horses to stop dead short, no matter what their speed, at arriving at the Dairy, a road-side inn carried on by an old English landlady, some way out. For from time immemorial it has been customary for naval travellers to halt here for refreshment, which generally consists of a pleasing compound of rum, milk, sugar, and nutmeg. This accomplished, the journey is proceeded with, with increased relish. There are no attractions in the way of scenery, for the island all round is very barren and white. At Citta Vecchia comes another halt—the horses are sent to the stable, and our friends proceed to Frank's, where a cold collation and wine and water refresh them agreeably after their hot and hasty ride. Citta Vecchia has St. Paul's Cathedral, and some catacombs to gratify curiosity. Of these, the first is splendid—the latter interesting; but both cathedrals and catacombs are objects so well known to the public nowadays, that it is hardly necessary to say much in the way of description. I must beg emphatically to state, however, for the honour of Malta and Roman Catholicism, that this cathedral, unlike a namesake and contemporary nearer home, may be entered by any one without a preliminary demand for twopence. I hope no one will abuse this privilege as a certain Englishman—naval, of course—did, who put some caustic in the holy water font.

Some distance from Citta Vecchia is a bay said to be the one in which St. Paul was shipwrecked. There is a small and pleasant wood there, where people go—not on pilgrimages, but picnics. They talk of St. Paul, but Bacchus has far more of their attention. In the neighbourhood of Citta Vecchia (which, by the way, is Anglicised *Chitty Wick*) are the palace and gardens of Bosketto. The palace is empty and bare, and has a

most melancholy appearance, for the paintings on the ceilings have faded into dimness. The gardens are pretty, and have a cool grotto, with a fresh bubbling fountain, that makes a pleasant summer retreat.

Let us now accompany the two midshipmen back to town in the cool of the evening. They dine at a hotel, and proceed to the opera.

The best performances in the Malta opera are not always those on the stage, but occasionally those which take place in the body of the theatre; for it is the delight of the English to encourage an English singer, while the natives adopt an entirely different course, from a feeling of patriotism which no other subject excites in them. Some years ago the opposition ran so high that a regular battle was fought in the pit. Every officer had gone provided with a stick, and at a certain period let fly at his neighbour. A tremendous battle ensued, to which we may say—with a small attempt at a joke—that the admiral contributed his *might;* for he broke off the legs of the chairs in his box, and threw them down to the combatants. For a time victory appeared doubtful, but English pluck prevailed. An unfortunate Maltese had his jaw broken, and more mischief would have been done, but for the entry of a party of soldiers sent to put a stop to this creditable proceeding.

But now we hear the preliminary striking up of the orchestra; the hat of a Maltese in the pit is knocked off by the gentleman next him; the curtain rises, and discloses a shaky castle, trees with mysterious lights gleaming through the trunks, and a moon terribly in want of snuffing.

Perhaps we have *Lucia*, with the retainers intended for Lowland Scotch, of the era of Queen Anne, dressed

in kilts, all of different patterns, and none of any recognised tartan; or an operatic version of *Romeo and Juliet*, in the concluding scene of which the two lovers are seen singing a duet together in the agonies of death, in the tomb; or, an opera founded on the tale of Sappho, in which that poetical heroine is represented by a stout, middle aged woman, and her leap from "Leucadia's Rock," by a dirty clothes bag pitched from a pasteboard promontory—on which the curtain falls amidst great applause, and "Rule Britannia" is played by the orchestra.

After the performance, the midshipmen go off to Ricardo's, Mula's, or Joe Micallef's, and the evening is finished with coffee, lemonade, brandy and water, billiards, and cigars. The clicking of the ivory balls is heard till an early hour in the morning; and when the party breaks up and goes on board, the silence of the harbour is broken by songs, more of the Bacchanalian than the serenading character.

Having thus watched the career of a modern juvenile Nelson for one day, I shall conclude this concluding chapter by giving some slight account of the general character of naval officers.

Lady Blessington, in her *Idler in Italy*, has been pleased to give a very favourable opinion of naval officers as members of society. There are few people who will not agree with her in this respect. The early hardships to be encountered, and the "free and easy," method of living in a midshipman's berth give a frankness and liberality to the character, and keep it free from the pretension often visible in members of the higher professions. As *seniores priores* is a golden rule—or, at least, a gilt rule—I shall begin by giving some hints on captains in the service, first:—

The school of naval captains most remarkable is one which may be called the "Benbow school," from its adherence to the old customs of the service. The captain of this school thinks the service is going to the devil. He uses a speaking trumpet, and wears a broad tailed coat. He looks with abhorrence upon a man who can reason or speak fluently, and calls him a "sea lawyer." He impresses upon the minds of his officers that they have no right to think, and sets an example by never thinking himself. He has a prejudice against jewellery and clean shirts, and thinks it effeminate to take marmalade or any sort of confectionery. He has divine service performed every Sunday, and regularly goes to sleep during the sermon. He "wonders what the navy will come to," when he sees claret in a midshipman's mess. He discourages taking in journals, and goes to sleep after dinner. He flogs the men often "on system," and pronounces a youngster who shows any affectionate remembrance of home a milksop. He always holds the same political opinions as the ministry that is in—and is very much afraid of the admiral. He writes bad grammar, and has never heard of the *Athenæum.*

Some old boys of this class still get commands, and may be called the funguses of the British oak. They enrich their conversation with nautical slang, and have a horror of *Eau de Cologne.* They hate all new inventions, and do everything in the old fashioned way. They put all their sons in the service, and allow them very little money. This they think an infallible way of bringing them up to heroism, but are too often disappointed by seeing them turn out penurious, mechanical boobies.

The opposite class to this is the class of dashing

dandy captains, who have pianofortes in their cabins, give parties on board, go out partridge shooting, and find their duty a bore. These gentlemen cultivate the acquaintance of the military, and are proud of losing their money at blind hookey. In fact, they try to turn the vessels they command into yachts—and succeed in degrading them from the rank of men of war, but not in obtaining any elegance to make up for the loss of their utility. They keep numbers of dogs on board, and sometimes the more congenial baboon.

There are lieutenants and midshipmen of both the schools which I have described; but the majority of them, as of all ranks in the profession admit of no classification bnt the general one of being "very good fellows"—an English panegyrical phrase of great, though homely force. They are great in the battle, and good at the board. You admire them in the din of warfare, and love them in the hour of conviviality; for, like olives, their company gives a hearty relish to wine.

Here my book ends; and I conclude it with a feeling of melancholy—for who ever entered the Mediterranean without a smile, or left it without a sigh! Let me express my sympathy with the gallant Sicilians who have risen to claim their independence and rights. Surely, Liberty "is not dead, but sleepeth!" And let us hope that in all the sunny lands by the Mediterranean, the people will soon awaken to liberty and civilization—strangling the vulgar vampire of despotism, which hovers over their slumber, and feeds upon their life-blood. At least, I will have the pleasure of closing my work with the kindly wish.

# PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

AND

# SKETCHES

OF

# PERCIVAL PLUG, R.N.

Second Series.

# CHAPTER I.

## A GOVERNOR'S BALL AT MALTA.

' Crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure."
—GIBBON.

IT was the close of a very fine day, in Malta, in a year which it is unnecessary to specify, as all years are pretty much alike in that interesting island: the sea-breeze had set in, just as it was no longer wanted to cool the heat of the day; the gulls had gone to roost about the rocks near the edge of the water; the natives of the island were attending vespers, and the English inhabitants preparing for dinner. Such is the difference between a barbarous and a civilized people! As the evening advanced, the shadows thrown by the tall masts of the men of war faded from the surface of the water. At last, the sunset gun boomed from the admiral's ship; down went the top gallant yards and colours of the squadron; the hammocks were piped below, and everything looked as if the night was to be passed as dully as usual. Not so, however—a great event was to take place; the hearts of hundreds beat high with anxiety—in fact, that night the governor was to give a ball! The palace of the old grand-masters of the famous Knights of St. John was lighted

up to receive a different set of guests. In Malta (as elsewhere) the "age of chivalry is gone;" an age of military captains, dock-yard officers, naval men, and mercantile agents has succeeded to it, and the glory of the island is "extinguished for ever."

On board the Caliban, to which vessel your humble servant the writer belonged at that period, very extensive preparations were being made. Captain Baggles was arraying his portly frame in his full uniform coat, and his servant was polishing up the four yards of leather which were called the gallant officer's sword belt. Baggles hates balls, which he looks on as calculated to deteriorate the service. He sighs for the good old times when vessels were fifteen months at sea, and the very admiral in command had not a teapot; and after dinner (he himself being provided with the best port and claret), he will tell you that Collingwood had nothing but Tenedos wine to drink, and that many times he (Baggles) has seen the gallant old fellow hanging his old coats and waistcoats out of his cabin ports to air—which fact alone, no doubt, was the real cause why these gallant old boys always beat the French.

Down below, the lieutenants were busy preparing for the occasion. De Cheeksby, the marine officer, was attiring himself in his cabin, and wondering, as he twirled his whiskers before the glass, what kind of girls the Miss Lumbers (daughters of Sir Ajax Lumber, K.C.B., the governor) were; while they (if we may be allowed to speculate on such high personages) were by no means thinking of poor De Cheeksby, but speculating on the qualities of the gallant commandant of the artillery. In the cock-pit, the midshipmen were striving to look elegant in the face of adverse circumstances. Perpetual

cries were heard of "pass the word" for *Brown* or *Jones*, according to circumstances; and young Belfield was audible over the ship, demanding from his servant (with some reasonableness, it must be admitted), "how the devil his patent leather boots had got into the sand tank?" At last, all preparations were over; Timson, the master's assistant, had gone through the ceremony of "extreme unction," by putting bear's grease on his hair; shore boats were called alongside; and the reader may now be introduced to what the editor of the *Malta Popgun* (who by the way was disgracefully screwed in the course of the night) called the "rank, fashion, and beauty of the island."

The ball has begun: the first few dances are over; and the excitement of the music and the motion, has brought the company to as near an approach to natural and unaffected behaviour as an artificial state of society will permit its members to display. Let us therefore look around, and examine the scene. Our old friend Baggles is moving about, stately and serene. He has cautioned his daughter not to dance with midshipmen; and thus avoiding the degradation of seeing her in the company of young Furnival, of the Harold, whose father is the leader of the opposition—or Hylton, of the Cavendish, whose ancestor fought at Bannockburn—has managed to commit her to the care of old Higgles of the Jackdaw, a worthy gallant snuffy old lieutenant of 1818. She must find him a very pleasant partner, for he is a great nautical authority. He is teaching her how to fish a topsail yard when sprung, and I shouldn't wonder if he were to offer her a pinch of snuff presently.

That knot of old naval officers in the corner, looks very grave and professional. And no wonder; they are talking of the court-martial that is to be held

on Tuesday on Lieutenant Plummer, for losing the Bustard.

"Dammee, Sir," says Ricochet, "I never heard of such a lubberly piece of work. Lose a ship in a gale of wind on a lee-shore! He'll be broken like a rotten stick. *I* never lost a ship."

Ricochet is perfectly right there; for with a proper estimate of his professional capacity, he trusts every thing to his master and first lieutenant. But how can you expect a man to be a great seaman, if he spends half his life on the turf? And on the turf Ricochet would have been to this day, but for that celebrated Derby when *Ranting Roarer* astonished everybody by running first. Ricochet was heavily let in. Two or three gentlemen shot themselves, and he condescended to take the command of the Regina. It's a fine thing to have relations in office.

While this amiable group are talking, the waltzers whiz past. How poor little Timson, our master's assistant, got coupled with that fat woman (Mrs. Huggs, of the dockyard), I'm sure I can't guess. He looks at me imploringly, but in vain—I shake my head mournfully —he is doomed—she bears him away in triumph. Poor fellow! he has looked forward to this occasion for weeks with anxiety, thinking how happy his mother, (widow of Lieutenant Timson who was lost in the Shroud brig, going to Halifax, where the admiralty had sent him, because no one else would go, and he dare not refuse), would be, when she heard that her son had been the guest of a governor, and in the same room as a lord! In his anxiety to cut a good figure, Timson has put on a stock so tight that he feels as if standing on the drop, and momentarily expecting to be turned off. But the waltz is over. He has escaped

this old *woman* of the sea, and is now retiring to the refreshment-room, bent on getting some brandy and water, if possible. A party of midshipmen who are there, eating ices and talking very loudly of "devilish nice girls" (although these youngsters feel remarkably abashed in the presence of ladylike women; and no wonder—for till within the last year or two, they saw nobody but their grandmothers), regard Timson with a supercilious look, and mutter "bung;" for the reader must know that the masters' assistants of the service are of an inferior class; and a man must be very ignorant of society who does not see that they will be snubbed in consequence, altogether irrespectively of their personal qualifications. One of the youths I have thus introduced as sneering, is a fair young man with curly hair. His comrades treat him with certain deference. Why? Is he more witty? No. A better officer? Pshaw! What then? He is an honourable —the Honourable Mr. Pimple. That is a passport to consideration, and to (what most people esteem more highly) pecuniary debt. How a title spoils a man! This young Pimple, born a Jones, would have been unaffected and studious. But Providence, by giving him a factitious claim to respect, took away the necessity of exertion; and a dunce—an honourable dunce—very much respected, and decidedly dull, he will remain to the end of the chapter. There is rather a good story told of him, however, tending to show his brass. He was at a ball given by the Governor-General of India, and was sauntering up the room with all the listlessness of want of thought. He passed the spot where the viceroy was standing.

"Ah!" said his highness, "Mr. Pimple! I knew your father, Lord Oxtail."

"Yes," rejoined the youth, "I believe my father *did* know you *before you ratted!*"

Fancy this stroke falling on a whig magnate! Pimple was a clever fellow, after all.

Let us resume our glance at the good people of Malta, in the ball-room.

The night is advancing. Baggles begins to yawn, and look wistfully in the direction whence the announcement of supper may be expected. Another waltz begins. That tall, handsome, dashing-looking man, waltzing with that violet-eyed girl (how refreshing it is to see blue eyes in the south—like finding a new planet!) is Captain Ransacker—Lion Ransacker, of H. M. steamer Hookit. His father is a plain, douce, honest Scotchman, of moderate income, at Aberdeen. What a filial contempt Ransacker has for him! I believe he would cut him if he came into the room now; for Ransacker is a "dashing" fellow, and plunges himself into debt to give luncheons and suppers to "gentlemanly dogs" of the 2nd Stifles, or the Heavy Baboons regiment. He sinks his parentage in that august company—or if he does allude to it, talks of his old father in a way that would astonish that respectable man, so great does he make him out. He once entitled him "Ransacker of that ilk." Lucky fellow! that he did not see how his guests laughed with each other over his own champagne glasses!

At the ball of which we are writing, the military looked as usual—stiff, vacant, ungentlemanly, and supercilious. There is something painfully elaborate in the appearance of a military man in full uniform. He looks as if he had been born in it, and as if to divest him of it would be a fatal shock to his system. On this occasion some of them were thinking how very

different the company was at *their* houses in London; or they talked to each other at intervals between the dances, and wondered who the devil that tall man in plain clothes was, and what he would give his daughter. Or perhaps they were meditating upon a recent oocrrence which had shocked the island from its propriety, and which was neither more nor less than the flight of an officer who was terribly in debt, and who had had himself lowered over the ramparts in a basket, and so got safe off to a ship outside the harbour.

The elderly portion wished themselves quietly at home; the middle-aged paid delicate attention to the women with money; the very young among them sighed for their rooms, brandy-and-water, and cigars—while a portion of both services, we may add, thought of a certain little room in the upper part of one of the *cafés*, sacred to roulette, montè, and other games, in honour of the deity whom we may call the *bad* goddess.

Conspicuous among the naval portion of the guests was a little round stout figure, in the uniform of a lieutenant. This was Lieutenant Kinahan, of the Roarer steamer. We are aware that Providence created Kinahan; but to give him the command of a steamer—that was reserved for the whigs, and even they would not have done it, but that his electioneering influence was considerable. Being of an indecisive character, and totally ignorant of steam, he was at the mercy of the engineers under his command; so that if it did not suit these worthy fellows to go to sea at the hour named, it was perfectly in their power to detain the ship, by inventing imaginary obstacles in the machinery. If the washing of the chief engineer was not ready, he had nothing to do but report a "screw

loose," and there the vessel was tied till it came off. As a last resource, poor Kinahan's only plan was the following—when the "screw loose" was reported, he used to go below, and tell his steward to take the cold pie and a bottle of porter to the chief engineer—by which that important functionary used to suffer himself to be prevailed on to allow her majesty's service to have the benefit of the services of the Roarer!

The dockyard people danced as those do who have few opportunities, and of whom it may be said that it would be better for society if they had none. Those who were in no way connected with either service, such as our worthy friends Criggles, agent to the house of Gripe and Co. (or *merchant*, as he and those who eat his dinners call him), Mr. Cockatoo, merchant, Mr. Blunder, travelling for the benefit of his health and the injury of his creditors, &c., &c., assumed a look of superiority to both. They let their daughters dance with officers, according to their rank. Miss Cockatoo had just plighted her faith for the fourteenth time, and looked very interesting—particularly to those who knew her history. Among other female notabilities were the Miss Glaciers, one of whom composed waltzes (by the bye, I never heard them played), and talked of all the literary celebrities of the day by their christian names abbreviated, such as Dick, Tom, &c. (I firmly believe that if Dr. Johnson had been alive, she would have spoken of him as her friend Sam.) Then there was Mrs. Colonel Bellicose, who had the reputation of being in command of the —th, and who, no doubt, would have come in uniform, if permitted. She marched her daughters (regular Amazons of great ferocity) to the supper-table in military state, left-wheeled into the room, and attacked a pie with great skill.

To attempt to describe the supper would be ridiculous. A supper "to be appreciated" must be eaten. The armies of Xerxes did not drink up the rivers on their way with more eagerness than the midshipmen did the champagne. There was some dancing afterwards, but the officers grew noisy, and the ladies tired, and the flowers got broken, and the band drunk; and the man who would stay in a ball-room at daylight in the Mediterranean is "unworthy of the name of Briton."

So we all returned on board; and as I had the morning watch, I set the crew about their work—and falling asleep on a gun-slide, dreamed that I was waltzing with the main-mast, drinking champagne out of the binnacle, and making love to the capstan.

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# CHAPTER II.

## THREE MONTHS ON BOARD H. M. BRIG WAVELET.

THE winter of 184—had passed away in clouds and darkness, and spring descended upon the earth, and shook his wings, scattering fragrant dew. He breathed once, and the hard earth softened, and the gentle snowdrop reared its head; he breathed again, and again the earth softened, and the golden-coloured crocus sprung up, and nature put on her finery, preparing to do honour to the summer.

It was in that season of the year, that the Wavelet, one of her majesty's brigs of war, left England, and arrived in the Mediterranean. She passed the black and rocky Pantellaria at a rattling pace, and a strict look-out was kept on board for the lighthouse at Malta —for such is the lowness of that estimable island, that it is quite possible to miss it altogether, if great care is not taken. The light was descried at night, and reported.

"I hope," said Commander Troubadour, "that the wind will be against us in entering the harbour."

The motive for this wish was, that he might show the squadron and the inhabitants how the Wavelet could beat into harbour; and he did so most effectually. The wind was as hostile as he could wish; and everything in favour of an effective display of seamanship;

for the harbour was rather crowded, and the *marina* lined with vessels of all sorts—brigs from England, and boats from Sicily. The Wavelet made two or three tacks, and at last stood towards the *marina*. Captain Troubadour grew proud, and stationed himself with his glass under his arm, on one of the carronade slides.

"Time to go about!" cried the master, from the forecastle.

"One minute," said Captain Troubadour.

There was a pause.

"Put the helm down!"

But one minute was one too many. The vessel neared the shore, and when the helm was put down, flew round, with sails shivering and shaking, and shot up in the wind's eye, and against the stern of a harmless merchant ship ahead, to the astonishment of a knot of dirty fellows collected on her deck in red shirts and nightcaps. Captain Troubadour, as in duty bound, damned the merchant vessel for being in his way. The Wavelet then began to retreat, and pay off on the other tack; but not doing that fast enough, drove her stern into another vessel behind. At last, she got clear and stood off, and got safely to a buoy. All these operations had been watched with ineffable delight from the poop of the flag ship, and the signal officer had already pronounced Troubadour a lubber, condescending to add, that he had never expected anything else from him since he knew him on the South American station. The fact was, that Troubadour had been promoted in a vacancy which the signal officer had been expected to fill himself.

When the arrival of the Wavelet was reported to the commander in chief, Sir Booby Booing, K.K.B.,

*that officer was just finishing the forty-fifth page of his* hundred and twentieth general order, on the necessity of wearing full uniform on shore, and was about to direct it to be issued (to the grief of the squadron, and of Mr. Lindley Murray, the next day.) Sir Booing (as the French consul called him) was a great officer, and so minute and copious in his writings, that it is credibly reported, that, on his return from his command in the East Indies, he found about a hundred of his despatches still unopened,—which the servant, I suppose, had forgot to burn.

"Ah!" said he, when the Wavelet was reported, "that's good; she'll just do to relieve the Orson at Athens, and let us have Sudsby back."

Sudsby is related to Sir Booby, through the Smiths of Clerkenwell, and the Joneses of Clapham.

"And," added the gallant officer, "I suppose I must ask Troubadour to dinner—another blow to my cellar!"

The reader will sympathise with the admiral, when he knows that his table money was only about eight hundred a year, and that champagne in Malta costs four shillings a bottle.

The Wavelet, in the meanwhile, was in a state of considerable bustle. There were the sails to be furled neatly, and the yards to be squared, and the boats to be hoisted out; and there was a host of visitors on board—midshipmen come to see old mess-mates; Maltese females to look for men who had been married to them when out in other ships; duns to see whether any debtor of former years had come out again; and tailors seeking "patronage" from youngsters newly joined the service. A philosophical observer would be much amused by comparing a juvenile just come out to the Mediterranean station, with a youth who has

*been there three or four years!* *The difference is* something like that between a hat fresh from the shop, and the same after a year's hard wear—it is the difference between boyishness, timidity, a love of lollipops, and one glass of port—and experienced billiard playing, debt, betting, a judgment in cigars, and a taste for maraschino. The assistant surgeon, who was caterer of the berth, was giving instructions to the mess steward about the supplies to be got on board; and the clerk was in his office, writing an application to the dock yard for a coffin of five feet ten inches, in which to bury a man who had died the night before coming in. These things are managed there in a very business-like way. I once heard an old first lieutenant, when giving the necessary orders for a funeral, call out, "Main yard there! A whip on the main yard for the carcase!"

When the work was over, the midshipmen went below to dinner, and Captain Troubadour to the admiral's office, where he received instructions to proceed to relieve the Orson at Athens. He would have much rather stayed some time in Malta, but Sir Booby Booing was in no very good humour. Not long before, when inspecting a steamer, he had stumbled on a very pretty pink bonnet in the cabin of the lieutenant iu command, which, by some horrid blunder had been left about. The lieutenant said it belonged to his steward's wife; but I think it must be admitted, that, as a man of the world, Sir Booby was justified in shaking his head with a certain dubiousness on hearing the assertion. He was therefore very cool and firm in delivering his instructions to Captain Troubadour, who accordingly returned on board, and wrote home by the mail, *viâ France,* to a cousin in the ministry, that he was sure the

admiral's intellect was going. The admiralty, however, knew this before, and liked him all the better for it. That night the Wavelet bent the studding-sail gear; and the next morning Captain Baggles, of the Caliban, received the following "letter on service" from the admiral's ship—

*H. M. S.. Regina, Malta.*

SIR,—You are hereby directed to discharge Mr. Percival Plug, midshipman, from H. M. S. Caliban, to H. M. Brig Wavelet, in this harbour.

(Signed) BOOBY BOOING,
*Commander in Chief.*

On the receipt of this, I was sent for, and informed of it by Captain Baggles.

"I have one piece of advice to give you," said he, "before you leave my ship. If you wish to get on in the service, never smoke."

I bowed and thanked him for his hint—the result of the experience of his life—and half an hour afterwards I was sitting in the berth of the Wavelet, and had introduced myself to a good looking midshipman, whom I found there, drinking bottled porter, and reading Mr. Disraeli's last novel. There is no great ceremony in the service, so I soon said to him "Well, you take it very quietly down here, when the ship is getting under way!"

"Oh!" said he, "I made M'Bluter, the Scotch assistant surgeon, put me on the sick list. I can't stand this sort of thing without a little leisure occasionally."

"Of course not. But does Troubadour never enquire as to the precise malady with which you are supposed to be afflicted?"

"Not he. He allows me every indulgence, on the

strength of my relationship with Lord Damson, whose nephew I have the misfortune to be."

"Just so. I know that principle pretty well by this time. What sort of fellows are your officers here?"

"We had a very good first lieutenant, but he quarrelled with Troubadour and left, and the admiralty sent us Hireling, who was in the Snob."

"Goodness gracious!" said I, "do you mean that that atrocious blockhead is on board here?"

My young friend laughed.

"So you're an enemy of his, are you? then of course you are a friend of mine. Give me your hand, and the corkscrew, and we'll drink confusion to him. The fellow hates me, ever since he heard me quote Ovid. He's a Vandal without courage. But dull as he is, he can do a good deal of harm here, to persons better than himself—just as a mole may make a heap that will trip up the horse of an emperor."

"And what of the rest of the fellows?"

"Bulbous, the second lieutenant, is a pompous little bore; he's always bullying the man at the wheel, till the poor devil gets the brig up in the wind. Marling, the master, is a good fellow—rough, but honest; wears a large white waistcoat, and is fond of port. I compare him to a cocoa nut fresh from the tree; shaggy enough outside, but with plenty of milk—the milk of human kindness—within. The surgeon knows his business, and does it; but has a dash of the toady in him, I fear. Now for our mess. We have Dulcet, who, as the son of a pious clergyman, is, of course, a sad scamp—that's his riding-whip in the corner. He was one of that set, who went on board the Victory one night at Portsmouth, and took away the brass plate on the upper deck, with HERE NELSON FELL, on it. The clerk,

Soapster, has no faults that I know of, except snoring, and talking bad grammar. Then there's young William Roller (Billy Roller I call him), the son of a Manchester man, though what the deuce his governor, who calls himself a disciple of peace, meant by sending him into a man of war, puzzles my brains, and probably would puzzle his—if he had any. We cobbed him with a sword scabbard the other night, for reading an extract from one of his father's pamphlets out loud in the mess. M'Bluter, the assistant surgeon, is proud, stingy, yet an original. He's our caterer, and exclaims against 'wilful waste,' if you don't eat all the fat on your plate at dinner. I think I have now given you an account of them all."

"There's only one thing more," said I, with amiable frankness, "Can you 'give an account of yourself?' Or are you like Goldsmith's soldier, who always found that the great difficulty?"

"I've got used to it, by having to give it on sundry 'next mornings at Bow Street.' I rejoice in the surname of Linley, and the christian name of Julian: deriving one from my family, and the other from the emperor, who preferred apostacy to hypocrisy—unlike modern ones. My father thought proper to marry a second time, and as I was unpopular with both, I was sent into this 'glorious profession,' and though I have been on the 'coast' they haven't killed me yet. I'm partial to literature, good wine, and observing society. I take everything coolly, having learned that the world is a kind of grindstone, which polishes hard bodies into sharpness and brightness, and crushes soft ones into powder and dust."

So far had our conversation proceeded, when the rippling against the side of the ship, and her heeling

over, with an increased current of air rushing down the main hatchway, showed that the Wavelet was once more out of harbour. In a few minutes there was a general rushing down of the mess, and a short time made me familiar with them all. The Wavelet rattled on to the east with a fine wind; and as evening drew her curtains gently over the earth, a single great golden cloud, like the golden fleece of old, hung motionless in the sky.

Mr. Julian condescended to come out of the sick-list next day, and managed that we should be in the same watch, of which he got charge, and night after night we paced the deck together, faithful to our duty, and to some cognac.

One middle watch it was dark and cold and blowing; there was no moon to cast a glittering line of light along the sea, which was black and cheerless, like a huge pall; the wind whistled through the rigging, the watch huddled themselves together under the forecastle and weather-bulwarks, and lay in silence. Julian and I began walking about in a lively manner, but it was of no use; we could not talk with pleasurable freedom on the usual subjects, and the conversation turned on superstition—a question that is doubly interesting when discussed in the solitude of the sea.

"It is strange," said Julian, "that though everbody talks of want of evidence on the subject of supernatural appearances, every other man you meet has some family record of the sort to tell, whenever we manage to escape from social restrictions and give ourselves up to nature and the heart!"

"Yes," said I, "everybody's grandmother has seen a ghost; but who has seen one himself? that's the point. However, I heard of a really genuine

one the other day. You know old Storesby, of Malta dockyard?"

"Yes—I should say he was the last man to see anything supernatural."

"I should have thought so. But listen to the story as I had it from his own lips. It is now some twenty years ago, as you know, since the Revenge, Cambrian and Algerine were at sea together, somewhere near that little volcanic humbug of an island, Idra. The night was perfectly clear and fine, and they were dropping quietly along under all sails—I believe close-hauled—at about eight o'clock. The captains of the other ships had been dining on board the Revenge, and had returned to their own vessels, when, like a flash of lightning down came a white squall. The Revenge fell over on her beam-ends, and was only saved by somebody's cutting the main-sheet with a tomahawk; the Cambrian had a similar escape; but the poor little Algerine was never more seen or heard of—she went down to the bottom as she was, swarming with human lives, leaving not even a bubble to show the spot. Now for the ghost story. Storesby's son was on board the Algerine, and that same night, as the father assured me, his figure appeared with a low wail at the window—pale, ghastly, and white, and glittering with drops of water. There is a simple fact, and the man who can dismiss it as a 'coincidence' between a spectral illusion on the part of the household, and the accident of the son, may equally call the explosion of a cannon when a match is put to the touch-hole, a 'coincidence.'"

In a few days after this conversation, the Wavelet threaded her way into the Piræus, and took up her place astern of a very neat-looking Russian brig.

## CHAPTER III.

### THREE MONTHS IN THE WAVELET—CONTINUED.

I WAS asleep one morning in my hammock, soon after our arrival in the Piræus—in spite of a series of small electrical shocks, in the way of bumps from persons passing underneath—and dreaming wildly and strangely. By the way, reader, did you ever notice how much one's dreams are effected by the kind of bed in which you sleep? For my part, when I sleep in a French bed, I dream of the old days of France—of her gilded rottenness in the age of Louis XIV., or of her wild stern grandeur in the middle ages, as it awes and fascinates in Victor Hugo's great romance. Whereas when I lie in the common four-poster, with its carved posts and heavy sombre curtains—a kind of bed which seems only fit to lie in state in—my dreaming thoughts wander to our own past times: I become a "tenant at will" of them; hate the world with Swift; laugh at it with Walpole; or look at it with a pitying love, through the blear eyes of Johnson, "rough old Samuel, the last of all the Romans," as Mr. Carlyle calls him. Again, in hammock my dreams become nautical: I see Hood conquer—Nelson die—or the kindly-hearted Collingwood bending his rugged brows over a desk in his ill-furnished cabin, and writing one of those charming

letters, which prove that one may be a great conqueror, without losing the simplicity of heart of a child.

Well, I was dreaming something of this sort, when my hammock received a sudden jerk, and a voice like the roar of Bottom the weaver, cried—"Mr. Plug, punishment at seven bells, if you please, sir!" a laconic announcement signifying that at half-past seven that morning, just as the citizens of London were turning round in bed for a final snooze, my presence was reqnired on deck, to see one of the ship's company flogged with a cat-and-nine-tails. Accordingly, I was soon dressed, and had fortified myself with chocolate to witness the operation. This, reader, is an operation at the sight of which I have seen a marine, with musket by his side, faint with horror and disgust. It is an operation the first blow of which takes away the breath of the victim with its weight, as well as lacerates his back by its sharpness. Nothing is easier than to reason coolly about it over a dinner table; but if you wish to know what its horrors are, go and see one of your fellow creatures strip himself to suffer; watch his white skin shiver in the cold morning-breeze; see every lash change its hue, from the white which God gave it—first to the bloody red, then to the darker purple—then deeper, deeper, to the blackness of incipient putrefaction. See all this, I say, and then come back and vote in the House of Commons against the "abolition of corporal punishment," if you are a tory or a brute. Prate about its "expediency," and dishonour your human nature.

The ship's company were gathered together in masses, the officers in groups. Captain Troubadour, in cocked hat, looked gloomy and thoughtful. Hireling ran busily about, to see that every arrangement was complete.

Bulbous looked sulky and impatient—for he had had the middle watch, and had been wakened out of sound sleep to come up. Julian Linley and I viewed the scene with contemptuous disgust. Young Billy Roller was comparatively indifferent, for he had been accustomed to his father's factory; and the only thing that ever troubled him on the flogging question was the price of the cats—for, as he judiciously observed, a much less expensive kind of whipcord would do equally well for making them.

"Ah!" whispered he to me, "If you'd read my father's pam——"

"Hush!" said I; for just as that familiar phrase met my ears, the captain began to read the warrant. He finished it; the prisoner stripped—advanced to the gratings—and sprung through one of the ports, overboard. So sudden was the movement—so unexpected, that for a moment Captain Troubadour gave no orders. At last, he cried out "Call away the cutter!" By the time she was manned, the prisoner had swam a considerable distance towards the shore; and as they reached him, he ducked and reappeared in another direction. This he repeated frequently and successfully, till Troubadour roared out "Knock him on the head!" Whether this very summary mode was the one resorted to, I am not sure; but in a short time he was secured, and fainted most judiciously, just as he got alongside—which postponed his flogging till next morning, when he was flogged (due precautions having been taken) "all coolly and comfortably," as Hireling said.

When the gallant Captain Gunne, of the Orson, heard that he was to be relieved and return to Malta, he was exceedingly overjoyed, and told the news with much delight to his wife, whom he had brought to the

Archipelago with him, and whom he used to send to live *with* and *on* the various consuls in the islands—as a wise man sends his cow to graze in a neighbour's pasture. Gunne knows no seamanship; nor has he one human accomplishment, except being able to mix a good salad. His officers were not sorry to leave Athens—particularly young Snobham, who had recently got into disgrace by shooting a donkey, an exploit which he had performed somewhere in the plains near the city, and which had cost him ten dollars, and a thrashing from a Greek.

One fine morning, the Orson, taking up her anchor, departed from the Piræus; and in a short time nothing was to be seen of her but her topsails just above the horizon; and the Wavelet was left to protect British interests in Athens.

Athens about this time was rather lively; and various physiognomies were to be seen in the hotels, of different cuts. There was an old Russian nobleman, who asked everybody whether they preferred "de Bay of Naples, or de Frit of Vorth;" to which Julian (who had seen neither of those places), replied in favour of the latter, like a true patriot. And then there was Captain Boarder, R.N., travelling on half-pay, who felt it his duty to board all English ships of war, and give advice to their captains how to manage them. This advice was very gratefully received (for the captain gave dinners and balls wherever he went) and only praised and neglected. With him were Mrs. Boarder, and Miss Boarder, who had false teeth, and £20,000. Rumour says, that the young lady was proposed to in one garrison town in the Mediterranean, by six military gentlemen consecutively. This may be untrue, for a grain of mustard seed spreads not into half such a

size as a lie; but we must admit that it has an air of probability about it. Besides these "distinguished visitors," as the Athenian penny-a-liners doubtless called them—for I don't know *modern* Greek—(mark the italics, reader), there were some Bavarian connections of the king, in the town. The little opera was crammed every night; and the Ethiopian visage of Otho, with his Queen—"the gentle lady wedded to the *boor*"—might be seen in a side box.

Amidst this "gay and festive scene," the midshipmen of the Wavelet moved with great delight;—Linley and I, to inspect the antiquities with admiration, and the modernities with disgust—Soapster, the clerk, to get a Turkish bath, the effect of which was such as to prevent my knowing him again on his first presenting himself on board after it—Dulcet, to get swindled by a dragoman, in some ridiculous negociation about a horse—and Mr. William Roller to collect "useful information" for his father. I am free to confess, (as honourable members say, when about to admit something unimportant) that Linley and I are justly chargeable with having sent some very extraordinary intelligence to that old gentleman, through his son. As we were anxious to see a good deal of the shore, it became important to propitiate Billy, in order that he might keep our watch. To this end, having prepared our plain clothes one afternoon, so as to be ready to smuggle them on shore in the dusk (for no naval man wears uniform on shore, more than he can help), and having converted a paper document of a form very familiar to parental eyes, into dollars, we went into the berth after dinner, and began to lay siege to Billy's soft heart, through the medium of his narrow understanding. Julian began the attack, as follows—

"I say, Roller! have you got those items your governor wanted?"

"No," said Roller, pricking up his ears greedily, "not quite. But let me read this extract from my letter:" and he began in a nasal twang—"The principal production of Athens, is a popular sweatmeat used in smoking, and known among the native population as *rahatlacome*. From an analysis of a sample of it, I learn that it contains—gum, three parts; sugar, two parts; alum, one part. It is coloured pink or white, and sold in small red boxes, containing minute portions——"

"How do you know," said I, (adroitly using his slang), "that it is not imported? You speak of it as a native production."

"That," said Billy, with an air of mysterious importance, "is the result of personal enquiry." So he proceeded with his MS. "Athens is a town;" (here I bowed assent) "a town abounding in ancient ruins, most ridiculously thrown away——"

"Thrown away!" said Julian, interrupting.

"Yes," was the answer. "Were those ruins removed in waggons to the Piræus, and thence in ships to England, they might be sold at a considerable profit, for building factory chimneys, and other buildings of public importance! Take thirty tons of marble, at ——"

"We won't trouble you for figures, old fellow!" said I, "go on with another part."

"The country produces no cotton——"

"No cotton, my dear boy?" roared Julian, in ecstacy. "How lucky that I should have investigated that!"

"What! do you mean to say," cried Roller, "that you have gained some information as to the existence of cotton crops?"

"To be sure," said Julian. "Why, you've heard of Bœotia?"

"Bœotia—Bœotia," mused Billy. "Oh, yes. Let me see—they called my father a Bœotian when they noticed his pamphlet in *Blackwood*."

"Just so," exclaimed Julian, keeping his countenance in a way that I would defy Farren himself to beat. "A very delicate compliment too. Bœotia is a rich province of Greece; inhabited by an intelligent and industrious manufacturing population—Peter Pindar was a native of it, by the way. Well, it now exports sixty tons of cotton per week. I have other particulars to give you."

And other most extraordinary particulars this amiable youth did furnish to the credulous Roller; and with such effect, that that evening he was seen walking our watch with great regularity, just about the time that we were sitting discussing a bottle of claret, in the *Hotel de l'Europe*, having dined frugally on a little soup, and a brace of *bécasses*. The Russian nobleman was opposite us, with a soup dew-drop glittering on his moustache. One of Captain Boarder's sons was at the table, and had some insane intention of getting somebody to go on "the loose" with him, if such a thing were possible in the town; and at another end of the table were two bearded Englishmen, who hated each other cordially, for they were both oriental travellers, and (worse still) were both going to write about the East.

The hatred of relations is something; the hatred of an adventurer for a rival, is something too; so is the antipathy of a regular practitioner to a successful quack in his neighbourhood; and so is that of an Old Bailey barrister, to a learned brother who shoots ahead of him. But commend me above all these, to the mutual dislike

of two rival oriental travellers. Did you ever hear one who didn't abuse the other's book? Of course not. In society, the "disturbing influence" of the one luminary affects the other. It diminishes the pleasure of having seen the Pyramids apparently, if another gentleman present has. Why does not some one go to the Wall of China at once—write a lively book about it—and so outshine the lustre of them all?

We were much amused on this occasion, by hearing these gentlemen relating their adventures, with a view of exciting envy in our breasts—an attempt which I promptly suppressed, by stating boldly that I hadn't seen the Pyramids; didn't regret it; and didn't intend going to see them—on which the youths fell back on more congenial subject of reminiscences of Evans's.

In the evening, the heat putting the opera out of the question, Julian and I lighted cigars, and strolled out to smoke near the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, whose broken columns were painted by the moon's rays. As night drew on, and the gaudily dressed groups dispersed from the *cafés,* and the last lights gleamed in the upper windows of the great white mass of marble—the palace—there arose from the streets the howling of starved dogs. A professed novelist would probably call it the "haunting voice of the prophets," or poets of old; but perhaps the less romantic, is the more sensible way of talking of these matters.

We wandered on for some time, and presently heard a low curious sound. We listened, and it was repeated—it was sonorous and deep. We looked round: nothing stirred but the long grass in the soft wind, and deep and sonorous came the strange sound again!

## CHAPTER IV.

### NOCTES ATTICÆ.

"By Jove," cried Julian, "it's somebody snoring!"

We burst out laughing at the absurd anti-climax. But he was quite right. In a minute, we tumbled across the body of a man, lying wrapped up in one of those large rough thick cloaks with hoods to them, so commonly used in Greece. A good hearty damn from the awakened sleeper, left us no doubt as to what country he belonged to. Truth compels me to admit, that, after leaving the hotel, we had some brandy and lemonade in a *café*, so that we were not indisposed for any amusement that might turn up, and we jumped on our legs again with a loud laugh.

"Pray, sir," said Julian, shaking the recumbent stranger by the shoulder, "do you know that you are sleeping on the ruins of a republic?"

"And very snug quarters too," said a rough voice from under the hood.

"Then, sir," continued my friend, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself; so get up."

To the credit of the stranger be it said, that he rose with perfect good nature; threw back his hood, disclosing a dark masculine countenance, tanned by sun and salt water, and wrinkled by thought and toil, and

said, "Well, you are about the most extraordinary youngsters I've seen for some time!"

"But, my good friend," said I, "how came you to be sleeping about here? Classical dew gives rheumatism, I presume, as well as any other? At all events, since we have disturbed your slumbers, come to our hotel, and let us see if we can't pass the night more agreeably indoors."

The stranger agreed, and in a short time we found ourselves at the hotel, and having roused up a sleepy waiter, procured a bottle of brandy, and took up our station in my bedroom. Our story was soon told, and we turned to our companion.

"Come, sir," I said, "you have not got those furrows on your brow for nothing. The art of the gipsy, who would read man's story and his fate on the lines of the hand, may be imposture; but, at least, something can be gathered of the past, and something augured of the future, from the lines on the brow. Time never writes in vain, though authors do."

Julian joined me in asking the stranger for his history. A raw glass of brandy burned away the "cobwebs in his throat," as he said. He cleared his voice and the tumbler at the same time. We lighted fresh cigars, and prepared to listen with attention to

## THE STRANGER'S STORY.

"I am," said he, "as you see me before you now, a victim to theories. I was ruined—not by drinking, like many men—but by thinking. 'Theories!' says Bentham, 'We hear everybody say, I am no friend to theories; yet what are theories but thought? To

oppose them is to oppose thought.' Well, on account of this prejudice against theories, I am a wanderer, without money, and without friends, at something like five and forty years of age. I was born of a good well circumstanced family. My father wished his sons well educated; and he followed the prevailing example, and sent me to school. The school was considered a very respectable one. The two leading principles of its system were, the Bible, and the birch rod. They taught us a heap of Hebrew proper names, and called it religion. They flogged us with the birch, and called it discipline. I believe they were sincere in their intentions to give us religious information; but they had no philosophy: they did not know how to go to work, and they administered it as medicine, instead of food —made it distasteful by their ignorance—loaded the memory when they should have moved the feelings—not knowing, that to make a person religious, you should begin by appealing to the heart. As to science, there was no such thing thought of. Two dead tongues formed the staple of education, which boldly ignored all modern discovery, and all modern languages! We were haunted by the ghosts of the ancient Greeks and Romans, when we should have been warmed by the embrace of the modern muses. My schoolfellows (who did not think) took it all contentedly; hurried over their lessons, and bolted out to the playground. What was the result? They are now opponents of the sanatory movement, and hostile to popular education! I acted differently. When the master stated a fact, I asked a reason. This was an atrocious innovation, and I was pronounced incorrigible. I was first birched as an example, but soon after completely sealed my fate, by dabbling in a theory about the creation of the world.

This got me flogged again, and I ran away from school, when my father soon after flogged me for broaching a theory after dinner. It was about 'secondary punishments,' strange to say! The same fate pursued me everywhere. I got called to the bar; but having taken up a notion about law reform, could get no one to give me a brief. An uncle, who had taken a fancy to a theory of mine about the authorship of *Junius's Letters*, promised me a living; but a pamphlet which I published, giving an entirely new view about the state of the Primitive Church, prevented my getting ordained. I then took regularly to medicine, and lost my first batch of patients by a lecture on mesmerism. I examined, in fact, every new theory that came out; and as I always found something good in each at first, was inclined to become a convert; but the moment of my showing the least disposition to give it a fair hearing, was the signal for those who called themselves the 'steady going' and 'common sense' portion of mankind, to tnrow me overboard as a humbug. I never made a hit but once, and that was by inventing a pill—a thought which I conceived one morning early, when I had no breakfast to occupy my attention otherwise. This, as it was the only dishonest, so it was the only successful thing I ever did. I made some money by it, and took to natural science; but quarrelled with the geologists, on a point connected with the deluge. Was it my fault that the earth's surface would not tally with certain records of antiquity? At last, I left England, and abroad I have ever since remained, studying the physical aspect of the earth, as near as possible to its centre. I subsisted as a doctor among the eastern tribes; but my cursed love of speculation nearly got me murdered once or twice. "Why, gentle-

men, I attempted to undeceive the savages about the Mumbo Jumbo worship, in one part of Africa; and narrowly escaped the bastinado in Constantinople, for hinting at the absurdity of such an office as that of royal astrologer! In the ardour of my pursuit after a theory, I turned Mussulman once, that I might be allowed to go to Mecca, which no infidel is permitted to approach; but was prevented by a singular and ridiculous obstacle—"

"What was that?" said Julian, who, like myself, had been listening with interest to this singular narration, which, by the way, if we might judge from a grumbling in a neighbouring bedroom, had somewhat disturbed a traveller there.

"Why, sir," continued the philosopher, "when we got half way to the city, I had just begun to anticipate a sight of the well *zemzem*, and the temple, and was wondering whether I should be able to learn anything about the origin of that world-wide absurdity, the story of Mahomet's coffin, hang me if they didn't want me to let myself be circumcised! There, I confess it, my love of theories did not conquer. I demurred, and returned. Since then I have wandered about with every kind of fortune, making geological observations: and I am now preparing a system, which is to revolutionize modern science, and destroy old creeds."

Here the lover of theories paused; and mixing some brandy with water from my jug, refreshed himself with a long draught; after which he quietly lay down in a corner of the room in his cloak, and in a few minutes was asleep. Sleep must have made very little difference to him, poor fellow, for he was dreaming always when awake.

A considerable nap had refreshed us all three, when we awoke at noon; and breakfast and the bath set us all right. With some difficulty we ascertained that the name of the philosopher was Haggles, for he had borne different names everywhere, it appeared, and could hardly recollect his primary English one. In France he had been M. D'Aggle—in Italy, Signor Haggela—in Arabia, Hagul Toleb; and among the tribes further south, had borne some horrid appellation like Chickarick.

We went out for a ride during the day, and in the evening the philosopher enlarged on his theory, in a manner, such was its nature, that it gave us the horrors. He harangued on the perpetual changes that time is making, not in mere towns but in whole continents—some of which, he said, were sinking, while others were gradually emerging from wastes of ocean. The effect of this, he argued would be, that the earth would lose its equilibrium, and that in regaining it, the ocean would rush over, and sweep nations away before it. The deluge, he contended, was caused in that way. To wind up the whole, he predicted, that the moon would ultimately join the earth!

From this eccentric personage, who was then trying to get a situation as Professor in the University of Athens, we parted next morning, and returned on board after two nights' absence, with much original information for Mr. William Roller. I never saw the philosopher afterwards; and the last I heard of him, was, that he had gone to India, and got made a Brahmin—though how he managed the affair of caste, I don't know. It is known, however, that some of the arly Jesuit Missionaries did.

In a few days, as Troubadour had eaten all the

dinners that anybody in Athens seemed disposed to give him at that period, he began to turn his attention, as a last resource, to his duty to the service, and accordingly resolved to visit some of the islands. We left the harbour without any greater accident than three collisions, and one grounding on shore, at all which Troubadour—with that blissful indifference to shame which is an essential part of the ape—merely laughed. Little Bulbous, the second lieutenant, was exceedingly indignant (over his dessert) at this; for Bulbous is a rigid disciplinarian in his notions about everyone but himself.

Some pleasant sailing brought us to the famous island of Paros—the island from whose bosom was dug the *Parius lapis*, which ancient genius hewed into life-like beauty—that bright, white delicate marble, to which the Roman poet compared the skin of his mistress. The marble is to be found there now, though there are no sculptors; for, unlike men, nature never degenerates.

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# CHAPTER V.

## THREE MONTHS IN THE WAVELET, CONTINUED.

When nature sickened, and each gale was death.—POPE.

A FAIR land and a lovely climate, bright flowery fields, and perfumed gardens—the pleasant fountain and the calm blue sea—groves where the orange and the lemon shine like lamps in the daytime, and the fireflies glitter in the night: the blossoms of the almond tree, and the green ripeness of the cool fig—these are the blessings that Providence has given to the children of the east. Weigh them against political degradation, popular ignorance, and diseases that there is no science to check, and who does not prefer the north? Everwhere is the lesson of labour inculcated on mankind. For do we not see that they are invariably more degraded in their condition, in proportion to the ease with which they can supply their wants?

The marble quarries of Paros are now represented by a kind of tunnel, at one end of which lies a mis-shapen statue of Pan. There are some pleasant spots in the island; but of the dangerous nature of the climate—at least at that season (the pleasantest) of the year—we soon had a decisive proof in the Wavelet, by the breaking out of a "continued" fever among the

crew. The illness of the first man was not considered dangerous; but when day after day added some one to the list—as some strong man was seized with sickness, and brought helpless to add one more to the crew of invalids, huddled in their hammocks under our little top-gallant forecastle, it became obvious that the ship was afflicted by a dangerous and deadly disorder. We went to sea, and cruised about, that the fresh air might do some good, but fatal results soon followed, as the weaker among the sufferers, worn away by the fire of fever, raved and babbled in delirium, and died in exhaustion. One we buried in his hammock, in the loneliness of the sea. The wasted yellow body of the other we placed in a rude coffin, with a handful of shavings under the head, and interred under a scorching sun, in a little island near the Negropont.

It was then that the terror of death hung about our heads—whispered in the wind, and startled in the dream. Then we looked on a little headache as a premonitory symptom, or a casual shiver as the commencement of disease; for who shall say that death has no terrors for him in a strange country, and a narrow ship? We went to Athens, and put into Phalerum Bay. Persons from other vessels were not allowed to come on board, though we might go on shore. More deaths took place there; and it was often my lot to walk during the night watch, to and fro on the quarter-deck, when from the head of the vessel were heard the groans of the sick; and on the gratings in the stern a corpse was lying, covered over; with a flag across the main-boom, as a canopy, and a lantern inside it, The old quartermaster of the watch would walk about sullenly—chewing his tobacco, and driving away occasionally a dog on board, that after running howling

round the deck, would jump on the gratings to lie down and nestle on the corpse. One would almost wish, at such a time, to have the poor creature's ignorant indifference; he did not, as I sometimes did, start as the moon's rays flashed reflected on the guns.

Those who died when we were in Phalerum Bay were buried at Athens in the churchyard there, at which there officiates an English clergyman. It became my duty to go one day, as midshipman of a funeral party, which our second lieutenant, little Bulbous, commanded. Bulbous found it a terrible bore, and was in no amiable humour, being disgusted at once with death, Captain Troubadour, Athens, and the service.

We landed with the body. The hearse was followed by Bulbous and myself in one coach, a firing party of marines in another, and the messmates of the deceased in a third. At this time Bulbous and I were no very great friends, inasmuch as in a recent mess conflict I had blackened the eye of a midshipman who was a particular favourite of his; so we rolled along in our slow and solemn conveyance without speaking—he looking out of one window and I out of another. Fancy two men going to a funeral who "don't speak!" Now, whether Bulbous saw the unnatural absurdity of this—or whether, as is most probable, he found it "slow" to be silent—certain it is that he pulled out a cigar-case, and said—"Take a cigar, Mr. Plug!" With great courtesy I accepted the peace offering, and lighted it, and we whiffed away with friendly conversation; and having taken great care that the men shouldn't be permitted to drink one drop at the road-side *café*, which lies on the edge of the wood, half way between the harbour and the town (in which case they would have

got drunk), arrived at the gate of the churchyard, and halted there—surrounded by a curious crowd of Bavarians, Albanians, and inhabitants of the town gathered to see the ceremony. Down jumped little Bulbous from the coach, and began to give his orders in that sharp, shrill, and impetuous manner which characterized him on deck at sea.

"Now then," he roared, "bear a hand. Open the hearse. Timkins, you lubber, move yourself! Out with the body. Slew round the head!" and the little man rattled his sword, and perspired all over with excitement.

The clergyman had arrived from his house on Hymetta, and dismounted from his pony. A servant followed with an umbrella to keep the sun from his reverence's head. The procession, and the noble and pathetic service of the Church of England, began. We arrived at the grave, which was surrounded by gazing groups. The clergyman continued the service; and as he turned his eyes to heaven, looked right up into the umbrella that was held over him. How many of us do the same in a different way!

When the time came for the salute, one of the marines in his nervousness (for Bulbous was scowling like a sulky demon) dropped his percussion cap into the dust.

"Corporal!" screamed the little lieutenant, altogether unmindful of the occasion, "mark that conduct of Scroggins's, and report it when you get on board!"

The lookers-on gazed at each other in surprise—the Greeks, I presume, thinking it an odd ceremony—and the clergyman looked down in confusion. I hid myself behind some one present. At last, the ceremony was concluded, and we left the ground—the men hurrying down the street at full gallop, to reach the half-way

*café* before us; and Bulbous pursuing them in a dreadful rage. It was not without considerable difficulty that we got them on board sober.

Shortly afterwards, a message came to Bulbous that there was something to pay for the coach.

"I shan't pay a rap," said he. It was public service, and they've no right to come on me for it."

This was reported to Troubadour, who, with great disdain, paid the money himself.

Some time elapsed before the fever left us; and we sent those who had recovered, to recruit their health at Malta hospital.

About this time I lost a pleasant trip through an absurd habit that Troubadour had got into of punning. Some of us, including Julian, were anxious to visit Corinth; and I went to Troubadour to ask his permission for absence. Will the reader believe that the infatuated individual actually replied—"I cannot spare you, Mr. Plug: you know the proverb—

'Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum!'"

And I was actually deprived of the journey for this ridiculous ebullition.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HOW WE KEPT OUR BIRTHDAYS IN THE WAVELET.

Recte admones: liberaliter bibendum est, largius, copiosius, meracius, bibendum!—Erasmus. (*Colloquiorum Opus Aureum.*)

"Plug," said Roller to me one morning in the berth, as I was lying down with my head on a desk, reading the *Colloquia* of Erasmus (wherein is to be found, by the way, more sound sense, more sound learning, and more genuine humour, than was ever dreamt of in the philosophy of a cockney "comic writer"), "I wish you many happy returns of the day."

"What day?" said I, with disgusting hypocrisy—for I knew that I should be let in for an infinity of sherry and grog, if I admitted that it was my natal day.

"What day!" cried Julian, pulling out a pocket book; and he began to read with great solemnity, "Extract from the register of St. Giles's church—or St. James's—I don't care which. 'Percival Plug, male child of Tobias and Jemima Plug: born May, 182—; baptized, &c.' So you see," said he, "I am familiar with the whole case. You are just seventeen years old to-day; and you'll be pleased to comply with the traditionary customs of the service, by standing wine and grog to the mess. Do you think we don't

know your birthday, if you leave your diary lying about?"

There was no help for it; so that about eight that evening, the mess seated themselves at the table in the berth for convivial purposes. As the place was only fit to accommodate six, and there were eight of us seated there, with the door fast and the weather hot, it may be supposed that we were very comfortable.

On the table glittered two bottles of sherry; but these were more for ornament than anything else. The great attraction and chief pride of the banquet was the mess soup tureen, filled to the brim with whiskey punch. It glowed like a hot spring in Iceland; and the slices of lemon floated in it like islands in the Archipelago. All had been made right outside. The quartermaster was left to take care of the watch. The captain was on shore, enjoying what some people call "society"—that is to say, the company of a respectable family, with a snuffy old father, a pious mother, two young ladies playing on a piano out of tune, and a small quantity of mulled elder wine. Hireling, the first lieutenant, had gone to bed fatigued. The worthy fellow had that day kicked two men, had had three boys caned, and once whipped the captain's dog—on which he used to revenge himself for Troubadour's snubbings; and as may be easily imagined, was of course a little fatigued.

Our conversation turned first, of course, on "the ship." An attempt by Roller to suggest a new way of rigging the pinnace was, however, speedily put down, as also an effort of M'Bluter, the assistant surgeon, to describe an operation—and a speculation of Dulcet's as to the winner of the next races at Malta. We then went on to talk of our friends on various parts of the station.

"Oh!" said Dulcet, "I had a letter the other day, from Jigger, of the Bustard. It seems that they were at Naples with the Preposterous. Young Harmsway was sold there capitally."

"How was that?" said Julian. "I should like to hear of that fellow being humbugged. He scents his note paper when he writes to you; and every time he comes on board, talks mysteriously about having been passing the evening with a 'pretty little Sicilian,' when in reality he has been taking tea with a maiden aunt, who lives at Malta because she's admitted into society nowhere else."

"Well," said Dulcet, "when the Preposterous got to Naples, of course there were shoals of strangers on board, to see the curiosities of the ship (of which the captain, by the way, is one of the most interesting); and all the midshipmen were showing great civilities to the most crack-looking visitors, with a view to future dinners. Young Jigger picked up a rich traveller from Somersetshire, who gave a capital spread at the Victoria—the best hotel in the town. Harmsway kept very busy, showing all the weapons to everybody on board—snapping the locks on the guns, and frightening the ladies by exhibiting the tomahawks and boarding-pikes. (By the bye, Julian, do you remember what a row you got into with Troubadour for showing the 'cat' to a visitor?) At last, a new party came, who looked what Harmsway thought very 'genteel.' The 'gentleman' wore a blue coat, with brass buttons; and the 'lady' carried a green parasol. Harmsway showed them all kinds of civilities, which were very graciously received in a rather dignified manner—a kind of stately silence. Presently, having seen everything, they went into the mess to have some sherry. The generous

fluid made the 'gentleman' more communicative; and to the astonishment of everybody, he rose and said—'Gemmen, hi beg to proppose a toast! Success to the British h-arms!' You can easily fancy the effect this produced."

"Who the deuce were they?" said Julian.

"Why," said Dulcet, laughing, "only the footman and nursery maid of an English travelling family! Poor Harmsway thought they were great people. The fellows in the mess nearly tormented his life out of him about it, and 'success to the British h-arms!' was the standing toast after dinner."

"You know Davies, don't you?" said Dulcet.

"Yes," replied Julian: "as Churchill says—

'That Davies hath a very pretty wife.'

What of him?"

"He has bolted from Malta with one of the singers at the opera, and gone to Palermo!"

"By Jove! what a windfall for Malta! Something to talk about for a week. What's become of his wife?"

"Oh!" said Dulcet, "I have reasons for not pitying her, which it is unnecessary to specify; but I pity his creditors most."

"What else did Jigger tell you in his letter?" asked Roller.

"Only that poor old Binnacle is dead. I knew him in the Roarer. He used to grumble most desperately about the work he had to do, when the junior lieutenants got off easily. 'Here is an old fellow like me at work,' he said once, 'and there's our friend Henry (the junior lieutenant) sitting in his cabin, drinking champagne out of a tumbler—burning pastilles in his wash-

hand basin, and whistling an air from Norma.' What a picture of modern naval service!"

"Well," said Julian, "let us cut the service for a time. You brought 'Tancred' from Malta with you, Plug: what do you think of it?"

"Why, the general opinion seems to be, that the first volume is the best; and the part about the east, inferior. I think quite otherwise. The first volume would naturally please many people best, because it gives them a glimpse of what they call 'high life;' and there is a prurient snobbish curiosity, which is gratified by that kind of revelation. But, I apprehend that the artistic power of the writer is more shown in the description of eastern life and eastern scenery. The childish simplicity of the young emir, with his plots and manœuvres, is capitally described; and the description of a night scene at Jerusalem, very beautiful, though it must be admitted, that the effect is produced, more by the music of the language—the harmony of the sentences—than the originality of the thoughts. But one great drawback is, that one cannot divest one's self of the idea, that the author is only playing a part—that this eastern enthusiasm is only an affectation of Mr. Disraeli's; and that he simply assumes it, as one would an oriental dress at a fancy ball, for the sake of making an effect."

"Yes," cried Julian, "you call it an affectation. You are an admirer; and it's no use arguing against Mr. Disraeli to you, any more than telling the population of Thibet, that their Llama is a blockhead. But I call it humbug. And fancy Mr. Disraeli's boldly introducing an angel to spout Young Englandism. This was an absurd impiety. Fancy an angel in a white waistcoat!—an angel wearing an imperial, and

black ringlets!—an angel descending to tell an English gentleman the principles of the member for Shrewsbury! It's a piece of ridiculous impiety!—"

"Come," cried Dulcet, "for God's sake don't spout! Another tumbler, and we shall be having Julian haranguing on the immortality of the soul. I know the gradation perfectly: an impeachment of the Whigs—tumbler first: quotations from Cicero's second philippic—tumbler second: criticisms on Disraeli, Savage Landor, and Thackeray—tumbler third: wholesale sarcasm—tumbler fourth: and so on, to drunkenness, stuttering, singing, and Pomponatius *De immortalitate animarum!*"

This burst of Dulcet's made us all laugh; and the ladle began to sink and rise in the soup (or rather punch) tureen, with the regularity of a piston.

When men get too tipsy to talk they take to singing, and this was the case now. The Scotch assistant-surgeon began the *Laird o' Cockpen,* which, combined with the *Poachers* from Dulcet, the *Pope* from the clerk, the *Lesbia semper hic et inde* of Prout's from Julian, and *A white sail and a flowing sheet* from myself, made rather a curious effect. So, the surgeon, who was in the adjoining gun-room, reading the *Lancet,* seemed to think, for he sent in a boy to remonstrate, and was informed in reply, that he had better put his head in a bag: this he declined, but one thing he did do—he complained to the captain.

The night wore away fast; the men on the lower deck, turning round in their hammocks, and execrating the parties who were causing the uproar in growled-out execrations.

The end of the evening was, that some of the party rolled over their hammocks in a most ridiculous man-

ner in attempting to get into them; the clerk walked, or rather staggered into his office, and made an insane attempt to walk up the mainmast, which came through the corner of it. Julian and I swore eternal friendship under the main hatchway, much to the annoyance of the boatswain, whose cabin was in the neighbourhood.

Next morning came, and the whole mess were brought up before Captain Troubadour, on the complaint of the doctor.

When he had finished his reprimand, and decreed that no singing should be permitted in the mess for the future, and that the lights should be put out at nine —

"You see, sir," said Julian.

"Silence! Mr. Linley," said the captain.

"But —"

"Go below, sir!" shouted the captain.

"Will you permit—"

"To your berth, sir!" shouted the captain.

"One word —"

"I'll put you under arrest, sir."

Remonstrance was obviously impossible; but this is the way they do justice in the navy. We retired to our berth to damn the service; and Troubadour to his cabin, to pronounce that it was going to the devil. Hireling grinned at the scene, as the skeletons grinned at the feasts of the ancient Egyptians.



## CHAPTER VII.

### MR. JULIAN LINLEY'S RUNAWAY MARRIAGE.

THE Wavelet had left Athens and taken up her position in Dockyard Creek, Malta, opposite the imposing scene of the dirt of Burmola and the pillars of the victualling yard. Troubadour was most of his time on shore, playing billiards at the Club in the morning; sauntering in Florian Gardens, to see the rank and fashion of the island, in the evening; and at night, the "*un*observed of all observers" in a box at the opera. I rather think that Hireling was displaying his elephantine playfulness, in a flirtation with one of the middle classes. The rest of the fellows were employed in all sorts of ways—everyway, in fact, but usefully to the profession.

About this time, Julian began, like Rasselas, to withdraw himself from his favourite employments and amusements, and from our society. He went on shore—no one knew where; and came on board—no one saw when. He renounced whiskey punch; and neglected to clean his meerschaum. I saw he was big with some important matter; but for some time could find out no more. The fact of my having found a

sonnet lying about in his handwriting, *To a Lady, with some flowers*, beginning—

> "Lady, these flowers were gathered in a land
> Where no weeds grow—"

(though, where the deuce such land is situated, he has neglected ever since to inform me, by the by), gave me a glimpse of the truth. At last, he made me his confidant. He was simply in love desperately with Violetta Hertford: she, it appeared, was, as became her, exactly so affected towards him; but there did not seem the smallest probability of its ever resulting in success. In fact, it was a desperate case, and demanded all our pluck to devise a project.

The family of the Hertfords lived in a certain part of the island, in one of those stately and rather rough-looking castles, which are the relics of the sway of the learned, pious, and gallant Order of St. John. An old crest was sculptured over the entrance. The principal halls had arched and painted roofs; and some of them Latin inscriptions over the doors. There was a large garden that nourished some fine orange trees, and a little grotto at the end, from the bottom of which bubbled up a fresh fountain, and the roof and sides of which were adorned with nature's architecture—the stalactite.

Papa Hertford was a proud, stately, cold, English gentleman, a scholar and a student. He was a great theorist on politics, and a friend of the "people;" but like some others of that class, loved mankind in the lump, but not in the individual. He had married an Italian lady, who, by this time, had become a devotee and patroness of the Jesuits, who frequented the house

a great deal. They were very much afraid of Mr. Hertford at first, but that gentleman did not condescend to interfere with them. "Pooh!" he thought, "what harm can a bushel of priests do *me*?" and he turned to his Montesquieu, and left them to pray, preach, and do just what they pleased.

Violetta, the blossom—the only one—of this genealogical tree, had much of her father's talent and pride; more of her mother's beauty and devotion; but neither the coldness of the one nor the fanaticism of the other. On the contrary, she had made up her mind to enjoy her fair share of the world's common stock of happiness, and to take neither the veil of bride or nun, unless she felt perfectly disposed to do so. Nature had written that plainly on her face—and in her finest handwriting too. The love sparkled in her blue eyes and glowed in her cheeks; the courage quivered on her lips.

Julian must have managed to effect his *entrée* to this house rather adroitly—against father, mother, and Jesuits; but it was done by tact. He read up on the father's favourite studies, and begged a sight of his MSS. He pretended to the Jesuits that he was becoming converted; and made the mother a present of an illuminated missal, which he said was of the fourteenth century—but which I strongly suspect to have been the work of some Chattertonian genius of the present day. To Violetta he said nothing that he did not think and feel. Three weeks' intimacy made them each others' heart and soul.

When the family saw this, of course the game was up for the time. Mr. Hertford was too proud to forbid Julian the house. "Could a mere boy injure *him*?" He made no reproaches to Violetta. He only said, "Daughter, you will be pleased to repel that young

gentleman's advances;" and then thought that there was no necessity to trouble himself farther on the subject. He treated Julian next time he came with a haughty courtesy, which even that youth's self-confidence did not let him misinterpret. He left early—he found a chance of privately communicating with Violetta; and he came on board, and asked for my assistance in flying to Sicily with her! Reasoning was thrown away upon him. It was plainly useless; and it became my duty as his friend, to do the best I could in his cause, come what might. I put myself very cautiously, into communication with a priest. Obstacle the first presented itself in a religious form. She was a catholic—Julian a protestant. I thought that this would have checked him at all events. No such thing.

"Bah!" said he, "what are all their catholic mummeries to me? Can't one be saved with Bossuet and Pascal, as well as with Tillotson and Barrow? Does the bishop of London keep the keys of heaven?"

There was then but one course open—conversion. That I left to his own decision and act. I soon saw what these were. Three days afterwards he called me aside—he pulled out something by a small hair chain from his breast—it was Violetta's hair; and it held a silver cross—emblems at once of his love and his apostacy.

A few weeks of trial and terror passed on. We had arranged to hire a sailing boat, with two or three trusty men, in which the pair were to fly at evening. I purchased a small compass—worked the course and distance to Syracuse—procured some necessary stores; and waited for the hour when I was to sail the boat from the grand harbour, round to an appointed

creek on the island coast, where they were to be waiting for us.

On the eventful day the ceremony was performed in the silver tones of the eternal language. No repentance could recall this now—a consciousness which gave Violetta the courage to return home and spend the day. No pallor proclaimed apprehension; no tears bore witness to a regret. She bore her part admirably. In the evening she wandered out in the garden—the soft wind that was to bear her away, scattered flowers at her feet. She lifted up a handful and placed them in her bosom. They were to remind her and another of the place where they had first met.

The sun sank, and the wind increased. She paused at the foot of the garden, turned to the gate gently, and tripped along the grass. Her mother was at vespers—praying for *her* perhaps; her father was in his study, enquiring into the origin of laws—perhaps of laws of marriage! She passed on. In ten minutes she had met Julian: in ten minutes more, both were with me on the beach. I had wrapped myself in a great nautical coat, and brought my pistols loaded with me, in order that, if the Maltese should turn traitors, I might (as there was no appealing to their hearts) appeal effectually to their understandings, for a Maltese fears every weapon but a knife.

All went right, however. I soon saw them on board. The sheet was hauled aft, and the boat sprang out to sea. I stood by the shore and watched her as far as I could—and when she crossed the stream of light thrown by the moon, and I got one farewell glimpse of her—I saw that the pace was capital. The next day they reached Syracuse. The next, they started for Naples.

Well, reader, what was the result of all this? Such hubbub in Malta, to begin with! I thought the scandal mongers would have died of their exertions.

Of course, there were all the young men who had admired Violetta, angry with Julian; and all those ladies who had no chance of marrying themselves, mad with Violetta. Old Ricochet, of the Preposterous, who has a wife like what Lord Chesterfield called "a respectable Hottentot," swore that he would have the "whelp" flogged if he ever saw him at sea again. Biddles of the Rifles, called him a "pwesumptuous miscweant;" and Ransacker, of the Hookit, an "infernal young fool." All the midshipmen in the fleet, however, swore that he was a "brick;" and we drank two dozen of champagne to his health in the Wavelet! Baggles made his usual assertion that the service was "going to the devil." It surely should have *gone* there ere this, for to my certain knowledge, it has been going there these fifty years—on the authority of those old captains who would seem to think that the only panacea for its evils, would be to dress the midshipmen like snobs, and make them feed like coalwhippers. The admiral pronounced certain dismissal from the service. The jesuits threatened excommunication. Little Shovel, the fatheaded protestant bigot of St. Kilderkin, pronounced his little fiat of eternal damnation.

As for the friends of the couple, we all can guess what they did. Linley disinherited his son; and Hertford cursed his daughter, and blotted out her name at once, from his will, his memory, and his heart.

Julian and Violetta stayed a week near Naples. Did they get tired of each other? By no means. They have now come to London. Julian has determined to

make his way for himself, and is doing it like a man. They live in Violetta Cottage, near ——; and if you are out there on a summer morning, you may see Violetta bending down her fine figure in the garden to gather strawberries, with her dark brown ringlets waving across her face—and Julian watching her from the window, with all the interest and admiration that he did when he saw her in her father's garden plucking an orange, in Malta; and when everybody expected she would make a splendid alliance with the great Baron Hotchpotch, who subsequently married, spent his wife's fortune in gambling, and hanged himself. ("Nothing became him in life like the leaving of it.") He writes and reads in the morning; and at night, by the light of a "most respectable" camphine lamp, she translates and interprets Tasso to him in a manner worthy of her descent by the maternal side. They are quite content with very moderate pleasures, seeing no enjoyment in dancing in crowded rooms, or wild beast shows, or parvenus with money, or Ethiopian serenaders. They were sickened of the opera abroad, and are satisfied to go to a national theatre on those rare occasions when a fine English comedy is well played—and then they do not disdain to accept a box order, which they get, I hear, from Timkins, of the *Weekly Flagellator*, who (as the most promising young libeller of the day) has more of them than any man in London.

Their little boy, Percival Plug Linley, is a remarkably fine child.

Of the gentlemen and ladies who abused them at Malta—some of the first have rotted into dissipation, and some of the latter are withering into old maidism. Some have made "highly respectable" matches, and are the most miserable devils in Europe.

Old Hertford has read himself stupid with intense labour. His *History of Mankind since the Council of Nice*, is, I am told, a useful book; and will doubtless appear—when he finds a publisher.

My share in helping them at Malta got wind, and cost me some trouble. I was obliged to pull the nose of Jigger, of the Bustard, and subsequently to change my ship. So I left H. M. brig Wavelet soon after.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PLUG'S PORTRAITS FOR THE PAINTED HALL, GREENWICH.

Gens ferox!—VIRGIL.

### I.—THE BOATSWAIN.

WE rather prefer the boatswain to the other "monsters of the deep:" he is generally a good fellow; Ajax in the field, and an alderman at the banquet. Weather of any kind makes no more impression on him than on the Wellington statue; rain pours off him harmlessly, as off the roof of a house. His face is carved into wrinkles, as if by a chisel; his skin has been tanned hard and dry—eastern suns have dried it hard—northern seas soaked it again—hail has peppered it, and fire scorched it. Still there it is—vigorous and tough, with a rough goodnature warming it. His shaggy irregular eyebrows overhang his grey eyes as a cliff does a torrent. He never walks two yards forward in the same attitude; and what with his gestures, and his extraordinary style of clothes, no inexperienced observer can tell where his legs begin, or his body leaves off, or how they are united.

The future boatswains of England (by the way, why don't Barrow, or somebody, write a series of that name?) are now variously scattered over our sea

coasts, dressed in corduroys, and catching shrimps—"sea urchins" of extraordinary breed. To drag the reluctant periwinkle from his home—to build little sand heaps—to chaff the sentry at the dock yard—these are their amusements. Some combine emolument with them, and "accept office" as under secretaries to bumboats, or possibly to drive a watercart. They enter the navy as boys, where, being too rough to be made servants, they are generally stationed among the foretop men. There they are great favourites of the captain of the top, being ready for anything, however dangerous or dirty, in the way of work—to furl a top-gallant sail, or dabble in a tar or grease barrel. They are the terror of the cook, and the pest of the master at arms. When they get flogged at the tail of a gun, they bear it like Spartans, and sometimes with a cool irony, as for example, by crying out during the operation—"Oh! take warning by me!" and so on. In time a boy of this sort rises to foretopman; goes everywhere, in merchant ships, opium clippers, slave traders, colliers, and hoys; and at last gets made captain of a top, and boatswain's mate. Being then stirred by the "last infirmity of noble minds," he teaches himself, with assistance, to read and write; and having pleased some captain, is examined for promotion, and gets his warrant. He has now reached the top of the tree, and looks down with contempt on "those who labour in the lower occupations of life."* He purchases a silver "call" and assumes a tail coat. On Sundays he appears in a huge white waistcoat; and on Christmas day is generally asked to dinner by the captain, when he feels terribly awkward, and does not know what to

* Dr. Johnson.

do when asked to take wine. "No thankye, sir—I'll take a potato"—is we believe, the traditionary orthodox reply, as laid down in the boatswain's code of etiquette for these occasions.

The boatswain is commonly married to a female of congenial mind, who drinks a little gin—is very fond of tea, and wears black stockings. Sometimes he has a comely daughter, whom the common sailors look on with much the same feeling of respect as you and I, reader, do on a great heiress. This young lady behaves with scrupulous caution with regard to midshipmen; and most delicately and prudently—perhaps a little pru*dishly*—adjusts her green gown, when about to descend the main hatchway.

The boatswain is very frequently a politician of no ordinary intensity of feeling, and may be seen in the "Blue Anchor," or the "Happy Marlingspike," reading a radical print, much thumbed, and adorned with various "fairy rings," produced by the circular bottom of a pewter. He has a general antipathy to bishops, with regard to whom he has some vague notion that they, somehow or other, deprive him of a portion of his pay. He agrees with Bentinck, Sibthorp, and other distinguished men, on the navigation laws.

When superannuated, he retires to some neat little cottage in a seaport town—a nautical oracle on weather and war among the neighbours. You may see him toddling along with his pipe, on a summer evening, devoutly raising his hat to every naval man he meets.

A quiet death closes his useful existence, and he is much regretted by everybody; but particularly by the neighbouring publican, to whom he has been a punctual and steady customer. Peace to his manes!

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## II.—THE CARPENTER.

The carpenter has mostly begun his career as a journeyman carpenter on shore, in business, wherein having failed through too little custom, or too great a love of gin, he has entered in the carpenter's crew on board some ship, and gradually risen to a warrant. He esteems himself superior to the boatswain, on the ground that he is a scientific man, and hints dimly at his mathematical acquirements. The great nuisance that embitters his existence, is his being obliged to do all sorts of private work, in many cases, for officers of the ship, which work tends nowise to the benefit of the country. Of this he complains bitterly—on principle, as he says—but it is just probable, that his private convenience may be the leading motive of it. Another great plague of his life is his having men in his crew occasionally ignorant of their work, which compels him to play the "top sawyer"—in the literal acceptation of the term—himself.

We once knew a carpenter—it was at Malta—of the most extraordinary character. His mania was for pictures. No connoisseur ever descanted with more enthusiasm on a Claude than he would on any picture he had managed to pick up. He was constantly persuaded that the last picture he had bought was by Murillo. He would keep for hours together altering its position in his cabin, that it might best receive the light from the porthole. This achieved, he would get hold of one of the midshipmen to show it to him, Having placed him with great formality in a chair, he

would take up his position opposite the picture, and begin to discourse on its beauties.

"Look at that tint, sir! Here you see the *skewery scooli*, (this was his name for *chiaro oscuro*). Now, Mr. Plug, you've been at Naples and seen the gallery there—Don't you think it's a Murillo?"

What was one to say? He wouldn't have believed you to the contrary; so the only way was to admit that "you certainly had seen something very like it there;" on which the old man would look at it with a devout expression of countenance. It was sheer enthusiasm on his part; for ten times what it cost him would not induce him to part with a picture which he liked.

The carpenter occasionally entertains the boatswain in his cabin with much formality, and both bewail the degeneracy of the naval officers of the present day.

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III.—THE GUNNER.

The gunner rules supreme over the weapons of war. A sixty-eight-pounder is not an object of terror to him, but a familiar companion. He pats the breech in a friendly manner, and looks to see if the old boy has hurt himself with his recent exertions. No wonder that he is fond of him—he has known him ever since he was *breeched!* He thinks it a terrible profanity that boys should be flogged on him.

His great pride is to see that all the shot in the racks are brilliantly black; and his great pleasure, to bring a shell up out of the shell room, handling it a young girl does mamma's kitten. On general quarter days

he is below, attired like a stage demon, near the powder magazine, in a state of active excitement.

It falls to the unhappy lot of the gunner to have to teach the gun exercise to the "young gentlemen." An usher of an academy, as pictured by Goldsmith, is not more uncomfortable than our friend on these occasions. In the first place, the youths can't be all got together without trouble; and when one is absent another goes to bring him, and don't come back himself. Then when all are collected together, some can't understand —others won't—and some are sulky, because they "won't be domineered over by a plebeian!"

"Now, gents, to your stations! No. 1.—the captain —Mr. Smith. No. 2.—the second captain—Mr. Jones. No. 3.—the loader—Mr. Tomkins," he cries, and so on.

"Attention, gents, I beg, or I really must speak to the first lieutenant. Prowiding stores—What does No. 1. prowide, Mr. Smith?"

"Provides for his family, I suppose," answers the ingenious Mr. Smith; which joke is quite good enough to raise a roar of laughter under the circumstances.

After a great deal of torment he gets them through the answers, and advances to another portion.

"Why do you stop the vent, Mr. Tomkins?"

"I'm not stopping it," answers he, amidst renewed laughter.

"I didn't mean that," says the gunner. "You should say that it's in order the sponge may be inserted to extinguish any particle of fire in the gun; because," he adds pompously, "fire can't burn without hair!" at which there is another laugh.

And so the drilling proceeds; and the gun is cast loose to be worked; and 3, the loader, drops the rammer overboard, after which 4, the sponger, drops

the sponge after it, on the principle, as he very gravely says, on which boys shoot one arrow after a lost one, to find both.

At last the gun is secured, and the midshipmen ask the old boy down to take a glass of grog, which somewhat softens him.

Gunners of the "Benbow school" are very much plagued by having a crew under them from the Excellent, who have heard a smattering of science there, and give themselves all those airs which make a plebeian who is beginning to be educated, the most disagreeable object in the world.

The gunner occasionally blows off a finger, in attempting to invent some new deadly machine of war.

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### IV.—THE MASTER AT ARMS.

This worthy is the beadle of the navy. He carries a cane to flog the boys. He has the general superintendence of the lower deck, and has to look out that no dirty clothes are left lying about in hiding places. He is often a usurer on a small scale, lending money to the men at exorbitant interest; but this can only go on in a ship where there is the grossest want of attention and decency on the part of the commanding officer.

The master at arms attends with the water when poor wretches are flogged, under the present enlightened system, and counts one, two, &c., as each lash whistles through the air on the quivering and bloody flesh.

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We will conclude this chapter with a remark on

the warrant officers (gunner, boatswain, and carpenter), that few first lieutenants treat them with an attention proportionate to their usefulness. Too often we find them ill used by such a character as the Hireling of our past pages—a character of which we wish we could say, for the honour of the profession, that it was wholly a fictitious one.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### MORE PORTRAITS.

We have often wondered how it came to pass that the author of the *Book of Snobs*, who walked through the forest of society with an axe in his hand, felling trees right and left, from the regal oak to the homely poplar, and leaving them on the ground tallied *Snob*, —never devoted a line to the *Naval* Snob. To attempt to supply the omission would be as audacious as to put a hill or a cottage into one of Turner's landscapes; so we will simply regret that it should exist, and proceed in our own humble and unpretending style.

If the warrant officer be the Caliban of the service, the naval instructor is the Prospero. In the olden time, such education as was to be got on board a man of war, was derived from the services of an official schoolmaster. That was the time when they used to supply the loss of a lieutenant, by turning the hands up to ascertain who could read and write, and appointing a man possessing these rare accomplishments in his room. That was the period when flogging round the fleet went on; and the proceedings of courts-martial used to be shortened (*for the convenience of the service*) by giving the prisoner no time to make his defence —when a captain shot his first lieutenant dead in cold

blood, for disputing an unjust order, and was not hanged for it—when midshipmen used to be flogged in the captain's cabin, and duty was carried on amidst cursings, execrations, obscene threats, and blows right and left.

Well, this has been somewhat changed; and now we have naval instructors appointed to ships—men of education and accomplishments. Yet, strange to say, men are placed in command of ships still, who were educated under the old system—are dragged from the obscurity of a cottage or a farm, after having been on shore for a quarter of a century, and find themselves as much out of their element as Rip Van Winkle, in Washington Irving's charming story, when he descended from the mountain with his long beard. The ships they command are the ones where flogging goes on: men run away from them before they sail, When they return from abroad, you see a paragraph in the *Times*, announcing that her majesty's ship Hildebrand has had seven thousand lashes inflicted on board during her commission. When they are paid off, the men riot in all the brutality of unrestrained debauchery; and the chances are that some of the officers have a brutal onslaught made on them by some of the lower orders of the town, to avenge the cruelty inflicted by the barbarous ignorance of the captain. Such captains are invariably ignorant, brutal, and bigoted. Their tyranny on board is such that you would think nothing could match it, till you had an opportunity of seeing the meanness of their servility to the commander in chief or the Admiralty. They are the very best examples of the truth of Bulwer's aphorism, that the most common character in the world is that which "is at once arrogant and servile." Yet there are people to

be found who talk of such characters as "rough old fellows," "old boys," "the right sort," and so forth; and their very barbarism helps them to praise, honour, and reward. Caractacus was a very fine fellow, no doubt—and so was Jugurtha; but surely Mark Antony and Julius Cæsar were more worthy of admiration. Is it not possible for a man to be a great officer and a gentleman at the same time?

We have headed this chapter "Portraits." We will now give the reader two, and we will ask him to look on "this picture and on *this*," and then explain by what dictate of common sense or justice those men were governed who hung one of the pictures up in the very best light, and shoved the other out of the way as if it were lumber.

Philip Boorsavage and Henry Mortimer are both admirals in her majesty's navy; both have seen service, and both are useful gallant officers, and well worthy of all possible honour, as far as naval capacity goes. Let us now see in what respect they differ.

To repeat our illustration, we may say that Boorsavage is the Caractacus, and Mortimer the Cæsar. Both are equally able as officers; but Mortimer is quiet, gentlemanly, and unassuming—Boorsavage a boor, rude, uncourteous—a semi-barbarian. The first is of the new school—the second of the old. Boorsavage never speaks on any possible occasion like a gentleman; he is affectedly coarse in his manner, dirty in his person, and rude in his address; he speaks, or rather grunts a kind of English *patois*. The ship which he commands is always the most slovenly in the squadron, and well regulated in no respect but the gunnery. That, to be sure, is excellent; but so it is in most cases in the service. He never troubles himself about his

officers and men, further than to make them do their duty. Besides what we may call the *elaborate* barbarism of his manner of carrying on duty (for it is in a great degree affected), he aims at a kind of vulgar popularity—not among the officers, but the crew. He affects a rough jocularity—something between a boatswain's and a buffoon's—in his manner of treating them; and his great ambition is to be spoken of as "Phil." The limp with which his wound inflicted him he exaggerates a good deal in his walk. He dabbles in politics—and whenever he speaks in public, harangues in this fashion:—"When *I* beat off the French brig Polisson"—"when *I* took such and such a battery," &c.—all which makes a vast impression on a gaping crowd of landsmen, who quite forget that there are many officers in the service who have beaten off more ships and taken more batteries, but who don't choose to blow it through a brazen trumpet every time they can get a chance. So the astonished cockneys cry "rough old fellow," "brave old cock," as before mentioned. He is a "brave old cock," we admit—and of the most unquestionable dunghill breed.

Admiral Mortimer is his opposite, in all but his courage and his skill. He is a man of tact, and comports himself with dignity in all respects—seeking the applause of his sovereign and the intelligent portion of his countrymen; and regarding the service first, and his own popularity afterwards. He is not ashamed to talk with delicacy, even on the deck of a ship; and does not think it essential to his uniform that it should either be seedy, or covered with snuff.

Well, it so happened, in one of those wars which this country owed to whig prudence and whig common sense—wars begun in bluster and ending in smoke,

irritating the body politic of Europe like so many unwholesome pimples—that these two admirals commanded the operations—Mortimer holding the first place, Boorsavage (who was then a commodore) the second. Mortimer's object was the glory of the country: that of Boorsavage the puffing of himself. The commodore was perpetually thrusting himself forward, and claiming all the merit. Of course, it would have been inconsistent with the position of the admiral to have taken any notice of this. But Boorsavage's game succeeded. When the war was over he hurried home to England, and there they gave him dinners, and he made speeches, and so puffed himself as to become a sea lion, and with his pitch link to eclipse the purer light of his colleague and superior's renown.

Admiral Mortimer, meanwhile, took but little notice of the injustice. Few, however, who heard the brave venerable old man say at a ball which was given him at Malta, that, though people affected to doubt to whom the praise of success ought to be given, *there was no doubt who would have had to bear the blame had it been a failure*, are likely to forget the scene, or the discreditable audacity of the man who made the remark necessary.

However, the explanation of the affair is simple. Boorsavage was a whig, and the whigs were in power at the time; and there is no anomaly which such a state of affairs cannot explain.

Years have passed since the time of which we have been speaking. Admiral Mortimer is in retirement; and one never hears his name, except from those whom the noisy babble of temporary success does not prevent from hearing the claims of real merit.

But the blackest and smallest cloud can hide even

the moon for a time, and sails on very proudly, till in due course it bursts and drops, and runs off in the sewers to its natural destination. So Boorsavage is a great man in command, just now, and goes on quite as usual—half Wilkes, half Benbow—in the dirt of politics, and the more respectable dirt of the tar bucket, a worthy official under a whig *régime.* But there are some people who doubt whether his friends will reign long; and still more who doubt whether the British house of commons will ever again be adorned with his presence. And so much for the hero of the old school.*

We began by alluding to the naval instructor. His is too frequently a troubled position. First, he is the victim of the amateur tailors of the Admiralty Board, who first established the regulation that he should wear plain clothes; next, a hideous uniform, the ugliest in the profession, and lastly, plain clothes again! Then fancy having to teach a set of young gentlemen, at least half of whom came to sea with the hope of getting rid of school altogether; and the pleasure of mixing, as a scholar, with gentlemen, half whose conversation is nautical, the other half an indescribable *mélange* of prattle about the theatres of London, all sorts of ships and stations, with a sprinkle of party politics, personal chaff, superficial literature, and sometimes a small infusion of utterly unintelligible philosophical speculation.

Again, the naval instructor's comfort depends a good deal on the kind of captain he meets with. Some being

* Plug seems harsh here. He had doubtless been much disgusted by sham Benbows. As for the whigs, they can't see the merits Boorsavage really has—they snub him, not for his demerits, but for what is really excellent about him.—*Editor.*

only anxious to see their youngsters know how to make knots, and so on, discourage all rational instruction of them. Also, the first lieutenant's convenience must be consulted by the naval instructor; and some first lieutenants, who have had no education themselves, and think that it is quite unnecessary, throw all sorts of difficulties in the way of any attempt to "rig" a schoolroom.

But this state of things is gradually improving, as light begins to dawn on captains, first lieutenants, and youngsters generally; and naval instructors will be treated in *all* ships as they now are in those in which mental culture and nobility of character are properly appreciated. And then, my dear K—— (whom I have had in my eye last sentence), then, the dullest lieutenant in the wardroom mess will do full honour to your superiority, and the dullest youngsters be sensible of the inestimable value of your instruction."

But we are growing too serious, and shan't be read.

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## CHAPTER X.

PLUG ON NAVAL COURTS MARTIAL, AND AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

It must be excessively consoling to the boys of the old school of the navy—now that their "natural enemy," common sense, is gradually undermining their power—to reflect, that the admirable system of courts-martial still exists. As the law is, such is the court which executes it. It is highly appropriate, that a code which has twenty articles out of thirty-six which inflict death, should be administered by some half-dozen men, unaccustomed to deal with evidence or weigh difficult questions, and steeped in prejudice over head and ears.

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" said Captain Ricochet once to a witness on a court-martial.

The man did not understand the word.

"Be good enough to explain it to him," said the president.

Captain Ricochet could not. What an exemplary judge! Yet that man has sentenced dozens of prisoners, and will probably sentence dozens more. Men abuse Judge Jeffries and Page, but at least these men knew the law. But here is a person as ferocious, and ignorant into the bargain.

Some officers (not on full pay or actual service!) were tried a few years ago, and that too for offences of

the most trivial character—mere "rows" committed on board an "ordinary" ship at Malta—they not being subject to trial at all, any more than the merest landsman on shore! The objection was formally made on the trial, that the court had no jurisdiction in their case. It was not taken the slightest notice of: they were severely sentenced; and it was not till they arrived in England that the trial was pronounced "illegal," and the sentence "null and void," by the law officers of the crown. Whether any further notice of the affair, either in the way of compensation or enquiry, was taken, did not appear at the time. That, we presume, depended on the personal influence of the injured parties. The Admiralty are not altogether unforgiving to sinners of rank!

Let any of our readers go down to a naval port when a court martial is coming off—when a solemn investigation is to be held on a lieutenant for "insubordination," consisting of having requested his captain to "forbear from using abusive language" to him—or on a midshipman, for "perilling the existence of the ship" by taking a nap in his watch in harbour, when two or three other midshipmen in the watch were looking out, and, in all probability, the lieutenant who ought to have been in command of it was on shore at the time, and does not get tried at all. We would advise the reader to go and hear important cases of this sort likely to give rise to lengthened enquiry—because if it only happens to be the trivial case of a captain who has thumped the false keel of a line of battle ship off, and lost the guns overboard, or lost a frigate altogether on the English coast, through the very trifling oversight of omitting to heave the log and the lead, to wind up the chronometer, or to take an observation—he will only see a

short sitting of the court, and hear the president return the captain his sword, on which the captain will go on shore, and dine with the port admiral, and next day receive an appointment to a ship of a rate higher.

We remember a captain in the Mediterranean—one Kraggles, M.P.—on board whose ship there was a ferocious baboon, (the captain was fond of society!) which was always biting everbody on board, except its master, with whom it had of course a natural sympathy. An unprincipled midshipman was horsewhipping him (the baboon we mean), and by some chance hit the captain down a skylight. There is no such thing in the navy as allowances for unavoidable accidents, and though the touch was of the slightest kind, the offender was punished. Here was a case for a court-martial; and had it come to the ears of Sir Booby Booing, a court-martial there would have been.

Some years ago, there was an officer in command of the Lakes station, who had a spite against an inferior. He sent a relative of his all round the station, *in disguise,* to track his enemy, for the purpose of getting charges against him; and with the damning dirt of this notorious meanness on his head, he had the impudence to come into court to prosecute. The prisoner was acquitted; but what compensation was there to the victim of all the trouble and annoyance of a trial? Any spiteful man, under the existing system, can bring the honour of an officer into question; of course the weight of his influence as captain, tends to make his witnesses go in his favour. The sympathies of the court are with rank and authority; and courts-martial don't like to meet *for nothing!*

There are captains in the service who count up the number of inferiors they have managed to ruin, as an

Indian counts his scalps. Old Hubbub has turned out his couple of dozen; and if you go on board his ship to night, you will, in all probability, catch him about twelve, sneaking up the companion ladder, to try to find the officer of the watch asleep.

A good deal has been said about the "influence of the aristocracy," in various ways, of late. One writer has most distincly shown how it generates and perpetuates *snobbishness* in society; and fifty have shown its effect in politics. We are not inclined to estimate its influence on the navy as being nearly so great as elsewhere—for people must work in the navy to some extent, and therefore the "great" fight shy of it, and it is left as open as any profession in England. But those lords who do go there! Shade of Benbow! With what humility they are treated! A young man of noble blood is allowed to skulk his work; he may go on shore oftener than any body; and he may be ten times as disreputable, without getting half so much disgrace from it as any body else. He gets its highest prizes, he and his fellow nobles among them; and therefore they can bear very calmly what we venture to assert as something that may compensate those over whose heads they are thrust—that neither in value, nor intelligence nor education, as officers or seamen or anything else, are they to be compared with the general body whom they distance in the race.*

We could give some curious instances, did we care to particularise.

As an example to what ripeness of impudence harmless folly may be brought by undue encouragement, we

* The allusion here is to certain "lords:" no attack is intended on the *real* aristocracy—the ancient gentry of the realm.—*Editor.*

may allude to young Lord John Jones. A friend of ours met that youth at dinner at a mess, among several others of the same naval rank, whom (as well as his lordship) he had met often before. Remembering what is laid down by a very different lord—Lord Chesterfield (who was by no means such a fool as they think in Cow-lane), in his *Letters*, to the effect that in mixed society all men are equal, our friend looked courteously over to the the noble Jones, and uttered these words—"Jones, a glass of wine?"

His lordship took no notice of the attention.

Our friend was surprised; but beginning to guess the real meaning of the insult, he looked over with a glance which no stupidity could mistake, and repeated the fatal query.

This time his lordship acknowledged the courtesy, and drank accordingly; but after dinner he came up to our friend on deck, and put this startling question—"Pray, sir, are you aware *that I belong to the Highlow family?*"

"Oh, your name is Jones, I believe! One of the "Joneses," said this audacious young man.

But the joke was too dull to last long, so he wound up the whole affair by a hint at personal castigation intelligible to the meanest capacity, and took his departure.

As we have said a good deal against the old school, it is right we should add that many of them are not servile, though we may not applaud unreservedly the veteran who said to an unfortunate aristocrat, "You think because you are the son of a lord, that I won't flog you; but if you were the son of —— (we dare not write the word), I would flog you, while you're in my ship!"

Such old boys as this feel a natural annoyance at being sacrificed for the sake of the younger sons of any family whatever. But the great number submit quite naturally, and toady the titled adventurers who deprive them of advancement, and their children of the comfort which such advancement would procure for them. But the true blessing of the system will never be properly appreciated till there is another war, and then we think our enemies likely to acknowledge it handsomely.

We have a word to say on the naval chaplain, and his we cannot consider an enviable position—that is to say, if he be a man to whom his calling is the all important object—which, to any clergyman worth consideration, it ever must be; for there is the fast chaplain, who does his duty as mechanically as the boatswain—winks at all sorts of improper levities of discourse in the wardroom—goes on shore and indulges in *sub rosâ* dissipation, and preaches the same sermons he used to do in a curacy—in which he is quite safe, for none of the men understand a word of what he is talking about; and of the officers, some are asleep, some are not attending, and some are below, whose "text" is pale ale. We are not of a suspicious turn of mind, but it is surprising how many very gentlemanly fellows we have known who "could not conscientiously attend the Church of England service!"

The fast or gay chaplain gets the credit for being a "liberal" fellow—no "humbug"—no "bigot"—nothing "methodistical" about him. But without being bigots ourselves, we confess this is not the sacerdotal reputation which we prefer; and further, we think that in most cases, what the world calls the "bigoted" minister is generally the honester of the two.

We *have* known a chaplain who was a happy combination of both—

"Such men are dangerous!"

This man was very "tolerant" in the wardroom, and had much discreet dissipation on shore. But he used to atone for this by an extra rigidity to the midshipmen; and when any unguarded youth at his toilet in the cockpit allowed an "improper" observation to reach the ecclesiastical ears, he was sure to find himself summoned before the commander, who was of a pious turn.

The earnest, devout chaplain's lot we do not consider fortunate. What does the reader think of a man being requested by the captain to "preach according to the articles of war!" Such things have been. Perhaps the captain in question thought the lesson for the day personal, or the collect impertinent—or that it was d——d impudence in any chaplain to suppose that the captain of the ship could be a "miserable sinner."

Besides, such a chaplain is not unfrequently exposed to the sneers of that most contemptible of all blockheads—the fool who scoffs at a creed which he has never examined, and doctrines which he cannot understand. The bray of such an animal is the least melodious we know.

And how often do we find men who are always ready to fling the word "hypocrite" at all those whose lives are more decorous than their own? Against some such has our chaplain too often to contend; and too often the poor fellow has to retire to his little cabin after dinner, when the second bottle of port comes round, and proper self respect could not let him remain! And

if he tries to form a religious class among the boys, the boatswain looks askant at the attempt, and the master at arms cannot find them when they are wanted, and so on.

When he visits any man dangerously ill, to administer spiritual consolation, he comes into collision with the assistant surgeon, who forthwith comes roaring down to the berth with "curse that fellow Chancell—he's sent Smith into fits again!" And how is he, even if undisturbed, to awaken to understanding, faith, and hope, a poor fellow who, till the last hour, has scarcely heard of the lessons that were to have guided his existence, and which at last are listened to with an obtuseness of perception which his utmost patience cannot overcome? With all these difficulties has the good chaplain to struggle, and in circumstances in which triumph will bring him neither respect nor reward.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A PEEP AT "THE COAST"—CONCLUSION.

It is a proud thing for us in England to reflect on, that while we are spending the summer in London and the winter abroad or in the country, with music, theatres, flowers, and all that health can enjoy, a large number of the noblest and gallantest men in our navy are living in misery and perishing in feverish fire, in a hopeless attempt to put down a natural traffic in men whom it would require almost the sagacity of Buffon to distinguish from the baboon. Slavery is deplorable enough, God knows—but who can admire a crusade which, in pretending to do away with it, sacrifices hundreds of human lives, and in the long run only exaggerates its calamities. The time for canting, or sacrificing to cant, is gone by. You, Mr. Mawworm, may howl in London, if you please; but because your tender heart is touched (not to mention the snug little sum you net by your lectures), is that a reason why I should die on the coast of Africa? It is simply a question of demand and supply; and the squadron now cruising on the coast is just a practical protest against the principles of commerce, and might as well try to put down the trade winds.

Let us look at the state of the ships there. To

begin with, they labour under difficulties as regards provisions and water. In that deadly climate, the allowance of the latter is frequently only a pint per day; and one hears of an officer, tortured with thirst, going to the surgeon for a dose of salts—that being the only way to procure a liquid at all. Then there is not unfrequently a deficient supply of medicine on board. After a ship has been captured also, an officer and crew must be sent to take her to port for condemnation; and more slaves die under the hands of their protectors than would have done had they gone on to Brazil. We liberate them with a vengeance, for we free them from earth altogether—we close their sufferings in the peace of the grave. Every success we attain, of course stimulates the activity of those who conduct the trade, and increases the sufferings of their next batch of victims.

Our colony in Sierra Leone is a charnel. Catacombs are generally made for the dead; but we procure the dead for the catacombs. Disease floats in every whisper of the wind; and the echo of the sea's murmur on the beach is in the chamber of the grave. No prudence can escape. On the contrary, the "cannie" assistant surgeon from the north, who examines his tongue every morning, and carefully dries the perspiring brow and counts the flagging pulse—who regulates his diet and divides his sleep, goes off just like the scamp who drinks brandy and water as if he were in Iceland. A reckless indifference comes over men in that part of the world. They find it useless to try and juggle the destroyer, so they let him come, and find them at their wine.

But, supposing that a man bears a charmed life through all, and escapes the tomb to which he has seen

so many of his comrades go; he returns to England with the germ of insanity lurking in his brain. Sooner or later he suffers for his career of slavery suppression: life or health are *penalties* to be paid to nature for the trespass against her laws; and, let it be remembered, as the result of all the danger, pain, and toil, undergone by the crusaders against slavery, that it still remains as vigorous as ever. The statement of the fact would make a neat and appropriate epitaph for the grave stones in Sierra Leone.

Some years ago (when a slaver could not be seized unless slaves were actually on board), H. M. Brig Cowslip was out on the coast, taking her share of this glorious crusade. Captain Bibbin was a soft old gentleman, and the midshipmen used to play capital tricks upon him. The midshipman of the watch, when a vessel was reported, would look towards her with his glass, and say "a rakish looking craft!" and Bibbin used to look and say "yes; rakish—very!"—on which the midshipman (who knew Bibbin saw no vessel at all), would look again, and say "Ah, only an old palm oiler!" and Bibbin would duly echo "only an old palm oiler" in his turn, to the intense delight of the midshipman, who knew what the vessel was from the first, and had preconcerted the farce. One afternoon the Cowslip was lying in a bay, in which was an unmistakeable slaver; but they could not touch her, for she had no slaves on board. Her captain came on board the man of war, spoke to Bibbin, and said, rubbing his hands—"Well, captain, you can't touch me now. I shall weigh by and by, and then catch me if you can!

About two in the morning it was reported to Captain Bibbin that the stranger was under weigh; he weighed immediately, but the slaver had the start, and went

bang off to windward, with a slashing breeze. Just as the slaver found himself all safe, he hoisted a negro boy up to the peak of the vessel, a telling signal, about which there could be no mistake. He had kept his vessel between the Cowslip and the shore all night, and brought the slaves off in cargoes in his boats.

The above slight hints on this important and distressing subject, may probably attract the attention of those whom a blue book would repel by its bulk. It is a question of life and death to the British navy; of increased or diminished suffering to the African slave; of hundreds of thousands of pounds to the national exchequer. Nature sickens at the recital of the condition of the cargo of a slave ship, but every slight success of the squadron tends to make that condition worse; the activity of the speculators, backed by European gold, is on the increase; and, in the meanwhile, the hot earth of the tropics opens every year to receive the bones of the Englishmen who fall, unhonoured martyrs in this preposterous cause.

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And having produced this sketch, we close our portfolio. Much that we have produced has not been represented as very amiable or very admirable—but such as we have shown it, so we have seen it; and it is consoling to reflect, that the good is becoming better, and the bad good, from day to day. Why should those who tenant a part of our planet, so vast, so pure, so beautiful, as the ocean, be the least enlightened, least happy on its surface!—why should their condition be such as to call for the pity of the philosopher, and compel us to own the justice of the sneer of Dr.

Johnson? And here we may, with propriety, say a word of sorrow, in memory of one who has recently departed, who did much in his generation to better the lot of those to whom—

"Unda dehiscens
Terram inter fluctus aperit."

He served his country both with sword and pen; he was one of the few to whose lot it falls to win both the the laurels and the bays—none ever wore them more worthily than Captain Marryatt.

# MR. SNIGSBY'S YACHT.

## CHAPTER I.

Mr. Snigsby was a very respectable city man, who began life in a little office in a dark court near Shoreditch. He used to attend there every morning at nine; went out for a chop and to see the *Times* about one; and at six returned to his private residence at Hackney, in the omnibus. He had advertised in the papers on first arriving in London for a "quiet lodging—children and other lodgers objected to." This Malthusian and unsocial announcement met with prompt response; the Bibbs, of Hackney, offered him a childless and friendless asylum, where he could be thoroughly happy. In a twelvemonth's time the misguided man had married Miss Bibb (she was no child, you may be sure), and had got two of her country cousins for summer lodgers—paying no rent.

Mr. Snigsby went on increasing in worldly prosperity. He adorned Hackney with a villa, he took a larger and better office. He deserved his success by his excellent management, he was always punctual at his business for one thing,—then he regulated his purchases capitally; no man so quickly knew of a failure, or so

punctually attended the consequent "sale." Tabour Villa was excellently furnished from the ruin of gentlemen's establishments,—even the little cats and dogs on the drawing room mantelpiece were derived from the "smash" of one of his neighbours. There was really something sentimental in the contemplation of Mr. Snigsby's furniture: the bust of Homer had belonged to an artist; the French clock to a lady of the blood of Noailles. It was a romantic scene produced by the vulgarest agency—just as a fairy ring is made by the growth of mushrooms and toadstools, as we learn from the famous Woollaston.

Mr. Snigsby acquired as he advanced in life a certain sleek rotundity, which made him look as plump as a guinea pig. And he wore at his fob a bunch of seals which would have done for a minister of state.

Could one accurately trace the commercial rise of any single man, it would reveal a great deal that is more important than statistics. It would illustrate, not only commerce, but our whole social philosophy. For instance, we should learn politics from seeing him conform to established order; the nature of manners, by watching him from his conventional arrangements for living. Exactly as Mr. Snigsby rose in the world, he proceeded further west—just as the sun does. In due time he had got a family vault (which I have remarked to be an item in middle class ambition), a house in —— Square, and his—what?—his arms, on the hall chairs! Feudalism has a good deal of vitality in it yet; chivalry is not quite dead. One day that Snigsby returned home from the city, he found two figures—two antique knights—with their shields emblazoned, standing in the hall. The fact was, that Mrs. Snigsby had procured these from an ingenious

artist in bronze, who undertook to supply them on reasonable terms to the public at large. Mrs. Snigsby visited his shop, selected a pretty pattern, and ordered it to be sent home. The artist added some incomprehensible symbol "for difference" and sent in the bill.

By this time, Mr. Snigsby was an established man; he had his carriage, his "circle"—all that makes up life. Like all his class, he imitated, with Chinese fidelity, whatever he could learn, of the ways of "society." His dinners were modelled as orthodox dinner parties. He walked into church (and read the maker's name in his hat) with the decorum of a duke. His servants wore livery, and his opinions grew conservative; he subscribed to charitable societies, and wrote against mendicancy to the *Times*, in a letter signed "The Father of a Family."

The family consisted only of a son, now twenty, Mr. Alfred Snigsby. Alfred Snigsby was a young gentleman of that class to whom the word "town" is pretty synonymous with the word "universe." Everything with him was regulated by "the town." He took as much trouble to acquire slang as some do to acquire Greek. He belonged to a little clique, who gave each other dinners, and read aloud the last fight—as if it was a new poem. They dined together at hotels and went to the theatres—sneering at the sentimental parts of the play to show their acuteness; and bought with punctuality a little publication which strove monthly to write down Shakespeare.

Mr. Alfred Snigsby's favourite drama was "Don Cæsar de Bazan;" and his two favourite pieces of wisdom generally were that "plot was everything in a play,"—and that "every pewter ought to have a glass bottom." With these qualifications, Alfred was

a delightful companion; of his opinions generally, we may say, that of course such a great wise man had a profound contempt for "the people;"—thought Milton "dummy," and Addison "overrated;" while his favourite author was Brickles,—the gay Brickles, who is to comedy, what *Trip* is to *Charles Surface,* in Sheridan!

It was at a supper given on the occasion of the Chelsea Snob's utter defeat of Toodlem (an affair which ranked before Austerlitz in the opinion of Alfred's set), that Alfred met with a man destined to influence the house of Snigsby. This was a dark thick youth, with a striped shirt on, who early remarked with calm emphasis, that "*No square-rigged man could sail a fore-and-after.*" This statement at once attracted due attention. Who was this Columbus who came with the severity of a sea king and the gravity of a Solon—with anchors on his shirt, and an aphorism in his mouth? Alfred got into conversation with him. Mr. Blow was a member of the Gull Yacht Club. Mr. Blow was habitually "round the Nore," he was "fly" to everything on the river. The supper over, cigars were produced (Blow not insisting on pigtail), and the conversation took an entirely nautical turn. How the Peashooter won the cup, how the Lark carried away her gaff-topsail—all these facts Blow knew. Here was a new field for Alfred's exertions. He gave his card to Blow early in the evening, and parted, having asked him to dinner in the square. Indeed he asked Blow to come and take a bed there that very night (Joaker being about to "roost" there also, to use his own natural expression), but Blow declined; "he could sling his hammock anywhere," he said. The fact was, Blow did not care to face

anybody's family at breakfast, having a well grounded distrust of his matutinal looks. So he went off and slept (it being now near morning) at the Hummums.

As we know at once, that so and so sets up for fashionable life by his dress; as thin legged trowsers, a long waistcoat, and a "nobby" hat with a minimum of rim, suffice to stamp a sportsman; as the beard, the wild intellectuality, and the public mastication of an orange, note the eccentric artist—while a white choker and neat black denote that Grigg has been divinely inspired (and has the prospect of a living): as generally dress *makes* the man in public estimation, so Alfred Snigsby soon became a regular seafaring character. He and his acquaintances on the river looked like (harmless) buccaneers. They were now to be seen loitering about boat builders in jackets, smoking cigars, criticising the "run" of craft, and talking about Tomkins's cutter. They talked of the tide running up, and the tide running down, and high water, &c. And it was amusing how morbidly jealous these brave tars were of each other. Somehow, I have observed among the amateurs of all these pursuits a dark distrust of their own capacity, which is highly promising. Your sprouting cricketers are very shy of holding forth in the presence of one of the "Pig Green Eleven." Blow himself had never much to say of the absurdity of a "square rigged man trying to sail a fore and after" in the presence of my old friend Jack Splints, who had the Bustard when she was in the North Sea. On the other hand, it was a great spectacle to see Blow tackling a stranger who appeared unacquainted with marine life, and setting him right about a "barque" or a "snow," though it occasionally happened that he encountered some fellow just paid off from a three years' cruise in

the Pacific. In such a case as this last, Blow showed considerable tact; he would say, "Ah, I knew you from the first—there's no mistaking the salt water look about you. It was just a bit of my chaff." All which tended to raise Mr. Blow among his friends to the highest pinnacle of estimation. In fact, Blow was essentially what Mr. Thackeray calls "a man's man." He was thoroughly a London man—a man who knew all the second rate secret history of the day. The immense hold which this gives a middle-aged sturdy fellow with black whiskers, on the prurient minds of youths like Alfred Snigsby, is amusing. Blow, for instance, had that sort of information about the aristocracy which comes (filtered through, goodness knows where), to the *habitués* of cigar divans, lobbies of theatres, coffee rooms, and so forth. He knew exactly Jack Guffaw, the comic actor's relation to the old woman who plays the so and so at the so and so. He knew the office where Jack was a clerk before he played at all; what the famous writer was before he became famous—and what odd stories there were about the early life of the celebrity that everybody was now running after. Then he had an odd sort of immense miscellaneous information as to who had the —— Hotel before Blugg; what year Sprogg the murderer was hanged; how Nagg was done out of his patent for corkscrews by the fraudulency of a clerk, &c.; in a word, might almost have done the "answers to correspondents" in a weekly paper, *extempore*. Without anything respectable in the way of acquirements, Jack could yet pounce with much felicity on a popular misquotation—he delighted to catch a wandering line, and restore it to its proper author. He sometimes affected an accuracy in dates, and would artfully give the exact

day of a battle when an error was made on the matter in his presence. And in speaking of any of the professions, he admirably seized the slang of each, knowing the slang of all.

One day Alfred was calling on Mr. Blow, and learned from him that the yacht Paragon was for sale. This was a large schooner yacht, originally built for a languid gentleman, who designed to cruise for the benefit of his health. He had just worked out his constitution to the last, and proposed to try the efficacy of the southern air. He set out in a consumption, and the evening before he reached Madeira breathed his last in a whiff of Latakia. The yacht was peremptorily sold by his heir, and fell into the possession of a family who cruised for a year, and published "*A Yacht Voyage in* 18—" in two volumes. It next belonged to an amateur in warlike matters, who paid his crew extra for the privilege of flogging them. Unluckily one of them brought an action against its spirited proprietor; the contract was declared invalid, and Mr. Blockley gave up the yacht, and had a heavy sum to pay. Finally, the Paragon was exposed to sale once more, and lay off Greenwich waiting a purchaser.

Mr. Snigsby senior's first look at the cabin, when his wife and son persuaded him to consider the propriety of investing in the Paragon, was in itself a picture. The wild incredulity of his gaze at the sleeping place! The odd straddle into which he stept over the gangway! —Alfred was intensely ashamed of him.

"Look 'ere sir," said the little man in charge of her, "yer don't see accommodation like this every day. This is a boat, as is a boat."

So saying he stood by, expecting bursts of rapture. Mr. Snigsby paused panting.

"How nice everything is!" Alfred exclaimed. "The green silk curtains and all."

"You can get green silk curtains on shore," said his father, tartly.

"My dear sir—don't expose us all," whispered his dutiful son, in a low voice. Mrs. Snigsby (who adored her Alf) looked pensive.

"Call the boat to the side of the vessel," exclaimed Mr. Snigsby, when they went on deck again.

"Alongside—say alongside," whispered his son.

"I won't say alongside, sir. I say the side of the vessel. You are obtrusive, sir!"

The little man in charge jumped up and hailed the boat. Meanwhile, the cook's boy was looking up from the fore ladder, speculating on the probable new owners.

"Mr. Snigsby, the boat's ready, sir," said the little man, touching his hat. "I hope you like the look of her, sir," he added.

"A fine ship, certainly," said Mr. Snigsby.

"Schooner, Pa," whispered Alfred again.

"A fine ship," repeated Mr. Snigsby with emphasis. "I am unacquainted with nautical matters, never having given them my professed attention (the little man touched his hat), and what I don't know, I don't *pretend* to know."

He turned round, walked over the side with dignity, and the family were soon rowed on shore.

Mrs. Snigsby punished her husband for his misconduct by a plan which she seemed to have learnt from some work on Model Prisons—she resolutely maintained a silent system the whole of the afternoon. Mr. Snigsby under these circumstances went to sleep, and Alfred rising from dessert, stole very quietly down

stairs, and shutting the door below in the gentlest possible manner, launched into the streets.

It took some time to persuade Mr. Snigsby to buy the Paragon. Mrs. Snigsby grew very ill, and longed for the "balmy South." How she managed to persuade Snigsby that a change of climate was imperative, it would be difficult to say. That she coaxed the stout, good-natured man, is pretty clear—that she pulled his black whiskers playfully at lunch—a thing she had not done for ten years—is incredible. And then, they say, she whispered in his ear in a manner which made Snigsby grin, and grow very red; and it is a fact that that very morning the *Morning Post* had had a paragraph about a "happy, unexpected event" at Corfu—"the ancient house of De la Bayliffe not going to be extinct, as was feared." What Blow's tale on the subject was, I never exactly understood. Snigsby, however, went down into the City, and bought the Paragon that afternoon.

Of course, before leaving, the Snigsbys gave a grand dinner at Greenwich, held in one of those pleasant rooms overlooking the river, in the Coronet and Mitre Hotel. The company comprised the Fluffs, the family of Alderman Bloaker, Mr. and Mrs. Spread, &c., and one or two young gentlemen, who came in summer garments of the brightest hues. Blow was there, a picture of the ghastliest respectability, for the white neckcloth which he had assumed had made all his pimples stand out in fearful relief. He called Mrs. Bloaker "Ma'am" incessantly, and he sadly committed himself by discoursing on peas (unconsciously, in a marked manner) to a young lady, the scion of a greengrocer family. Alfred, meanwhile, was exchanging light airy observations with Miss Fluff, and quoting

smart things of his hero Brickles, the comic writer, to her. These were usually conundrums, fragments of parody, or jokes on the prevailing things of serious interest—the legislation, literature, and Church controversies of the day.

The gigantic strawberries were on the table—Blow's eye was resting with bloodshot tranquillity on the claret jug—and Mr. Bloaker, leaning back in his chair, felt (as he afterwards said) "as if a child was lying in his lap"—a sentimental way of illustrating satiety—when the rustling of the balcony curtain called attention to the state of the wind. The Paragon was lying below, all ready for sea. An outward bound ship, with all her sails set, was floating down past them. Mr. Snigsby's health had just been proposed, and he had pronounced it the happiest day of his life, excepting his marriage-day, he added, assenting to a correction from old Fluff's, which was received with immense laughter. The door opened.

"The yacht's master, please sir, said the waiter.

Mr. Snigsby had not seen the sailing-master yet; he had been engaged by Alfred. He felt considerably awed as a tall, burly fellow, with a green patch over his eye came in. The tall man made a bow, and involuntarily cast a look on a clean wine glass, and from sheer force of habit waited to be asked to take something to drink. Mr. Snigsby felt awed by that man. He felt that in a little while he should be at his mercy alone on the great deep!

"If we goes now, we 'as the tide," said the skipper—("thank ye, sir—the red," he said, assenting to Alfred's offered glass of wine—"which is always somethink. There's a niceish breeze up—."

The guests looked at each other, and rose, and there

was a little flurry at the table. The balcony curtains flapped, making the rings jingle again. Blow drank off a glass of claret,

"Well, Mrs. Snigsby," said old Fluff, "you are now about to leave these shores, which—"

"It's changed a couple of points," cried the skipper, looking out of the window sharply.

Mr. Fluff's speaking was cut short.

"We'll go," said Snigsby emphatically, having made up his mind to the worst.

The bill was paid; there was a tremendous scene of kissing and "Good bye, dear," between Mrs. Snigsby and the other females.

The party reached the boat. There was a final scene of parting at the steps.

"Alf—" whispered Blow at the last moment, "*do what Blobb tells you.*"

Splash went the oars. "What did your friend say?" whispered Snigsby to his son.

"Oh, nothing," said Alfred, hurriedly. He thought the eye of Blobb, the skipper, was on him, and felt uneasy. Mrs. Snigsby waved her white handkerchief to the people on shore again and again. She left off presently—poor lady, she wanted it!

It was just about sunset—a fine sunset looming over the smoky town, and burning like a peat fire. They jumped on board. In an instant, or what seemed so to Mr. Snigsby, the vessel was clothed in canvass, and moving along. And he heard the water raging in his ears—and there was a creaking noise all about him—and the solid and respectable shore of Greenwich floated away in a marvellous manner. The dark was creeping gradually over the river and the shore, and the sails looked whiter against it for a little. Mr. Blobb was

standing anxiously at the weather gangway, whistling and coaxing the wind, as you see some sailors do, and encouraging the yacht like a horse. Chirp, chirp, went the Paragon, and presently there was a lull, and the sails flapped. She was lying along the banks of the river, now becoming very broad ahead, and nearing a point.

Alfred approached the skipper. Blobb made a sort of motion to him, and he drew near him.

"Mr. Blow spoke to you—didn't he, sir?"

"Yes." Alfred felt uneasy.

"Just ask your father and mother to go below, sir."

Alfred moved aft for the purpose, wondering what was the matter. His parents were easily persuaded to seek the cabin. Soon after the schooner turned the point; she caught the wind, heeled over, and began to slash through the water in a savage manner. The bright swinging lamp flashed before Mr. Snigsby's eyes with a very vague glare; he felt his temples throb, and cursed the water-souchée! Alfred was grasping a brandy bottle, and armed with some of it in a small tumbler, went on deck. The schooner was pacing along in the last of the grey light. And there stood Mr. Blobb—the patch off his manly eye—a picture of heroic resolution.

Alfred cast his eye astern. He uttered a kind of wild exclamation as he saw—that the Paragon was chased! A boat—a green painted boat—with eight oars striking on the water every time like a sheaf of arrows—was after her.

"What is the matter—what is the matter?" asked Alfred wildly, reflecting on his short acquaintance with Mr. Blobb.

"Hush, sir! All right, sir. Four-fifty, and Mr.

Balaam's costs! Much the same thing when I sailed the Dream for Lord Blory. Whew—whew! Go it, Paragon! Four-fifty! Haul after the fore sheet a bit there!"

Alfred stood petrified for a minute. The Paragon was jumping like a wild cat. A splendid flash of spray broke across her bows, and hissed on to the deck. The next kick made Alfred lie down and groan. He heard Blobb's odd soliloquy going on beside him all the time.

"Gaining a yard in a hundred—how cussed well their lug draws, confound 'em. Ha—it's too fresh for your lee oars, my hearties, eh? Four-fifty, and Mr. Balaam's costs. *Will* that foretopmast stand? Whew! Four-fifty! This comes of starting a public. Go it, Paragon!"

Alfred lay there moaning. As for the cabin—there was no moaning from that now.

"Ready about!" cried Mr. Blobb. The head-sails flapped—forward shot the schooner. "Licked 'em, by ——!" exclaimed the skipper.

The darkness was on, and the chase abandoned. Next morning found the Paragon dodging on under easy sail in clear, beautiful weather.

"That vessel I presume to be the Admiral's private one?" said Mr. Snigsby, in his familiar, pompous way, having now recovered.

"That? Lord bless you sir," said the now cheerful Blobb—"that's the Nore Light!"

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## CHAPTER II.

Leaving the Paragon to proced on her way towards Gibraltar, where, I suppose, she found things going on as usual, young Horsetail, on guard at the Ragged Staff, occupied with a novel and a bottle of St. Julien, or sunning his little legs (the —th Highlanders were there in these days) on the battery, while Pligg, on guard at the New Mole, sallied forth of a morning into the market to get something for breakfast—we advance before her to Malta. The island was at this time in a very lively condition—the harbour full of ships—the hotels of visitors—and the drawing-rooms of anecdotes. A new commander in chief had just come out, and (as nobody knew him) seemed likely to be popular. His predecessor had been quite the contrary, for the worthy old gentleman was of a "serious" turn, and set an example of general gloom. In consequence of this, the road to promotion became of a hazy, sulphurous character. Aspirants bought pious books (on credit) and discouraged merriment in their messes. The admiral gave little dismal dinners to his friends, and had a gloomy *coterie* of his own; while another set, headed by Bilderton (who said that he was a "cheerful Christian,"—which version of the current phraseology of the "blue lights" was considered highly amusing), declared that the admiral did not want so much to save his soul,

as to save his table money. However, all this passed away when the old admiral went home; and was succeeded by another aged gentleman of a more cheerful character. Everything seemed to grow brighter. There was a new *buffo* engaged at the opera, who delighted the fashionable world, which, by the bye (as one always likes to secure the newest metaphors) is at Malta, a model of the great fashionable world—pretty well, on the same scale as Mr. Wyld's globe, now exhibiting in Leicester-square. Riding parties to Bosketto were not unfrequent, though poor Jack Buster, of the Peacock, having flung a stone at a chapel window, frightened his horse into running away with him, and got his leg broken against a *caléche*—at the express wish of a saint, the Maltese said. And a brilliant excitement was created by Jack Pellet's running away to Sicily with a singer—a kindred exploit which ended even more unfortunately. Altogether—when we add that the polka was now in its full glory—causing such a hubbub as had not been seen in the island since its bombardment by the Turks—we may be sure that our friends the Snigsbys could not have chosen a better season for their cruise. Just at this period, too, somebody, in a moment of inspiration, proposed a regatta.

The suggestion was received with enthusiasm on board the Dandy, a line of battle ship, all paint and primness, because their boats were "swell" boats, and would cut a great figure; on board the Bulwark line of battle ship, because, though their boats were very dirty, they were very fast (as by the by the worthy commander himself was); on board the Reculver, because the Reculver's gentlemen were two or three of them paying their addresses to young ladies on shore, whose favour, a triumph on their part in the race,

would much tend to induce; on board the Regina, because her barge was commanded by a lord. The proposal was besides, of course, welcomed by that large class of easy, dawdling gentlemen everywhere, who support anything that seems likely to lead to excitement and luncheons. Among these, for example, was Rivett of the Rifles, who lived within (twice) his income, as he used playfully to boast, and who bet largely on the first cutter of the Reculver, commanded by his cousin, a midshipman of that vessel.

Accordingly, exercising became the order of the day. That ponderous boat, the launch of the Intolerable, 120, went flying along one morning across the bows of the Lotos, 16, brig—the Honourable Commander De la Bayliffe—and carried away her flying jib-boom. *Horresco referens!* De la Bayliffe, who was pacing the stern gratings in his white kid gloves, ran forward in a towering rage, and hailing the launch in question, called the officer on board her "a d—d lubber," for which he had subsequently to apologise, at the suggestion of the admiral. This event so disturbed De la Bayliffe, that he had no appetite all that day, and it was not until he had twice reprimanded the first lieutenant, that he recovered his ordinary equanimity.

In the meantime, extraordinary operations were being performed on the boats that were going to run on the coming days. Most of the midshipmen who commanded cutters had them hauled up on shore, and polished with curious mixtures of egg and black lead, till they shone like Lieutenant Prindy's boots, or any other objects of unusual splendescence. Of course the making of flags for the boats fell to the lot of those fair ladies who encouraged the cavaliers. Gosling, of the Dandy, had a lion rampant, *or* on a flag *azure*, worked

by the fair hands of Miss Plum, the daughter of Captain Plum, who—though not usually one who danced with midshipmen, or showed them any extraordinary attention—made an exception in favour of a youth, whose father kept a pack of fox hounds (a fact industriously circulated by Fogg, of the same county). The flag of the Regina's barge was surmounted by a coronet, in honour of its commander, Lord Renter—who had by this time recovered from a conspiracy formed against him—at least, so he said—by his messmates in the Vulture. I give the story here, for the benefit of the next edition of the *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*. Renter had gone to visit a stalactite grotto in the Archipelago, and seeing a hole of curious formation, put his head through it, apparently for purposes of scientific observation. What were his feelings when he found that he could not draw it back again! His messmates, one regrets to say, made the carved old dark cavern ring with laughter; while Renter wildly cried, "The stalactite's growing; my head's swelling; take me away. My messmates want to murder me. Take me away!" His head was extracted somehow or other from this very awkward "fix." But who would stay in a vessel where such inhuman youngsters as these, who could laugh at *a noble* in such a plight, formed the mess? His lordship joined the Regina immediately, and was now almost always at Malta, one of the leading lights of a little clique of "swells," who got together and sneered at everybody else in the island on all possible occasions. If Renter's barge was a conspicuous object, equally conspicuous was the Honourable Riddle Roribel, who rather looked down upon the regatta in his capacity of *bel esprit*, and sneered pleasantly at "manly sports."

But now came the first day—devoted to man of war sailing boats. The course extended from Magazine Point round the Fair Way buoy. We must imagine the Point in question—usually exhibiting only a solitary sentry and a stray gull—now crowded by the "fashionable world." There crowds of bright groups, with parasols gleaming in the sun, were gathered together—captains of ships, looking anxiously at the launches of their own vessels, which were lazily swinging at the buoys in line, waiting for the signal. Bang goes a pistol. The launch of the Struldbrug—commanded by a quiet little mate whom nobody knew—slipped away like a leaf loosed from a tree, and catching the wind—glided ahead of everybody. The Regina's boat boggled at the buoy for a minute—then went too near the wind—shaking all over and losing way. Three or four of the heavier ones dawdled to leeward, the wind being light. Loud cries of "bravo Struldbrug!" from a youngster of that vessel on the point, and Captain Ricks, of the Regina, turns round and bids him "hold his d——d tongue," on which Toadyley, mate of the same vessel, shakes his fist at him. The wind springs up a little, and blows right out of the harbour. The Struldbrug's boat keeps the lead, with the wind on her quarter, and is loudly cheered by the ship's company of her vessel, as she passes Dockyard Creek. The wind freshens, and the Intolerable's boat, which requires a heavy breeze, gains fast on her. It is nearly time to round the buoy, and there is a slashing breeze to beat back against. The two leading boats come nearly in line of each other—the respective commanders saluting in a dignified manner. The Struldbrug's launch keeps away a little to round—shoots ahead of its rival by one yard—and

in a minute has hauled her wind, and is standing away on the starboard tack, with a reef in her mainsail.

"Hem—a cursed smart fellow, that Struldbrug's man," muttered Ricks, taking the telescope away from his eye, with a grunt. "Who is he?"

"Mr. Jones, sir. He was in the Lark in the West Indies with me," says a young "bung," touching his cap.

"Who is Jones?" inquires that wit Roribel, in his playful manner.

By this time it is getting awfully hot, and the popping of a champagne bottle is heard. At that warlike sound everybody's blood gets up, and everybody commences lunch.

Presently there was a roar of laughter as the Intolerable's boat ran right into the vessels in the Marina. And the victorious Struldbrug's, tacking ahead of her, shot inside the buoys—First! The cannon fired, and there was a loud cheer, as if the magazine had blown up.

The second day was devoted to amateurs. And then came the day for the man of war rowing boats. The rowing boats were to start in line from the Fair Way buoy, and pull to Magazine Point.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The jolly-boat race was just about to come off, and eight or ten little fat boats—each with a midshipman in the stern sheets—were laying on their oars waiting for the signal. This was to be given by little Jack Testy, of the Blunderbuss, who, hovering about in the second gig, was making desperate efforts that they should start fair.

"Regina's boat—keep back! Back your oars, sir, do you hear?

There was a loud splashing. The Struldbrug's jolly-boat, which was tossing about in the swell that broke on the rocks under Fort Ricasoli, was near going on shore: one regrets to say that one little Will Tilbury, who commanded her—got sea sick.

"Keep back—give our oars room, will you?" said the midshipman of the Regina's boat, to the youth who commanded that of the Intolerable.

"Oh you'll have plenty of room presently," said the latter mentioned boy with a magnificent air. His crew gave a triumphant laugh at the implied triumph. *He* was a notable boy—Mr. Herbert Flower—commonly known in the squadron by the name of the "Infant Phenomenon." Young as he was, he looked still younger, and owed his soubriquet to his extraordinary precocity. He was sent as a child in the Cowslip to the coast—came home from that station after eighteen months' extraordinary experience—and was now a midshipman in the Intolerable. I suppose it would sound harsh and prosy to say that he was precociously profligate; besides the term "juvenile depravity" is never applied to gentlemen's sons—it, of course, belongs of right to little half naked boys who get "privately whipped." Let us say simply, then, that Herbert Flower was a boy of the world, or a boy about town. He was just one of those little fellows who bet, play billiards, &c., &c.—the intellectual dwarfs of civilization—the Tom Thumbs of iniquity. One would fancy they would have toy cigars, toy billiard tables, and so on. But their bills show clearly that they patronise these objects of amusement on a higher scale!

The boats were just placed, when a schooner yacht was seen slowly rounding the harbour's mouth. Jack Testy's glass was upon her in an instant. "Ah!" Jack

exclaimed, "the Paragon." And then it suddenly flashed upon Jack that the Paragon belonged to Lord Belfrey. "He had known him—hem—he had seen him, at all events, at Napoli di Romania, two years ago."

The wind was extremely light; and the long sickly swell that broke—the result of the gale of the previous days—came heavily rolling in, in a particularly dreary way. To send a boat to the yacht, thought Jack Testy, would be an attention.

"Intolerable's boat!"

"What's the matter?" growled young Flower, *sotto voce.* "Sir," he answered.

"Come alongside us."

"Curse the fellow; ugly little beast," muttered Flower. "Back the starboard oars—give way—round your port oars, will you?"

Flower's boat left the line.

"Close up, there. Off!"

The oars plashed—away went the boats—the row-locks sounding, the gold laced caps nodding. Mr. Flower was in a state of the highest indignation.

"Mr. Flower, go on board that yacht; ask her where she comes from, and see if she wants anything," said the lieutenant.

"Then I hope, sir, you will report why my boat didn't start in the race."

"That's my affair, sir. Go where I tell you," said the astonished Testy.

"Give way," cried Flower, turning away with disgust, and steering towards our friend the Paragon. "The disgusting snob!" he kept muttering; "ill bred, confounded hound. Give way, will you, and row dry, or I'll see to you!"

The boat shot away towards the yacht. When she

reached her, she came alongside. Mr. Herbert Flower jumped on board, shaking his sword in an awful manner, and found there a stout, pompous gentleman, looking very languid, and melting very gradually; an ornamentally dressed matron sitting on a chair, with a parasol over her head—and a youth, who appeared to be doing the "yachting swell" with considerable energy—a happy compound of summer and snobbism, smoking a cigar.

Mrs. Snigsby's first impression was that this was a little foreign boy of eccentric appearance, come to ask custom for his proprietors. But Mr. Flower's manner soon undeceived her.

"What's your yacht's name, sir? Anything we can do for you?"

"The Paragon, sir; my name is Snigsby," said the old gentleman, rising.

"Come from England, I suppose. Well, you know, if I can do anything—Intolerable's boat—sent here by that lieutenant in the gig yonder. How long have you been from Gibraltar?"

It suddenly struck Mr. Snigsby, goodness knows why—perhaps he was in what Mrs. Snigsby used to call one of his "vestry moods"—that this visit of the forward Mr. Flowers was a tyrannical interference with a British citizen by armed force. Mr. Snigsby had subscribed something in his time towards the cause of peace; Mr. Snigsby had loudly cheered the noisiest preacher of tranquillity of the day. It all at once occurred to him that his own private yacht was here invaded by the boisterous member of a profession which all Shoreditch knew to be filled by oligarchs living on the people. (Herbert Flower's pay being, by the by, £30 a year.)

"I don't know, sir," said Mr. Snigsby with dignity, "that I am called on to answer that question."

"Oh, dear no!" exclaimed Mr. Flower, delighted at his manner; "not the ghost of a necessity—far from it. Fact is, you know, I was sent to ask you if you want any assistance. It's a matter of no importance."

Alfred was going to say something, but Mr. Snigsby checked him. This manner of Mr. Flower's was too patronising to be tolerated, he thought. So he just said—

"Then I presume your mission is completed?"

"I'm delighted to think so," said the youth, taking off his cap, and moving towards the gangway. Suddenly a smile of a very knowing character passed across his face—his knowing little blue eyes brightened up quite suddenly as he turned round again. He addressed himself this time to Alfred.

"Well—good morning. I don't know whether you're familiar with the harbour, but it's customary to report your arrival to that vessel there—"

He pointed as he spoke to a dusky brigantine, lying near the side of the harbour.

Alfred got up, bowing to Flower, who jumped into his boat, and was off directly. His crew saw him watching the Paragon as they pulled along, and chuckling to himself heartily every now and then.

Meanwhile, Alfred had the dingy lowered as the yacht drifted slowly in. His father suggested that they should call Mr. Blobb, at that time taking his *siesta*, and consult him.

By the bye, that worthy skipper always liked a *seehester*, he said, in that climate; and, indeed, ever since the yacht got into warm latitudes, Mr. Snigsby's bottled beer had been bursting in the hold in the

oddest manner (from the heat), just as the said *seehester*—preceded as it usually was by lunch—used to take place.

"He left word to be called just about this time, sir," said the man who was steering.

But Alfred had jumped into the dingy, together with a boy whom Blow had recommended to them, and pushed off, delighted to be the first to leave the yacht, delighted to have something of importance to do, on first arriving at Malta.

When he reached the brigantine in question, he found her—having apparently just arrived that morning—in great confusion. He immediately began scrambling up her side, when a brown head was thrust over, and begun chattering to him in an unintelligible manner. Then a big wolf dog came barking to the gangway, and an immense confusion was heard on board, and cries of "*Inglese—Santo*—something or other."

Quite startled, Mr. Alfred got into his boat again, and looked up at the vessel in a helpless manner.

"*Goes, Goes,*" shouted a black-looking fellow in a red fez, peering over the side. "*Goes, dam!*"

Alfred moved away, when there suddenly came round the bows of the strange brigantine, a green boat, very dexterously pulled, conveying a respectable looking Maltese in the stern sheets. The Maltese wore the oddest uniform Mr. Alfred Snigsby had ever yet seen—a naval-looking coat with a *yellow patch* on the collar.

"Ware you been, signor?" cried the ugly uniform. "Ware you been?"

Alfred now saw that *he was persecuted* (as he afterwards told his father), and pulled away in the dingy as hard as he could. The odd-looking Maltese followed,

hallooing to him loudly, particularly as he reached the yacht again. He jumped on deck, very flurried and frightened. The odd-looking Maltese lay too off the yacht, at once. The skipper, who had just come on deck, rubbed his eyes in a bewildered manner.

"Ware you from?" cried the Maltese.

"Gibraltar," answered Mr. Snigsby.

"Oh lord, sar," screamed the Maltese, turning to Alfred. "What for you go on board that brigantine? Why you touch her? Lord, sar—she from Alessander; *you hab quarantine for one-and-twenty day!*"

"Well—I'm d—d!" said Mr. Blobb, with deliberative emphasis.

Mr. Snigsby flung up his heels on the lid of the skylight, and sank into the most abject despair.

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## CHAPTER III.

Of course there was now nothing to do but to put up with circumstances. A quarantine functionary came on board, and hoisted the yellow flag at the yacht's mast head, which gave the vessel, to an inexperienced eye, rather a festive appearance; for a yellow flag—a bright, dazzling, flaming ornament, as gay as one of our homely English butterflies—is, if you only are ignorant of its symbolic meaning, rather prettier than most flags. And in this respect (if we may begin our chapter with a moral reflection), it typifies many things: Plumly's eloquence, Miss Delacour's prettiness, and Scrophell the novelist's romance, are all attractive objects, which, to the knowing eye, suggest pestilence and death. To drop the comparison, however (for I dislike preaching, and we novelists ought, like wine, to be unconsciously beneficial when the patient is only thinking what a good bin it comes from, and not, like medicine, professedly healing), the Paragon was in quarantine, and the Snigsbys in despair. Mr. Snigsby had at least the consolation of knowing that he was not to blame, and had never very heartily entered into the cruising project from the first; while his wife's bitterness was doubled from that very circumstance. She would have tolerated it fifty times as well, if she could only have had the luxury of blaming Snigsby in the matter.

Curiously enough, she never liked that worthy man so much as when he had committed some blunder, which pleased her vanity by making her reflect upon her superiority. One of his happiest weeks—the solid man—was spent many years before this time in rigid economy at Herne Bay, where he had blundered over a business transaction, and lost a large sum. She thought him all the better for his defects, as we admire the leopard for his spots.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Snigsby, "what do you propose to do?" This was asked with the sweetest complacency; for Mr. Snigsby was well aware that his wife had no possible suggestion to make.

"I think we must just stop on board—that's all," said his wife, with sharpness.

"Why that, my dear, seems pretty obvious. I am informed that in trespassing on shore when in quarantine, you are liable to be shot."

"I wish I was," ejaculated Alfred, gloomily.

Mr. Snigsby paced the deck with his hands in his pockets, jingling his loose cash, according to custom. The yacht was moored at a buoy not very far from the *Parlatorio*. That establishment will be long remembered by all who have been in quarantine in Malta. The tabooed human beings lean against a bar—a quarantine officer marches in the centre; on the other side mankind at large are permitted to hold converse with you. If you want refreshments, as of course you do, you pop the money into a a little tub of water held to you for the purpose. It was a great spectacle to see the Snigsbys lounging about there in the mornings, or playing quoits in the quarantine ground. To be sure it was preposterously hot—but at it father and son regularly went, while Mrs. Snigsby stood by and watched them.

Meanwhile, Mr. Blobb the skipper's frame of mind was something which induced him to compare himself —and surely he knew best—to "a bear with a sore head." This is a favourite illustration among nautical men. He slept a good deal, and also swore a little, and continually complained of the heat. No wonder—Mr. Snigsby's bottled stout kept bursting faster than ever from that very cause. It happened as might have been expected, about the hottest time of the day, and, as has previously been hinted, usually about the hour of Blobb's lunch; Mr. Snigsby had his misgivings, but he was considerably in awe of the skipper. That awe had gradually increased during the voyage, for Mr. Blobb, having very soon discovered that they "was not regular swells," had taken measures for making himself of immense importance on board. He was an old yachtsman, and had sailed under most specimens of the yachting tribe—in the Sylph, for instance, with a sturdy old yachting dowager, who was a better sailor than many post captains—who would ring her bell in the night to know why the gaff-topsail was not taken off her (the yacht I mean), and who made Blobb pay for the spars he lost. His cruise with *that* "old *woman* of the sea" (who would have made a good wife for the famous persecutor of Sindbad), dwelt in his memory long. She was the widow of Admiral Slumton, K.K.B., and had lived many a year on board her Majesty's ships and vessels of wâr, pleasantly enjoying the cream of naval life on the various stations where Slumton had held commands. Blobb suffered terribly on board her vessel, and finally had a desperate quarrel with her—having unhappily lost overboard her wig, which she had sent on deck to be dressed by her very ugly domestic. Then he sailed the Whelp for a young

gentleman who took it into his head to take all the charge on himself, and superseded Blobb—till they were caught in the Gulf of Lyons by a tremendous gale, and the young gentleman was found on his knees in among his patent leather boots. Accordingly, he was a regular old stager; and often when the Snigsbys sat down to a more delicate fowl than usual, the villain would *set the big jib*, as he expressed it, with motives so disgraceful that I decline to expatiate on them. A pretty thing, indeed! fowls to dinner to a person in his station of life! Such was the reflection of Mrs. Snigsby to her husband one day after Blobb had requested permission to kill a couple of chickens. For of course the Snigsbys now felt inclined to look down on the "lower orders." Everybody who rises in this country cuts and snubs the class he came from. We are all apparently becoming "higher orders" together, so that by and bye, society will be like the giant's castle, built on the top of a bean stalk—a structure that must, of course, get more shaky the loftier and more pretentious it becomes.

Well, days wore on, and the quarantine people gave the yacht some grace, and allowed them to haul down the yellow flag before the time. The fact was, this was suggested to the authorities by little Grigg, the busybody of the island, who discovered with considerable tact that the Snigsbys were people with money, and took care to be introduced, and to let them know to whose interference they owed their premature escape. The family now established themselves in very nice rooms in the Strada Reale—that imposing street where the pavement looks so white and hot in the summer—where the Maltese girls go tripping along with their mantillas flowing—and his Excellency the Cardinal

rolls by in a hideously ugly carriage—and military men saunter, and naval men walk, and Turks stroll, and priests glide monotonously in a pace different from all. Malta is the great olla podrida of mankind. All varieties of races get mixed in that dish. Some ingenuity would be required to determine the proportions of the social mess; but the English mercantile classes represent the beef—wandering artists the more tender and luxuriant fowl—naval and military men the game (a *little* high, sometimes)—the natives the malodorous garlic—and Jesuits the titillating pepper! On the whole it is an agreeable compound—if your appetite is vigorous.

The Snigsbys, I say, perched themselves comfortably in Strada Reale, and there they looked round about, and then at each other in an inquiring way. They were now abroad, there could be no doubt of that, and—why now they must begin to enjoy it. But the first stare some English people give under these simple circumstances is odd enough; they seem to peer round with a sort of idea that they ought to be somehow or other inspired. There is a disagreeable air of "Is this all?" about them, made still more ludicrous by their assumption of a contrary style of language. How often must we preach the *cœlum non animum?* My dear Mr. Snigsby, how could you expect to be touched by the tombs of the Knights of St. John's, when nothing but your pocket (on the demand of sixpence) was ever touched by the tombs in your own Westminster Abbey? However, they began at all events to get into "society" in time. For to begin with, they secured the good graces of the little fat pompous parson of St. Kilderkin. The card of the Reverend Mr. Fatton was sent up one morning, and the reverend gentleman himself followed

it, bowed, took a chair, crossed his legs, and holding his hat on his knees, kept himself with one eye on Mr. and one on Mrs. Snigsby, so as to secure both—while "my son, sir," Alfred, sat uneasily on the sofa, fumbling the "Racing Calendar." Mr. Fatton's business was ushered in by a "hem," and "doubtless Mr. Snigsby was acquainted with the depressed state of the Protestant Church in the island?" Our friend had certainly never become acquainted with anything of the sort; and glancing with the eye of a man of business at the prosperous appearance of Mr. Fatton, could not at first imagine the possibility of it. But he felt he was very likely to expose his ignorance if he demurred, so he bowed blandly, and rubbed his hands with an air of acquiescence. Mr. Fatton bowed also, and went on to talk of the "abomination of desolation," and the machinations of the Jesuits—and, in fact, the subscription list for the new Protestant Church of Malta, now being built on the "Rock of Ages," as he expressed it, and at a considerable expense. (Indeed, Malta had recently been blessed with a bishop who had been received with manned yards, and a salute—with considerably more honour indeed than St. Paul was in the same island.) Mr. Snigsby heard the orator with attention, glanced at his wife, went to his desk and subscribed with munificence. Mr. Fatton was charmed, begged to make Mr. and Mrs. Snigsby acquainted with some of his friends. Cards dropped in, and the Snigsbys went out a good deal, and attended the fashionable movements; saw the sailors landed to drill in the mornings, which was a freak of the new admiral's, which gave a few gentlemen in the squadron an opportunity of galloping about like dragoons; attended Florian gardens, and "stopped the way" at the

opera in the evening. Then, there were quiet solid dinners at which Mr. Snigsby chatted over the currency with mercantile men, the reduction of the dollar, the rise of the dollar, and so forth—for Malta is a miniature England in business as in pleasure—has its own currency, and gets into commercial convulsions about twopence. So the Snigsbæan existence went on very pleasantly for a while, scarcely jarred even by the singular conduct of a private in the Tralee Raffs, who being comfortably drunk, and seeing Mr. Snigsby's door open, tumbled up stairs unperceived, and coolly turned into bed in the connubial chamber. That misguided man was discovered by the astonished Mr. Snigsby, in the evening, and subsequently duly punished.

One regrets to reflect, however, that all this time Mr. Alfred Snigsby was finding things very "slow." How could he be expected to relish the discussions on the currency—a word which simply suggested laughter to a disciple of the school of Brickles. He had come out to the Mediterranean with the feeling of those who, as *Punch* said the other day, think "the Mediterranean is not to be made a French lake—its proper vocation being that of an English pond." He thought all enthusiasm about antiquities, and so forth, humbug. Indeed Brickles, his idol, had travelled, and published a work, pooh-poohing the Pyramids, and snubbing the Acropolis, and conveying much such a notion of the East as one would be likely to get of the North, from an alert inmate of that department of the Zoological Gardens where the Simiæ dwell. Alfred had, accordingly no sympathy with anything but such amusement as the island could afford to a man of London tastes; and all such people must have re-

marked how miserably inferior foreigners are to us in civilization. You may range Constantinople or Smyrna for nights, without ever finding a place where you can get a chop and hear a comic song; at Athens, a friend of mine "out on the loose" at night, was nearly eaten alive by the dogs that howl dismally there. It was melancholy to see Alfred "mooning," as he called it, about the streets in the forenoon, sometimes peering in at the churches, and then slinking away "bored"—afraid to go home, lest Mr. Fatton should be prosing there, and sick of the yacht, which was lying looking trim and empty, near the Dockyard Creek. Blobb's conversation (even had Mrs. Snigsby not warned her son against being too familiar *with his inferiors,* was somewhat monotonous, and Blobb now usually spent great part of the day in playing skittles at a homely pastoral public house called the "Shepherd and Shepherdess," on the Burmola side of the harbour. Alfred, in a word, was hipped.

But fortune had something in store for the youth—an excitement for that noble heart and brain. One morning he had just "tooled" (the reader must pardon one or more of his expressions) out to saunter as usual, when he saw in the distance a lady, at the sight of whom he involuntarily plucked up his collar, and thought of his studs. She was, as regarded looks, apparently too dark for an English woman, and too light for a Southern; she walked with an easy, perfectly self-possessed manner, looking in at the shop windows every now and then. Mr. Alfred involuntarily exclaimed to himself (for there is such a process, though I agree with Theodore Hook in thinking "mentally ejaculated" ridiculous), "What a stunner!" He carelessly crossed the street, and strutted after her.

She paused at a shop—Alfred paused. She glanced towards him, and met his eye. Hers was a clear straight look, not likely to be startled by the amount of expression which nature had bestowed upon Alfred's; but he thought he saw something encouraging in it. Accordingly, he followed her once more, saw her turn down one of the streets leading from Strada Reale in the direction of the Quarantine Harbour, and enter a house. We may be sure he booked the number. I suppose all men have experienced what a relief anything in the shape of an attachment is, if one is at one's wit's end for something to do; really it is quite a luxury, if one has nothing to think about—but Alfred in this case was transported. Here was a chance for him at last. He felt that he might do something now really "fast." Should she only be the new singer expected at the opera! Your gentlemen of the Brickles and Alfred Snigsby school, we may remark, have always the most extraordinary interest in theatrical women in preference to others. They are moths that will hover round the foot-lights. This is vice doubtless; but it is a pitiable vice that has a dash of snobbery in it. A few names that disgrace the aristocracy, are associated with a few names that disgrace the stage. Now, Brickles and Co., like *Trip* in the *School for Scandal*, their type—must imitate their superiors' vice. Hence their follies, and their intrigues. Our friend Alfred, for instance, when in London, whould have made as much hubbub about a little pug-nosed girl—in the Covent-garden *ballet*—as if she had been a Fontanges. But to return. He loitered about the house in the Strada Sotta, glancing at the windows—saw the lady appear at one—looked up—met her look again. There were no signs of anybody

else about the establishment. It was a dull, quiet street, a long narrow one, at the end of which the water gleamed in a patch, as if seen through a telescope. He moved away presently, and went home, where he was sadly *distrait* during dinner-time. His father essayed to brighten him up, by asking him what curiosities of the island he had yet visited—for Mr. Snigsby, though sadly bored by "interesting" remains, faithfully visited them, and Mrs. Snigsby went further, and earnestly tried to like them, though both of them affected an edifying indifference to the splendours of the "idolatrous" churches. Alfred had little to say. That same evening he sought the enchanted street again; the lady was seated at the same window, which was half open, to let in the cool air during that delicious Mediterranean hour when the weight of the heat being lifted off the earth, all the freshness and sweetness rise up everywhere, like perfume from a vase of rose leaves when the lid is removed. Alfred sauntered past, mildly humming an operatic reminiscence. The figure moved—and what was his delight when he heard a piano, and a rich brilliant voice begin!

Days passed, and to the best of Alfred's belief he was a favoured man. At last it struck him that he would make an experiment which, if successful, would rank him among the most accomplished men of his school. The magic window was open, apparently, *so* late; it was not *very* high. Other figures than that of the beauty, he had never seen there. The street was silence itself. What a fine thing it would be to scale the window by a ladder! He had seen Miss Deloraine (*née* Snogg) do it, in blue silk trousers and a doublet, in Brickles' burlesque of *Jonah's Gourd; or, Cut and*

*Come Again.* It would be tedious to narrate all his musings on this project. He made up his mind to try it—and having by a judicious use of cash procured two faithful Maltese, who were to bring a ladder at eleven, P.M., or so, to the neighbouring corner, he fixed his evening and awaited the hour. About nine he rose from the sofa, where he had been affecting to doze after dinner.

"Where are you going, Alf?" said his mamma.

"Just for a walk in the cool. It is too hot here. Good night."

He gained the street, and marched along—just a little cold about the heart, as if there was an ice poultice there, drawing the "pluck" away from it. It was not his time yet (but how could he have gone out with propriety much later?) and so he turned into a *café*. In the billiard room there, a company of seedy, bearded individuals were playing the Russian game. He sat on the benches at the side drinking negus and watching them; there was a novelty in the colour of the balls and the mode of play which interested him; and then, you know, to be up to the Russian game would look very well, by and by at Pott's billiard-rooms, in the Strand. He finished the negus; he took some brandy and water; he began to feel rather like a Lovelace, and to be somewhat proud of his meditated exploit. He sallied forth—though to be sure he had a little qualm, partly fear, partly something else, as having to pass the family lodgings, he saw a light in his mother's bedroom, where I suppose Mrs. Snigsby was putting on her nightcap before the looking glass. This emotion, however, was very temporary. On he went. He passed one *café*, just closing, and could not resist a final little dose of brandy. At last he was in

the street. The window was open; there was a faint light in the room. He found his ladder in its place. He thought for an instance of everything that had encouraged him to his resolution, and slowly moved the instrument—a decently light one—from the ground. At the very first start he nearly ran it through a parlour window, but he moved with more caution. A moment, and it was in its destined place. His foot was on the lowest round.

At this moment, who should arrive at the end of the street, but our friend the "infant phenomenon," Mr. Herbert Flower, of the Intolerable! He was accompanied by an acquaintance, Velourby, of the Bustard. These two young gentlemen, after having been riding out all the afternoon, had been dining at the Clarendon, had played billiards, and supped on quails, and were now open to any amusement that anybody might have to offer them. Flower's eye caught the ladder in an instant.

"I say, Velourby, look there! Stop a minute, the fellow's getting up. Let us stick at the corner and watch!"

Alfred mounted—his long legs looked ludicrous enough—and commenced the ascent. When he reached the window, there was nobody in the room. He felt very like a burglar. However, he quietly got in. There was a small lamp burning on the table, and near it lay a sheet of music.

But by this time Mr. Flower had reached the spot. "Gad," he said to Velourby, "here's a lark."

"Let's take away the ladder," said Velourby, "and he won't be able to get down again."

Flower laughed, but the ladder looked quite tempting, and he immediately began ascending it himself.

Mr. Alfred's astonishment was immense when his head appeared at the open window. Open flew the door, however, and in rushed a stout old gentleman armed with a large stick, and followed by two or three servants. Alfred involuntarily assumed the attitude of the Chelsea Snob. The old gentleman flew towards the window, catching Mr. Flower just within a step or two of the top.

"Good evening, sir," said Mr. Flower, taking off his hat with immense coolness. "You seem to keep open house!"

Two servants rushed at Alfred, who gave the first of them what he subsequently termed "a mouse under the left eye." The stick wildly flourished over the "Phenomenon," he ran down two steps, turned inside the ladder, and came down "hand over hand." The police were beginning to assemble, and the "phenomenon" and his friend disappeared. But Mr. Alfred, after prodigies of valour, was taken prisoner, and locked up.

"His mother looked from her lattice high."

in vain for him the next morning, but Mr. Snigsby was summoned by a forlorn note to the court, and purchased the youth's freedom on payment of a fine.

Mrs. Snigsby did not quite understand the affair. "Fun is fun, my dear boy," said the excellent woman, "but what did you expect to find in the house?"

Alfred looked foolish. Mr. Snigsby pulled up his neckcloth with a significant "hem." "My dear," he said, "let us be very glad the affair is settled as it is."

"Yes, but it seems so odd, such a strange kind of whim—"

"My dear, said Mr. Snigsby, "your innocent mind—"

Mrs. Snigsby felt there was patronage in the tone o the observation. "Innocent! Mr. Snigsby; I don't know that I'm more innocent than my neighbours, and—"

Her husband gave a hearty city laugh. "Neither, madam, is your son and heir!" And Snigsby, for once, had the best of it.

## CHAPTER IV.

Alfred, in his agitation, had not recognised Herbert Flower as the young gentleman to whose hoax the yacht owed her quarantine. Herbert Flower had recognised *him* however, for that officer was not likely to be disturbed in his vision by circumstances of danger. In fact he was a fellow of great pluck, and had distinguished himself on the coast, from no wish to distinguish himself to be sure, but there was a sort of excitement about capturing slavers, which he rather liked. When he returned, he had taken lodgings in London, drawn his prize money, and started a brougham, It is supposed that he meant to go down to the parental abode in the country by and bye, but his father visited London in the interim, and found out his whereabouts in the oddest manner. The old gentleman was returning to his hotel from the theatre, when he passed through a street, apparently in a high state of animation. A building flaring with lamps, and from which the wild clamour of a polka resounded, was the focus of attraction. Among many cabs was a small row of broughams, with their drivers nodding on the boxes, and one old yellow family carriage, which some youth had disgracefully brought while the family were out of town, and which stood there a forlorn protest of respectability against the surrounding scene. Mr. Flower was some-

what hustled, and almost pushed against the broughams, when his eye caught, on decidedly the newest of them, a well known symbol. He gazed on the panels and saw, nothing more nor less than a shield, *argent, semée* of roses *barbed* and *seeded, ppr*: crest, a lion, *sejant*, holding in its mouth a *fleur-de-lis*, motto, *Redolet, ut solet.* Mr. Flower well knew that no one dared assume that brilliant coat but a Flower of Flory. He woke the coachman, who answered to his question, that his master's name was Mr. Herbert Flower. The youth appeared shortly afterwards, delighted to see him, of course, and next day was taken down to the country in triumph. Mr. Flower has since learned that the place was called the *Casino*, but has not yet been able to find the word in any dictionary. Is it generally known, I wonder?

A few days after Alfred's adventure in Strada Sotta, he was strutting out, keeping very clear of the scene of the ladder feat, when he entered a billiard room. The usual party were playing pool there; the Italian count with the white beard, that fine old man, with a bevy of youngsters round him (a scene which my friend Fontenoy used to say could be excellently described by one line from *Don Juan*:

"A band of children round an aged ram!")

a mate or two, and Ludder of the marines. Poor Ludder! To be without fortune, and to be unable to to live without luxuries—to make billiards help one's poverty, and games *of amusement* pay one's washer-woman—to be sneered at by men who never note any want in a man but a want of money—to have a dubious civility from the very marker, who has heard the

whispers of the smokers, and esteems the poor gentleman, who plays so well, as little better than himself!—what a destiny yours was! There are no tragedies like those of civilisation; no lot so bitter as to have to make both ends meet, by helping them with a little bit of the heartstrings.

There Ludder was, as usual, with his pale half-anxious face, as Alfred came in, just resting his cue. Click. A "life" is gone. Jenner bites his lips; he had lost several successive games.

"Oh, I can't do anything," he muttered, looking sulky.

"Why play, then?" said Ludder, quietly.

"Why do you?" said Jenner, with a sneer.

Ludder looked up for a moment, but his face was calm; he chalked his cue, and hummed. The markers exchanged glances—the game went on quietly. Both Alfred and Herbert Flower, who was sitting on the side sofa, watching the tables, with a cigar in his mouth, looked up at the same moment. Their eyes met; Alfred began to recognise him slowly, but Flower had heard rumours of the Snigsbæan hospitality. He went over to Alfred at once, and said:—

"I made a sad mistake t'other day about the brigantine! Hem—you see, these brigantines are the devil!"

Alfred had all a "knowing" man's misgivings that he was being humbugged, but there was a goodnatured look in Flower's face, and Flower was a naval man, and Alfred wanted to know naval men and military men; Brickles himself had a turn that way, and sang funny songs, and told anecdotes at the guards' mess, and took a vacant seat in a drag, when they asked him, &c.—so he accepted Herbert's overtures with civility, and Herbert took him off to Joe Micallef's to supper,

and introduced him as "my friend Snigsby," to a few other luminaries.

There they sat and "chaffed" the fat and jovial Joe, made him cook some quails, and soon got very friendly. Alfred asked three of them to dinner, and they came very punctually indeed, and were very splendidly entertained. Mr. Snigsby even apologised for his uncourteousness on the occasion of Mr. Flower's official visit, and Flower begged him not to mention it—with perfect sincerity, for the fact was, he dreaded bursting into a roar of laughter at the thought of his subsequent exploit, which had raised him amongst the youngsters of the squadron to the highest point of popularity.

All this was very agreeable. Alfred came on board the Intolerable very frequently. They used to retire after dinner to the bow port on the main deck, and smoke there. One evening, a thought struck Alfred—Would they come and breakfast with him next morning on board the Paragon? Of course they would — of course. Nothing could be more agreeable, if old —— would give leave. "Old —— has been sulky," a midshipman remarks; "fact is, we don't come up to see the hammocks stowed, you know." "What kind of a man is old ——?" Alfred asks. "Oh! an old muff." "Is he anything of a sailor?" asks Alfred, looking nautical. "Why—hem! he may be something of a sailor it's true," says Flower, lazily assenting to what he considered an unimportant merit. "However, old —— must be asked for leave, sailor or no sailor." "You must put up with these things if you stay in the profession," says Jigger, philosophically. They make up their minds to ask him at once, for he is just at dessert now, and to use his own favourite expression, "a child might play with him now!" Lo! off goes Flower to

the ward room, steals alongside the said old ——, and asks him, just as he has taken a sip of his favourite wine—for Flower is an artist in these matters—manages a commander as Wombwell would a bear. Out he comes again, looking joyous. Old —— is not such a bad fellow after all. "That's it! you see," adds Jigger, "he's not without his good points, Snigsby, mind you." And they arranged to meet next morning.

Morning came. Flower and Jigger had vanished early, for old——might be bilious and repent. "Too knowing to risk that, you see," says Jigger. Alfred felt a justifiable pride as he showed them into the main cabin, with splendid furniture and hangings everywhere, breakfast laid out, game, fruit, wine, &c., on a table radiant with silver and china. "These people do it," thought Flower, and Flower wondered mentally, "what things were coming to." Flory itself was a little seedy nowadays, and his second sister had married somebody for money—somebody, alas! who had been obliged to get a grant of arms at old Flower's request, or she could not have transmitted their twenty-four quarterings to her children, in case Herbert (who was the only son) left his sisters, co-heiresses of the name. Whereas— but, "Coffee or tea, Flower?" broke the moment's reverie. I don't say Flower was envious of the wealthy broker—I say that he had had an English education, and thought accordingly.

But a case of preserved grouse had been ripped with the sharp steel in a moment; in another, Jigger had helped everybody to Moselle, as an excuse for beginning himself, and the party began to get jolly.

"Call Blobb!" said Flower. Blobb came. Flower poured out a glass of wine for him. The tall skipper said, "my respects," as his custom was, and drank it.

"And now," said Flower, slapping Alfred on the back, "let's run outside the harbour for an hour."

Alfred hesitated. Blobb looked at him inquiringly.

"There's a goodish breeze," said Blobb. "I should let these gentlemen see what the Paragon can do, sir—(Alfred knew one thing, that the Paragon could do for him in rough weather only too well)—When I sailed the Dream for Lord Blory."

"She won the cup," said Flower.

"So she did, sir. Do you remember that? That was a wessel! Well, shall I weigh, sir?"

"I'll bet you the Lotos would lick you all to fits," said Jigger, to stimulate affairs.

"We'll show them, eh, Blobb?" said Alfred, with desperate gaiety. "Get up the anchor." He felt that he was in for it—now or never must Alfred Snigsby be a nautical man. "Try a *paté!*" he said, with a magnificent air, and he further dived into the recesses of the yacht's resources by producing some curaçoa. If Herbert Flower had a weakness (and it must be admitted he had a few), his peculiar weakness was curaçoa. They pledged each other with all conceivable jollity; Flower had lighted a cigar, Jigger was just attempting one more slice of melon, when the yacht heeled—a plate on the edge of the table, all white and gold, shot off, spun like a catherine wheel, and died out into sparkles of China dust on the deck. In rushed the servant to clear the table.

"Come on deck," said Flower.

A goodish breeze! It was a stiff breeze Blobb! The yacht paid off, and swept away towards the harbour's mouth. The red fair-way buoy bobbed ahead in the distance like a cherry one moment, the next they were flying past it. The island seemed sinking

into the sea as they shot away from it, gathering itself up with its forts and spires and its white stony rocks, before settling into the deep green waters. Every now and then the shadow of a huge cloud swept over the sea, which seemed to shrink under it as it hurried along.

"Well, how do you like her," said Alfred.

"Oh, capital!" said Flower. He began walking about the deck with the old "Cowslip" air.

"How do you feel?" said Jigger, suddenly.

"Let's go back!" muttered Alfred, making for the cabin.

"My dear fellow!" said Flower, "stuff! Now do what I tell you;" and he and Jigger seized their host, and led him in an attentive manner to the side. "Boy, some brandy."

Alfred had one wild glance at the heaving, pitiless sea to leeward, and to the long line of thin foam beneath him. Flower's hand was on his forehead. There was a pause, and Jigger came with the cognac.

"Now, old boy—there! off with it!" said Jigger.

"That's a man!" said Flower, patting him. "Never give in to this kind of thing."

Alfred was better. He took a little more brandy He stuck to the deck. The yacht was still jumping about, and it was getting darker over head.

"We'll make a sailor of you, old fellow!" said Jigger. "Now, do you know how to put her about man-of-war fashion? Ready about?"

Mr. Blobb came running aft. "What's the matter, sir?"

"You're the proprietor, you know," whispered Flower to Alfred, "you put her about yourself."

"I'll put her about, Blobb," said Alfred.

"As you please, sir," said Blobb, quietly. There was a calm satire about that man's manner which Alfred stood in dread of. "Mr. Blobb," he said, "take some brandy?"

"Thank you, sir, I ain't sick."

"Go forward, sir!" said Alfred, majestically.

"Now, then, 'ready, oh! ready,' cry," said Flower.

"Ready, oh! ready!" cried Alfred, to the inexpressible delight of the cook's boy, who was watching the proceedings from the bows.

"Helm down," said Jigger. Down flew the helm, and round came the shivering schooner, flapping in the wind; over glided the boom. Really, Alfred thought, it was the easiest thing imaginable. Accordingly—lunch—more brandy!

By this time, Malta was lying far away; the wind kept still rising. Blobb came and reported that the "glass was falling." Oh, they would stand on a little longer, and Alfred was going to tack her again. This time he cried out "Ready, all ready!" in a voice that would have done for a three decker. Everything went right—except—whew! a squall came, and carried away the topmast!

"Mr. Blobb!" Alfred cried out, with a pitiable yell.

"Hush, man," said Flower, laughing, "it's no great matter!" Blobb came forward, and set the men to work to clear the wreck, which was struggling in a mass of confusion. Flower bounded down to the cabin for a moment, and came up again, looking a little graver. He then went and looked at the compass, and to windward, and towards Malta, now a cloud almost—Alfred's eyes all the time watching him with eagerness.

"Well?" said Alfred, a little pale.

"Why, it's coming on to blow," Flower said.

"Coming on! Don't you call this blowing?"

Flower gave a little laugh—light, but ominous—like a funeral note on a silver handbell.

"Look at these clouds, my boy; we call them horse tails." And he glanced upwards at a group of long black strips of clouds flying across the sky. "The fact is, we are in for a gale, and we shan't get back to-night."

The yacht was too far to leeward to get back in her disabled state, indeed; and Mr. Alfred had to watch the process of her being made "all snug." Snug, indeed! Never did word appear to him such a misnomer as that.

And then he lay on the cabin lockers, looking out on the place with ghastly eyes, tossed about till he scarcely knew whether his head belonged to him. He saw as in a vision Flower descend and huddle himself up in the corner, with a cold chicken and a crust; and then Jigger came down in his turn, and overhead there was an eternal rattling of ropes—and a long night of dreams followed, till suddenly he woke, and found everything very still. In the grey light of the morning he saw Flower and Jigger asleep on the cabin floor, like the babes in the wood, heaped over with cloaks. He went on deck; the yacht was at anchor in harbour, but not the harbour of Malta. To the right lay a quaint old town, which seemed to sprawl along the coast, and end on a narrow neck of rocks. A long, low shore spread far away to the left, vague and marshy, with patches of water gleaming here and there, like fragments of a broken mirror, on the flats. The herbage was of watery origin; green flags were grouped together near the shore. But the distance showed a fine pastoral country, and the trees near the town were mulberry

trees. It was Sicily, the idyl of the world. The yacht was in the harbour of Syracuse.

It was the nature of Herbert Flower to accommodate himself to circumstances. Circumstances having driven the yacht into Syracuse, kept himself and Mr. Jigger away from their leave, and Alfred Snigsby away from his family—why, what was to be done? Clearly, to make the most of the occasion, and see all that was to be seen in the town.

Behold the three young gentlemen, then, mounted on mules, and trotting away into the country—ambling, I should say—for ambling is the mule's true pace. The mule is a classical animal, an ecclesiastical animal, a literary animal; he remindeth you of the ancients, of the Jesuits, of Cervantes. Lightly fall the cudgel on the beast which ambles through the pages of Don Quixote!

Away they amble, and now they reach, passing through light groves of pale green trees, on a road where here and there the country *café* offers hard red wine—a kind of glen. There has been an amphitheatre here once; those long brown stones, half covered by the grass, were the seats of the audience; but what is that huge carved rock, that lofty fissure in yon hill of stone, crowned by the scarred brow of grass? 'Tis the famous prison—the Ear of Dionysius. It is tall—long, ah! with what propriety it is long—eternal type in stone of the long ear of it builder—who has left no monument but the one that proves his infamy.

Well, of course, the prison has become vulgarised nowadays. There is a chair suspended from the top—dangling ludicrously across the mouth of the sonorous cavern—wherein you may be hoisted, for a small

remuneration, to the private hole in the rock, some eighty feet up. In that hole, says tradition, the tyrant sat.

Now, Mr. Alfred Snigsby mounted in the chair, the guides began their task of hoisting, and slowly he ascended towards the place. Nothing could be more delightful than the motion. As you rise the little scene round seems to expand, the little picture unrols itself, and beauty overflows the boundary ring of the sight.

But hillo! here Alfred had stopped in air. The hole is still above, the earth below; no motion is made either way. He hallooed loudly; the melancholy echoes rolled round the cavern, answering, but without sympathy. He painfully peered down, but saw nobody, And so he must hang till our next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

To be perched in an undulating, cane-bottomed chair, sixty feet above the level of the earth, before the cavern of an ancient tyrant, cannot be said to be a pleasant situation for a cockney. There is something in London life which unfits one for adventure. You are so thoroughly secured by the protection of the law, so entirely reliant on the police, and so walled in by the tranquil homeliness of commerce, that you lose some natural manliness. You have not the vigour of the ancient life, when a man held his tenure of safety direct from nature, and not from the joint-stock assurance company of society. One's ancestors, who had a Black Douglas in his castle a few miles off, must have felt more vividly, I imagine, than we do; their blood was a stronger brew. To be sure, we nowadays are more *comfortable*—but we know how much the capon loses to qualify him for getting fat!

Mr. Alfred Snigsby peered round more anxiously than ever, when he heard no answer to his shout. His legs dangled absurdly, and a slight breeze arising, he began to turn uncommonly like a spitted goose. But here Mr. Flower came running down the glen at full speed.

"Snigsby!"

"Yes. What's the matter?" shouted Alfred, anxiously.

"All right. Lower away there."

Alfred felt himself descending, and was delighted to reach *terra firma.*

"What *has* been up, old fellow?" he asked.

"Up! A covey of partridges, to be sure. Why, Jigger and I have been across three fields after the red-legged villains, saw them down alongside a kind of fence, put them up—missed. The fact is, you can't do anything without dogs. It's no go."

"Yes, that may be true," said Alfred; "but I have been dangling all the time."

"I beg your pardon, old fellow; these confounded guides *would* bolt after us, to see the fun."

Alfred stretched himself, considerably relieved, for he had begun to have a faint suspicion that something had happened serious. Perhaps he thought that Dionysius had seized his friends for trespassing. One might study a long time in the school of Brickles without having much more knowledge than the fear would imply.

There was now, to use the Snigsbæan phrase, which generally made its appearance at all places they visited, "nothing more to see." What we see, my dear Snigsby, will depend on the eyes we bring to it. I can testify, from personal observation, that the prison of Socrates consists of three small caves, with a round hole in the top of the middle one. It would not occupy four lines of the inventory of a broker, but I found no want of something to see there. The Brickles school of travellers and writers always count the items like shopboys, as, indeed, they some of them have been. They tell you that the Parthenon only consists of a moderate number of defaced columns. Very true; and man is a two-legged animal, with a round head,

only that he is *plus* a soul, as people will one day find out.

The guides were paid. Flower stood for a moment before the cavern moralising. His laugh rolled all round the strange walls, as he turned away. The sound might suggest moralising to others; it was the laugh typical of the youth and the satire of modern Europe, and in *all* the caverns of the past that laugh is raising, and will raise—thunder!

They mounted their mules and ambled towards the the town again. At the shore they saw a fine mulberry tree. Under the deep, dark green leaves, the rich black berries were sweltering, ripe, pouting at you, like the lips of a young Æthiop. Flower's eye fell on it. He gave a wild exclamation as he approached, and then he bargained with the proprietor to be allowed to perch himself there "like a cormorant," and devour *ad libitum* for a shilling. Neither Alfred nor Jigger felt inclined to join. So the youth mounted the tree with the aid of a "back" from Alfred, and there he sat, perfectly happy, for three quarters of an hour, and came down with a mouth as bloody as a cannibal's. The others, indeed, accelerated his descent, by shouting to him—they were lying on the grass (smoking of course), hard by—that there was a fair wind. Indeed, it was high time to take advantage of this circumstance, and be off again to Malta. So they left shore without calling on the consul even, which was a strange omission, for Herbert Flower usually exacted the official attention paid to people of mature years. He would have liked to have gone to dinner at the consulate in full dress—to have talked politics with the functionary, to have finished a bottle of port at dessert, and to have gone up stairs to tea and flirtation with the family.

Once more they gained the Parágon's deck. Blobb! Where was Blobb?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he's gone to see the antiquities!" said Jigger, with a laugh. (And why not, my dear Jiggèr?)

"Ha! ha!" laughed Alfred; "that's a good idea."

Mr. Blobb made his appearance just at dusk. He was somewhat red in the face, and confused in his ideas. Indeed, he spoke of the vessel as the Dream, and appeared to fancy that he was still sailing that remarkable yacht for Lord Blory. Blobb cherished the memory of his lordship with real affection. Lord Blory lived half his life afloat, luxuriously enjoying himself all over the world. He was the last of a long line, desperately impoverished, and too proud (bless him for that!) to marry for money. How he managed to go on as he did, made those who knew his fortune wonder. But some people do with their ancestors as the papists do with their saints—work miracles with their relics. And Blory did go on very comfortably, till the skull over his hatchment in Grosvenor-street informed the connoisseurs in heraldry that the race was extinct; and the family vault in ——shire opened for the last time.

"Weigh, Mr. Blobb," said Alfred, with a calm air of command. Mr. Blobb gave the needful orders, going about shaking his head with a maudlin expression. The anchor was raised, and the yacht glided away in the twilight. Luckily, there was a good fresh breeze right on the quarter, and so she held on straight for Malta. They passed nothing that night but a few *speronari*, beating back to Sicily from Valetta harbour. As they neared Malta they fell in with the Roarer, Captain Bulrush, hovering about with appa-

rently no distinct object. Bulrush was the comic Vanderdecken of the ocean; his brig the Roarer was the comic phantom ship. Destiny had apparently decreed that he should expiate his sins by cruising about with too much sail on—in a state of beer. He was sometimes hovering about for days, when he ought to have been in harbour. One of the most touching things in story is the fate of the flying Dutchman—but only think of the fate of the flying Dutchman's creditors! The Bulrush hailed the yacht—but Flower sternly "stood on," and in an hour they were at the harbour's mouth.

So in the yacht swam, hauling down the gaff topsail, and swimming along slowly. Before them the harbour stretched away gleaming—glittering like a sword sheathed in the stone scabbard of the white island. The *marina* was fringed with vessels with their sails loosed. The men of war, too, had loosed their sails, to have the thin night dew on them burned up by the scorching sun of the noon. And such a noon! It made the almond trees languid, and put fever in the blood of the blood-oranges.

The Paragon glided almost close under the stern of the Intolerable; and on the poop was visible the gleam of a green parasol—a parasol green as the veil of a houri, if Mrs. Snigsby, its possessor, will permit me the rather "improper" comparison. Alfred saw at once that she was anxiously awaiting him, and had been suffering what is called "great mental uneasiness." If one could calculate the number of relatives who are suffering that well known pain from similar causes at this moment, one would have an odd statistical return; and next, one would like to know the aggregate cost of their luncheons.

The Paragon anchored—a great deal nearer the Intolerable than Mr. Flower liked. The commander was now to be faced, and two nights' absence accounted for. It was no use now to get up a story about sudden illness at the house of the Blocklys, who would not let you go. No, no. The yacht's return had been duly reported by the signal officer at the commander's particular request. So on board Mr. Flower walked with as much coolness as was consistent with his visions of "stopped leave" and a "wigging." Commander —— was a perfect artist at wigging. If you argued with him during the operation, it made him worse. If you said openly, with the most polite submissiveness, "Well sir, it shan't happen again," he came down on you like a shot with—"Not with impunity, sir!"

But the commander was not on deck, and some very extraordinary operations were going on there—operations of a character not very nautical. Let us fancy that Alfred has been embraced by his mamma on the poop, to his unutterable confusion, publicly, and look round us. The quarter-deck guns were rolled forward (by the bye, a certain captain once capsized them to teach the marines to *march over rough ground!*), and the ropes all coiled up and off the deck; and beds—new beds from the purser's stores—were strewn about, among an infinite variety of flags. I regret to add that a number of little lamps, such as one usually associates with the idea of Vauxhall, were lying in a row on the poop.

"Why, hallo!" said Flower, seeing the confusion around, "is there an execution in the ship?"

There was a loud laugh at this notion from a group of officers who were standing by the gangway; and, indeed, there was a certain Titanic jocosity in the

notion of anybody's "putting a man in" a three decker! It showed a cheerful disposition in a youth who had "broken his leave" by forty-eight hours.

"Hillo, Phenomenon! Ah, Flower of Flory! how are you?" were the various salutations which greeted him.

"All right. Where's old ——"

Old —— approached a moment afterwards.

"Come on board, sir," said Flower. "I regret ex—"

"Of course, of course," interrupted the commander, "you are always regretting something. You could not get back before the gale, of course not. You were obliged to help a ship in distress —"

"I beg your pardon, sir —"

"Of course, you beg my pardon—but why incur the necessity of doing so? No. You were enjoying your curaçoa," said the commander awfully imitating what he fancied a dandy tone of voice—"*ongtre vose, amee!*" he added—and really he burlesqued French perfectly.

The Phenomenon looked very demure.

"Well, go away," said the commander, "go away, Mr. Flower."

Lucky Herbert Flower! For an approaching event had cast something pleasanter than a shadow before. The Intolerable, in fact — but — this is the proper moment to invoke the shade of Benbow. Shade of Benbow, then—the Intolerable was going to give a ball!

This was why the guns were rolled forward, and the very capstan was unshipped; why the flags were dragged from below, &c. The beds and flags were to be made into ottomans on the hatchways, duly shut

with gratings. The officers were "on hospitable thoughts intent." The ship was expecting her orders to come home soon, and they resolved to leave behind them the fragrance of a hospitable memory. The Snigsbys were invited, and accepted very cordially the invitation. It was extraordinary to see how good solid Mr. Snigsby pardoned by this time the playful extravagances of naval life. Often had he, in full vestry, indignantly denounced an idle navy! Often had he fiercely inquired—backed, too, by the luminous Snogg—why the Mediterranean fleet was not sent to sea? Not unfrequently he had hinted that the service was kept up to support an oligarchy. But now he found these monsters "fattening on the vitals of the people" to be just a good natured, gentlemanly, off-handed set of fellows, ready to give dinners or eat them, with anybody thrown in their way. Mr. Snigsby could not hate them—no, he gladly accepted the present invitation.

The preparations proceeded on board the Intolerable. The little lamps gradually assumed the form of the letters V. R. The main deck was prepared for the supper, everybody declaring it the proper place, always excepting Bob Ruggles, the second master, whose wishes not running in the ball way, led him to condemn the proceeding as contrary to all discipline. And there was still a wound rankling in the breast of Bob. When the Intolerable was at Naples, some time before this, the officers were asked to a royal ball. But the second master and master's assistants—indeed the *genus* Bung (to use the naval name) were *not* included. Bob went about the ship, indignantly inquiring "why?" to the inextinguishable delight of Herbert Flower and the other youngsters. Herbert caused great amusement

by the refined impertinence with which he consoled Bob on the occasion.

"It's all part of a confounded system, Bob," he said, "I myself don't approve of these social distinctions, you know (here he shrugged his little shoulders inimitably), a mere antiquated affair, but somehow things are all based on 'em. Eh, Rivers?"

"But what do you mean, Flower, hey? Ain't I aboard of this ship as an officer and a gentleman, and equal to anybody?"

It was glorious to see the little villains gazing seriously on Bob.

"Why of course you're an officer and a gentleman, Bob. I suppose, you know it is some confounded consideration of family. I say nothing, Bob, only you know the nature of the aristocracy, Bob."

And so poor Ruggles went away with a burning heart from his affectionate sympathisers, who roared jovially over the incident, as they smoked the evening cigar. Of course Bob Ruggles could not be expected to love balls or the sort of people who frequent them.

Everybody was asked to this ball, that was one comfort. The captain's cabin was abundantly supplied with refreshments for the benefit of quiet old fellows—fellows whose dancing days are over, and who just talk about professional points and sporting over sherry, and leave their daughters to "amuse themselves." The dusk came on, and then boat after boat began to leave the shore and the ships. Luckily, it was a beautiful night—so thankfully ejaculated Mrs. Snigsby, as she wrapped herself in an immense shawl, and leant back in a shore boat. So thankfully ejaculated Alfred, putting on his gloves in *ditto*. Mr. Snigsby said nothing; he had a notion that it was chilly, but how

could he venture to say that a *Mediterranean* night was chilly before Mrs. S.?

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Snigsby, as they gained the deck, shrouded in with awnings, brilliant with flags, and glittering with lights. "Bless me! you would never think it was a man of war!"

"Never, *at any time*, my dear madam!" said Herbert Flower, politely offering his arm, and looking like a pigmy by the side of her majestic form.

Two or three people within hearing of the Phenomenon chuckled. The commander, who guessed that it was a sarcasm, from the distance, summoned Mr. Flower to him.

"Not quite so conspicuous, Mr. Flower. Not quite so conspicuous, sir!" he said, with his loftiest manner.

Herbert was annoyed, he did not like to be snubbed—and that, too, just as little Lucy Beddoes was passing by. Lucy Beddoes was a "nice little girl," according to Flower's phraseology.

"Isn't it a shame?" he said to her, when he got her arm. "That's the way *we're* treated, you see, in this profession."

"I hope he has not hurt your feelings," said Lucy, simply.

"Hurt the — (he was almost saying hurt *the devil*). Hurt my feelings! No. He bores me, though, by his confounded impertinence. Ah! Snigsby! Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Alfred Snigsby."

Alfred was superbly dressed. Lucy Beddoes knew they had a yacht. Alfred had a very gracious little bow. She could not help respecting a youth of "expectations"—not that she was an atom mercenary, only helpless, poor thing! You observe that girls *must*, many of them, put love out of the question, nowadays.

Political economy demands it—and is not that an answer to everything?

Alfred's mamma called him away at that moment.

"Well, how do you like my friend Snigsby?" said Flower, chuckling.

"He is very nicely dressed," said Lucy, demurely.

"A great deal of money, I assure you," Flower said; "and he is the only child. What say you? Let's go halves!"

"For shame!" said the girl, laughing, and blushing a little.

"I'm serious! We'll divide him between us. You shall have half the money, and him into the bargain!"

But here began the music, and interrupted the pure playfulness of this child of nature. The company were crowding the deck. You were sheltered by a high awning, and by flags of all hues. The effect was a bright lightness—the temperature delicious. Nature helped the artificial to perfection. You got just enough air to keep you pleasantly cool. If there happened to be a rent in the spacious trembling roof, you saw a star through it—and the champagne must have been bad if you could not say something pretty to your partner *apropos* of that! Unless, to be sure, she was the daughter of a captain in command, and too conscious of her high rank to encourage any playfulness of observation.

Flirtation—were the subject treated (not by a cockney *parvenu*, of course) by some gentleman and scholar with humour, sentiment, and sense—would afford matter for a delightful essay. Willis would be a dash too flippant; Sir Edward is becoming a little too grave; and Thackeray would tinge it with the melancholy of his deep reflection. But really, flirtation deserves a commentator. It bears the same relation to love, that

a belief in fairies does to religion. One might compare it to the old tournaments, mimicries of real war—but not only mimicries—dangerous wounds have been received at many a "gentle passage of arms," as the old writers called them. Flirtation is distinctly to be commended. Is it not a recognition, though but in sportiveness, of the existence of that divine sentiment which relates the sexes to each other? 'Tis an escape from the too solid realities of "fortunes" and "expectations"—a playful butterfly flight over their iron walls. And flirtation will reveal to you, perhaps, the higher sentiment in time. Franklin discovered the relation between lightning and electricity by a simple schoolboy kite. Much has been learnt about love's heaven by the playful idling of flirtation.

But to return—for the band on the poop is playing away merrily. The quadrilles are crowded. The "youngsters" are enjoying themselves immensely—excepting those of the Borderer, for Captain Plebbe makes them dance with his plain daughters—"to a man, sir, every one of us," says little Jogg, protesting that it is disgraceful. The quarter-deck is walled in from the ship's crew, but they peer through interstices—the grave boatswain looking at the flying damsels with the mingled awe and merriment of Tam o' Shanter at the Kirk of Alloway. "Stand back, there!" says Toadyley, to a sailor or two who are inclined to obtrude on the hallowed ground. Toadyley wants to know "what things are coming to," when the aristocracy can be subjected to this kind of thing? Indeed, the poor fellow had plenty to do; for Toadyley began by disposing of all the shawls with the carefulness of a counterjumper; then he had to set down a snug sherry and loo party in a quiet cabin; then he had to

blow up the mess stewards, who were preparing for the supper—to find partners (which was not easy) for the commander's maiden aunt—to take care that nobody under the rank of a lieutenant presumed to ask the baronet's wife to dance—and to keep the editor of the *Popgun* from premature intoxication. And Toadyley did the work of a waiter so well, you would never have thought he was a gentleman, I assure you.

A polka—there was some rapture about a polka, in those early days—had just concluded. Alfred had been dancing with Lucy Beddoes, and really she could be very agreeable if she liked. Herbert and one or two youths were moving about near them. They approached.

"Well, and have you enjoyed yourself, Alfred?" asked Mr. Flower, paternally.

"Yes," said Alfred.

"And you, Miss Beddoes, eh?"

"Oh, yes! very much," Lucy answered; "where is papa?"

"Playing at your namesake—loo. Alfred, I must introduce you to Captain Beddoes." Alfred said he would be very happy, though he was a little frightened.

But at this time Jigger mysteriously withdrew his friend Herbert from the group.

"Come along," he said, "there are a few of us going to have a snug glass of bitter beer in the gun room. I'm hot and bothered."

Herbert was just going to assent, but his eye caught the figure of a lady on the poop. It is so delightfully cool there on these occasions, when the night is lovely! Herbert quietly glided away. The lady was sitting on a chair by herself—Mrs. Plumer her

name was; a widow travelling to "forget"—and succeeding.

Mrs. Plumer was a very clever woman, and decidedly good looking—well shapèd, decisive features, she had. She liked Flower as a "character," and motioned to him to sit down beside her.

"Ah! good evening," said Flower. "I did not know you were on board. I have not seen you for a long time."

"My father has not been well."

"I hope he's getting better. I am just come to have a chat with you. This is the place for flirting, you know, Mrs. Plumer. I can flirt with perfect safety. Flory is deeply mortgaged—and nobody would, could, or should accept me, unless they had plenty of money. I should like to water our ancestral roses with a shower of gold!"

"That's a romantic sentiment, I am sure, Mr. Herbert Flower."

"It is a perfectly truthful one, believe me. Now if I had the wealth of my friend Snigsby"—and Herbert gave a pompous burlesque accent to the three words.

"Snigsby—what a curious name! Are they new arrivals here?"

"Not particularly new, but they are very rich. Came in their own yacht."

"Is there not a Miss Snigsby?" asked the lady.

"No. By the bye, he ought to have a sister! But I wonder you have never met them."

"Why, we have not been much out, lately. You know, we moved from our old place."

"I didn't know that."

"Yes, to *Strada Setta.*"

Flower gave a little start. "Let me see, leads out

of the Strada Reale towards the Quarantine harbour, don't it?"

"Just so. And by the bye, now I think of it," said Mrs. Plumer, laughing slightly and colouring a little, "an odd thing happened there a week or two ago." She paused and laughed again. "One night after I had been playing—but I must tell you first that a day or two before that I had once or twice met an English youth in the street—"

There was an exquisite gravity about Flower at that moment. "What manner of youth?" he asked.

"Rather tall and what you call 'loud' in his dress. He might be a gentleman who was silly, or a bagman who was ambiticus."

Flower covered his face with his pocket handerchief, as if his nose had begun to bleed. Suddenly he jumped up with a "pray excuse me," and ran down the poop ladder! A dance was just over, and the group breaking up. He met Jigger.

"Where is young Snigsby?" he asked.

"Saw him just this moment. There he is!"

Flower went in the direction indicated, and found Alfred sitting on one of the ottomans arranged on the hatchway gratings, next a comfortable old lady, who occupied the entire double-headed eagle of Russia with her portly person. He was glad to get away. Flower was waiting to introduce him to a most agreeable person. He must come. Mrs. Snigsby who watched him from a distance, and who, by the bye, was very gloomy herself—while Snigsby, *pére*, had doomed an elderly gentleman to a dose of the currency—felt quite glad to see her son receive so much attention.

"This way, old fellow," said Herbert, leading him to Mrs. Plumer.

Alfred stopped short and turned deadly pale. Mrs. Plumer saw the whole case in a moment, and bowed most simply.

"I see, Mr. Flower," Alfred said. "I see it all. I'm a gentleman — although — " he stuttered and gasped horribly. "It's too bad —"

Flower took hold of his wrist, and pulled him round.

"Hush, man, for God's sake mind what you are about!"

"It's the change of air from the quarter-deck, Mrs. Plumer, that affects him."

"Pray sit down, Mr. Snigsby," she said kindly. "What a beautiful night it is."

Her manner was exquisitely contrived to make him fancy she was utterly ignorant of the cause of his agitation. How Flower admired her for it.

Alfred stammered out, "I *have* been a little ill." And sitting down, he began to feel quieter, and to feel attracted as he had felt when he first saw her. "He thought—" well, she does not remember me, really."

For Mr. Alfred (Brickles and Co., behold your pupil!) had no great opinion of the female intellect, poor fellow. And then, with the most innocent folly, he began babbling away quite freely to the lady, who laughed—not at his jokes, but at his sad mistake.

Herbert Flower, who had been afraid of a scene at first, enjoyed the present phase immensely.

And at that moment a sensation began on deck, like the commotion in the theatre at Pompeii, in Bulwer's novel, when Arbaces pointed to the smoke issuing from Vesuvius, for everybody heard the word "Supper!"

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Herbert Flower bounded away to take down little Lucy Beddoes. Mr. Alfred Snigsby offered his arm to Mrs. Plumer, and off they went together. He was in a pleasurable tumult of excitement, poor fellow, what in a merrier mood he would have called *spooney*. It is observable that the school of Brickles, who see nothing holy in any sentiment, are always made greater fools by what elevates the rest of the world. The gods are just and avenge themselves on the proper occasion. When the Bricklesian writers, for example, give up pertness for pathos, the dogs become as common-place as mutes. When they try poetry or love matters, they describe like auctioneers, and introduce us to dowdies. It is their consummate misfortune that they cannot get out of their own offensive briskness without becoming bores.

Alfred really became the very thing he most emphatically contemned, a muff, on this occasion. He had not the inclination to try his lively style of conversation. Mrs. Plumer, too, saw farther into everything he started as a subject than himself, and bewildered him immensely. All he knew was that he admired her very much; that he had a great anxiety to keep talking to her, without knowing what to talk about; and that he was helpless. Somehow he did not seem

to advance at all with his attachment. She resisted him by some unseen influence, like that which one has read of as keeping off intruders from particular rooms in enchanted castles. He would have liked just to be able to say, "I love you. *I shall have an immense deal of money,* much more than those nobs there. Be mine and marry me!" I am far from supposing, by the bye, that such a straigtforward course, would not please many lovely beings; nay, I am not certain that it would not be a much more respectable way of doing things than the ordinary one. But we could not expect Alfred to set such an example of originality. No—there he stood (a good deal in the way of some of the guests) the Tantalus of the banquet.

Meanwhile the said banquet was going on very bravely. A few sturdy revellers whom nobody had seen till it began, were mauling the architecture of jellies and raised pies, like Turks among the Acropolis. Captain Plebbe, of the Borderer, kept his youngsters pretty busily employed supplying the before-mentioned plain daughters with all "the delicacies of the season," as the *Popgun* of course called the dishes. The poor boys attracted a good deal of attention among observant people in consequence, and Herbert Flower made an immense sensation by calling out "waiter!" to one of them in a marked manner. The youngster was in a furious rage of course—several people laughed. As for Plebbe he was perfectly savage, and glared on Mr. Flower like a demon.

"Really, you ought to be more careful about the opinion of your superiors," said Miss Beddoes to Herbert.

"My superiors," said Herbert, "indeed!"

"Now, you know he is your superior, Herbert," said the sensible Lucy, whose papa was a very worthy captain of artillery.

"He is a captain, if you mean that, of course. But his rank as *Plebbe* is not equal to my rank as *Flower*," said the youth majestically. "Plebbe is who knows who, somewhere about Portsmouth; I am Flower of Flory! I quarter the shields of peers, and I date from Edward the First!" and so saying Mr. Flower tossed off a glass of champagne with the air of an emperor.

After all, the sentiment embodied in the young gentleman's speech has an existence afloat, nor is the said existence favourable to discipline. When the service *does* go to the devil, as we are told by so many worthy officers that it will, depend on it, it will be at its most aristocratic stage.

Lucy smiled, and shook her head. She knew Flory well. Her father had once been stationed at the neighbouring county town. Flower *senior* had twice written to Herbert to tell him to be very civil to the Beddoeses, and not to fall in love with Lucy, whatever he did.

"Look at your friend Snigsby," she said, smiling. Flower glanced along the table. Alfred was the picture of spooniness, as his school call it, and the fair widow was talking with uncommon animation to a group round her. One often wonders how some survivors must tremble at the word RESURGAM on a hatchment! To be sure, it nowadays generally passes for meaning nothing.

One more polka! The supper table was a splendid wreck, and the deck strewed with crushed flowers here and there. There was a dim feeling of chilliness coming

on on deck too. The daylight came faintly over the island, and a stray breeze came freshly in, cool from miles of sea. The awning had fallen in at one part, and the flags shifted from their places in disorderly gaudiness. There was a general murmur about shawls, and the necessity of getting boats ready. "*Ship's boats* indeed, ha!—to land dancers, ha!" Such was the growl of the bung, from his hammock in the cockpit, as he heard the "pipe" sound. Herbert Flower put on his friend Lucy's shawl, playfully and fraternally. I am afraid he never thought, as the youths who lead Herbert Flower-ish lives ought to think, of the sad contrast between themselves and pure, fine-hearted girls. Flower escorted her to a boat, in company with her father, who had just emerged from the snug cabin. The old gentleman was very red and silent, and apparently firmly brooding over something which employed his whole faculties. He leaned rather heavily on the arm, considering what a light little arm it was, which Lucy held to him as he stept into the boat. So far Herbert saw; half-an-hour afterwards you might have seen a little figure, like a happy ghost, gliding away with papa's candle—leaving papa snoring in safety —and putting papa's Seltzer water within reach—and then retiring to its own place of rest—the happy beautiful ghost!

The Intolerable's deck was a scene of confusion, and pale faces, and limp curls. Boat after boat was sent away full, and the ship's boats being insufficient in number, shore boats were summoned.

"Paragon's boat!" shouted Alfred from the gangway, with the air of a naval captain. That villain Blobb had sent the dingy only! How could that boat take on shore the family—*plus*, Mrs. Plumer, and a

female friend, to whom the gallant Alfred offered a passage? At last Blobb sent—nothing excited Blobb to unseemly haste—the large boat.

In they all got, and off went the boat, keeping alongside another one loaded with merry guests. A young gentleman of the Rifles gaily threw off an operatic burst of song. Alfred was in the highest spirits, burning with conceit, and with that liquid embodied conceit—champagne.

"Boat there; out of the way, that boat!"

A green and red shore boat came heavily steering—apparently right at the Paragon's boat.

"Yes," resumed Alfred—and off he went with a *youp, youp, youp, tra la la, la la!* So I presume to attempt the notation of a remarkable chorus, at all events.

"*Meester Sneegsby,*" cried a Maltese voice from the strange boat; "*Meester Sneegsby,* pay me, *signor!*"

If the reader has never heard the peculiar shrill "pay" or "poy" me of the Maltese—I hope he never may! There is an unearthly mingled with a Hebraic twang in it, impossible to describe—and equally impossible to tolerate.

Both boats of guests were astonished. "Keep that fellow off. Break his head!" cried somebody.

"I owe no man a shilling, sir," cried Mr. Snigsby.

"No sar—de tall young gentleman, sir! *Meester Sneegsby!*"

Alfred rose up in the boat. His face grew ghastly in the daylight—the fresh Mediterranean daylight.

*Pay me for bring de ladder to Strada Sotta, Meester Sneegsby!*"

What a catastrophe! Alfred distinctly remembered that there was a balance—a balance due the Maltese

from that night of humiliation. He was sobered, and shivered; stammered out something—flung some money into the terrible boat—more money by far than he even needed to have paid.

There was a silence as they passed on. Poor Mrs. Snigsby. Alfred's heart bled—to do him justice—as he saw her white handkerchief employed. Mrs. Plumer's veil was down; she said nothing—appeared to hear nothing. Mr. Snigsby leaned back in his seat, and looked like a condemned criminal.

There was not much jollity after this event. Some rumour about the ladder story had oozed out. The hero was now revealed. However amused the gentlemen were, they could not laugh; the ladies of course were "shocked." But soon the boats reached the landing place.

There they separated into parties, and the time came to bid Mrs. Plumer good night. She was a strong minded woman; she found two minutes in which to speak to Mr. Alfred "two words."

"I shall not, I suppose," Alfred said, ruefully, "see you—see you—again, Mrs. Plumer."

"Candidly," said Mrs. Plumer, "I fear not—under the circumstances. My father—"

Alfred's jaw fell. He remembered the stout old gentleman!

"Then I shall not, I suppose, accompany you to the door?"

"No," said Mrs. Plumer—nor the window, I hope."

For the life of her, Mrs. Plumer could not resist that parting shot. The groups separated. And off went the Snigsbys home.

"I wish I was dead," Alfred broke silence with as they strolled home.

"You're in a fair way to obtain your wishes, sir," said his father.

"Don't be cruel to him, Mr. Snigsby," said his mother. "Poor Alf!"

"I don't want to be called Alf—I'm too old for these absurdities."

"And ought to be, sir, for your other ones," said his father, again. Mr. Snigsby once more had the best of it.

This last event decided Mr. Snigsby, who reflected on the matter, that they ought to take a cruise. He was getting tired of Malta. Those who remember his late exertions in the great "papal aggression" question will know how often he alluded to his own "personal observation of the effects of a debasing superstition." The fact is Mr. Snigsby was bored by the bells of Malta and sick of the sight of shovel hats. Mr. Fatton of St. Kilderkin, though courteous, was not now cordial altogether. "No man respected Mr. Snigsby more," he said, it is true—and nobody can deny that he received his donation to the church in a friendly spirit! But still the Snigsbys were only "good worldly people," in the Reverend Mr. Fatton's parlance. "Well meaning people, undoubtedly," little Fatton added, "but—!" Somehow they wanted that sable bloom which distinguished the Fatton clique. And the little fat-headed man, though most polite when they met, came not to the hospitable rooms in Strada Reale so often as before. Possibly Mr. Fatton had doubts about the state of Mr. Snigsby's soul: possibly he was too much occupied with taking care of his own—though there was not *so very much* of it.

Then the squadron were going to sea for a cruise. And some people thought it was quite time. The

youngsters were sadly dunned. Alfred was on board the Intolerable one morning, when an unhappy Maltese was pelted in the cockpit with clothes brushes.

Accordingly, orders were sent on board to Blobb—Blobb the stately—to prepare for sea. "They never knows their own minds," said the sulky veteran, "never for a hinstant!" But he went growling about and doing what was needful.

The squadron were all lying with top-gallant yards crossed, and the studding-sail gear rove—to speak nautically. The admiral issued a long unreadable general order about discipline, and sent the fleet to sea under the senior captain—remaining on shore himself. There was a fine scene of activity one morning. The Intolerable bumped against the Regina; the Bustard let a top-gallant yard tumble down, and it went bang through the deck; the Lotos got aground; the Struldbrug split a sail. Out they all got, however, ultimately, and commenced sailing in columns—which order they maintained by the aid of the senior captain perpetually signalling certain ships to "keep their station"—which, with ships as with families, is just the most difficult thing to get done with accuracy. As often as the signal was made, so often the captain "wigged" the lieutenant—the lieutenant the midshipman; "the cat began to worry the rat, the rat began to—" &c., according to the well known process among cats, rats, and men.

Mr. Blobb made the necessary preparations, and the Snigsbys once more embarked on the sea. It was evening when they went on board the yacht. Mr. Blobb had mounted the "green patch" again over his eye. There was something mysterious about that patch, and it seemed to bode no good.

They were to start next morning, after "a good night's sleep." But what was Mr. Snigsby's astonishment when waking in the middle of the night, he heard —not "the night fowl crow," as Tennyson's Mariana did about that time, but a louder and more disagreeable hubbub. There was a shuffling noise indeed audible. Mr. Snigsby shuffled on some clothes, crawled up stairs (to use his own phrase), and found the vessel under sail. His first impression was, that Mr. Blobb was going to take them all off, and sell them for slaves.

"Mr. Blobb!" It was pitch dark.

Snigsby listened. "Mr. Blobb?"

"Hush! Oh, it's you, sir."

"Why, what the devil are you about, Mr. Blobb? I told you we didn't want to sail till the morning."

"Mr. Shnigsby," said Blobb, speaking thick, while the perfume of rum hovered in the night air; "you are a man and a brother."

Mr. Snigsby's heart sank within him at this commencement.

"I wash left an orphan, Mr. Shnigsby," maundered on the skipper, "and brought up to seafaring, as my father before me. First of all, I sherved along with —"

"Never mind, Mr. Blobb," said Mr. Snigsby, feeling his utter dependence on the terrible skipper. "But why are we a-weigh now?"

"Shtop—all in good time, Mr. Shnigsby. I sherved many years in revenue cutters and gentlemen's yachts. When I sailed the Dream for Lord Blory. Oh, Mr. Shnigsby, that was a man." Here Blobb's feelings induced a hiccup, which accompanied him from that

point. "Deshended of noble ancestors, Mr. Shnigsby, his lordship was a hindividual of the aristocracy."

"Of course, Mr. Blobb," said his hearer, shivering a little in the night air.

"And aboard of that yacht, Mr. Shnigsby, I contracted an unfortunate alliansh with a young 'ooman. We was very appy for a while, though belonging to the lower orders, Mrs. Shnigsby."

"Why not," said Mr. Snigsby, philosophically. "But go on, Mr. Blobb."

"That female," said Blobb, with solemnity, "is now in Malta; come from Gozo, where she resides."

"Well."

"Yes, sir; and there's a very good reason in England," said Blobb, lowering his voice, "why I can't have much to say to her."

Mr. Snigsby saw how the case was, and why Mr. Blobb preferred to sail in the dead of night. This was very unfortunate, but what was to be done? How could he get rid of him, and get a new skipper?

He paced about the deck, musing. The yacht was right out at sea, floating lightly on over long blue waves. It was a clear moonlight night; all was still in the cabins below, where Mrs. Snigsby was forgetting her troubles, and Alfred his cares. Mr. Blobb was perched at the weather gangway gigantically calm.

Suddenly. Mr. Snigsby looking to windward, saw a large object glaring through the night. He strained his eyes. The moon slid out of some thick clouds at the moment. The light revealed a sail. It was a brig with all sail set; her white canvass gleamed through the dusk. But there was no sign of life visible on board her; she held on calm, silent, and relentless as

fate. Was she the doomed vessel whose hell is the eternal sea, in which the mariner's hair groweth grey at the wheel, as they beat on evermore in storm and calm, with a life as restless as the water that bears them—till they are too weary to speak to one another any more; and their garb is antiquated, and the casual mariner crosseth himself as he sees the relics of a long dead generation moving gloomily on their deck? Was she that mournful spectre of the ocean, the phantom ship? Mr. Snigsby paused and stared—and the vessel neared them.

'Twas the Roarer, captain Bulrush. Yea, 'twas the phantom ship of the Mediterranean. The captain slumbered in the cot, and the lieutenant in the berth, and the officer of the watch in the hammock nettings, and the quarter master on the gun-slide, and the mariner at the wheel! Steadily holdeth she on, without reference to the laws of place, or the decisions of the Admiralty Court.

"H—ll," roared out Mr. Blobb, suddenly. "Port the helm. What are they at?"

Mr. Snigsby seemed to see a monster looming out of the darkness to swallow up his yacht. He shut his eyes. He heard a crash forward. The brig had carried away their jib-boom. The Paragon's crew came running up, and poor Mr. Snigsby heard a voice cry out in his cabin—the phantom had glided on into darkness. Mr. Blobb was howling over the wreck and invoking horrid vengeance on the captain of the brig.

Mr. Snigsby ran down the companion, tumbling over Alfred at the bottom of the ladder. He found Mrs. Snigsby in high alarm. They deplored their unhappy position; they bewailed their dependence on Blobb.

Meanwhile that officer, who was a very good sailor, was getting things put to rights again. When the family finally emerged in the morning, after breakfast, they found all square. It was a beautiful day, and the squadron were lying on the green water in a gigantic line, with glittering sails—looking like a row of castles on the border of an immense prairie.

## CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT this time the "affairs of Europe" had, as their custom is, got into some phase of embarrassment which required the presence of a squadron in the Eastern parts of the Mediterranean. I don't exactly remember the circumstances. I believe that an infringement of the treaty of Adrianople, joinded to the marauding propensities of Grivas, completed by the Porte's withdrawal of its approval from the Pasha of Snobkali, were the leading causes of the disturbance. How these influenced each other, or indeed, what they meant, was not easy to discover. At all events, a squadron had to be sent eastward. A *verbosa et grandis epistola* came from the admiral to the senior captains of the cruising ships. It was just the subject for Sir Booby Booing to expatiate upon. Sir Booby had a decided talent for writing long despatches. The duller the despatch, too, the longer it always was—like a deep sea lead—in proportion as the lead was heavy, the line was long!

Accordingly the Intolerable, 110; the Struldbrug, 90; the Verdant, frigate, and the brig Lotus separated from the fleet, and made away towards the Archipelago. What more natural than that the Paragon should go with them? Blobb being asked whether he knew that part of the Mediterranean, replied, "like—Alcibiades!" That was a remnant of a small store of classical infor-

mation which the eccentric skipper had acquired while sailing the Symbol for a little clique of Oxford men, who cruized about the Mediterranean, bewailing the Dead Past. They were a sect of little bilious pietists, who wore sham hair shirts; were always blaming the Greek Church for separating from Rome; and had some odd theory about the Seven "Candlesticks." They came home, wrote little poems, journals, and pamphlets, dedicating to each other all round, and dating "Feast of the Holy Block," or Eve of St. Kilderkin." Harmless little sect!—but I am digressing.

Mr. Snigsby, of course, was highly anxious to see those classic scenes, the history of which had touched him so sharply (as the birch of his school could have testified) in his youth. Alfred was ready to go; anything rather than be bored by Malta, he said. His mother was delighted to think, as she said, that he would *recover a free fancy* in a *still softer clime.* The dear, conventional old lady! She was always chewing the cud of some melancholy or other. She wrote home long letters to her relatives the Bibbs, informing them of her state of mind, and containing the placidest conventional nonsense about what they saw and did. She was, too, always in extremes. She would write of "the great kindness of the Fattons," because Mrs. F. had been kind enough to come and eat her lunch with her; and that "dear Christian," Mr. F. on the strength of Mr. F.'s sermons, which was produced as a newspaper writer produces "leaders," because it was his profession. She now dipped a little into Lord Byron's works, of which she had been wont to fight rather shy, and prepared for the romance of the east. So away went the Paragon in company with the squadron; and whenever there was a calm or a light wind, Mr. Snigsby

had the honour of receiving distinguished company to dinner. For the admiral had not allowed the squadron to come into harbour before starting, under pretence of the urgency of the case, and the captains of the Intolerable and Struldbrug had fallen short of fowls and vegetables. In consequence of this, old ——, of the Intolerable—a very knowing card—sent one of his boats one morning to the Paragon with his compliments and a melon. Mr. Snigsby had at least ten melons hanging up on board, but "how kind of captain ——!" exclaimed Mrs. Snigsby; so the captain was asked to come and partake of his melon, and he did partake of it, and of two bottles of Lafitte into the bargain. We may be sure that Blobb did not approve of these visits, and he not unfrequently took advantage of night to get five miles to windward of the squadron.

"They're as hinnocent as lambs," he said to the crew, of the Snigsbys, "as hinnocent as a Paskill lamb.'

Whatever the phrase might mean, he acted a parental part towards them, with a gigantic compassion; painted out the various parts of the coast as they came in sight of the Morea; and showed Alfred how the never to be forgotten Lord Blory was wont to wear his fez. Of course Alfred had now begun a beard and moustache, and assumed a kind of oriental appearance generally. He also cherished a secret intention of going in his fez to the Cyder Cellars when he returned to London. That would rather astonish Blow, he thought, and little Buck, the raffish actor, and all the odd hangers on of Vauxhall, the theatres, the casinos, the betting rooms, &c. "Rather!" he thought. It was just the kind of reflection to be full of as you saw

the columns of Sunium, with the sunlight clinging to them at noon, like a parasite!

The squadron, passing Ægina, with its veil of blue haze (you will find some ruins there, and partridges), arrived off the Piræus. The Intolerable and Struldbrug anchored in the Bay of Salamis, dropping their best bowers among the bones of the followers of Xerxes; the Verdant and Lotus entered the Piræus, and so did the Paragon, dodging neatly in between the two little lamp posts in the mouth of it, with a slanting wind. The captain of the Intolerable went on shore to consult the authorities of the Embassy, and returned to his ship with a serious expression on his face, and an increased air of self-importance. He was observed to nod his head gravely to the commander, who nodded his to the lieutenant of the watch, by and bye, in his turn. Toadyley—who had a talent for getting hold of news like the scent of a truffle dog, though he occasionally got hold of a toadstool instead of the luxurious fungus—came down to the gun room with the mysterious self-importance of old —— at third hand. There now began a discourse about "British interests," and danger to Otho's crown.

"It's all part of a general movement of the European democracy, sir," Toadyley said. "It will leave us no institutions, by and bye."

On this, Herbert Flower remarked very gravely, that "nothing could be more annoying to a member of the aristocracy," with a subdued grin, as he coupled the last words with a glance at Toadyley; for Toadyley's reverence for aristocracy was undoubtedly the result of a pure and disinterested (and snobbish) attachment. Happy aristocracy, which however blind it may be, always has a cur to lead it; to carry the basket, eat

the fragments, and put up with the kicks! Toadyley saw Mr. Flower's intention, but said nothing. He found that the best plan of revenging himself on his enemies, was to jog the memory of the commander about their faults and misdoings.

Some days passed; it was very fine weather, and there was nothing particular to do. Mr. Slides, the gunnery lieutenant, peering from the poop, became gradually aware that there was a fine clear range for firing down the bay. Mr. Slides was an officer from the Excellent, a capital cannon shot, and a great authority on shells. He was said to have once gone on board a hulk while the Excellent was firing shells at her, to watch the effect on the spot. Stories were told of his seeing tenpenny nails spin like tops on that occasion, stories which were only believed by a faction, which thought Mr. Slides "cracked." He hovered between two strange reputations accordingly. Such is the fortune of the brave!

Mr. Slides stood on the poop, gazing on the bay, and occasionally glancing up at the rock called "Xerxes's seat," and wondering what "elevation" would fling up a shot on it. Presently, he went to the commander; I have hitherto disguised that officer under a ——, let me withdraw the veil. His name was Bilboes. Mr. Slides observed that there was now an excellent opportunity of having a little shell practice. Bilboes screwed up his mouth. He was one of the old school; knew very little of the science of gunnery, and was rather afraid of shells. Mr. Slides urged him. He wanted to make some experiments—was not quite sure of the length of his fuses. Now they would fire alternately at two points—and have somebody near them with a watch, to mark the moment of falling and bursting.

"But bless me, Mr. Slides," said the commander, "what's 'somebody' to do when the shells fall near him?"

"Get behind a rock to be sure!" said Slides with a superb air. "Get behind a rock!" he cried out, "unless he wants his 'ed knocked off."

"One of the midshipmen," suggested little Bloaker, the marine officer, with a quiet smile.

Toadyley, who had been within hearing all this time, wriggled up to the commander.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said to him, "Mr. — ah! Mr. Flower, sir, has not been doing much lately!" Artful Toadyley.

"By Jove! no; call Mr. Flower," said old Bilboes, briskly. "Yes—we ought to find out the shells—all about the shells—you're right, Slides." Bilboes was wonderfully interested in the matter suddenly.

Mr. Herbert Flower came running up, bolting the last fragment of a lump of plumcake. "Want me, sir?" There was a sort of grin in the circle round Bilboes. There was a particular little imbecile grin about Bloaker; poor little Bloaker, who was what Thackeray calls "a feeble wag," and was called "wicked," by one or two old women. The commander told Mr. Flower what he wanted him for. The phenomenon nodded, and held his tongue.

"Go and get ready, then," concluded Bilboes.

"I've no preparations to make, thank you sir," said Flower, quietly. "The estate's entailed, sir."

"What—what do you mean?" said old Bilboes.

"No need of a will, sir; goes to the Flowers of Herbham after our line. Branched off in Anne's time."

"Call away the cutter, sir," said Bilboes, "and look sharp about it."

Mr. Flower bounded off for the purpose, and the commander ejaculated, "Well, I'm d—d."

Meanwhile, Mr. Slides had gone down below to get one of the main deck guns ready for firing. The gunner had had the keys of the magazine given him. and presently began marching with a dignified pace up the hatchway, carrying a shell. It is quite a picture to see a gunner carrying a shell—the reverence and affection with which he regards the deadly object are most interesting to observe. A young woman carrying her baby; a fast man bearing a pot of porter, are not more genially interested in their respective charges. A beautiful attachment—and surely a disinterested one; since occasionally nowadays, the shell explodes "unexpectedly" (as the subsequent despatch pathetically remarks), and clears the neighbourhood in a summary manner.

"Cutter's manned, sir," Mr. Flower said to the commander.

"Very well; now pull, sir, and land at that point to the right. We are going to fire alternately at that point, and yon other one to the left."

Flower was a picture of respectful attention.

"When we hoist the red flag, we are going to fire at you—I mean the point on the right," he said, correcting himself quickly.

"Same thing, sir," struck in the Phenomenon.

"Silence, and receive your orders, Mr. Flower. When we hoist the yellow flag, we fire at the point on the left. You attend with your watch, and time the falling and the bursting."

Mr. Flower ran down the side. "Shove off," he cried.

The oars flashed, the wake shivered, and away wen

Mr. Flower on his scientific mission. He occupied himself in looking at his watch, and ascertaining that it went properly, and the boat slashed along through the water—leaving the old Intolerable towering out of the sea in the distance.

"We had better warn that boat, sir," said the coxswain, suddenly. Flower looked up, "What's the matter?" he asked.

They saw one of the common Greek boats, with a dirty sail, creeping along some way from them. A fez just gleamed over the quarter, and a light curl of blue smoke hovered over it.

"Starboard, and near her," said Herbert.

"Boat ahoy there!" The fez started, "Hillo, 'Erbert!"

"What—Snigsby!"

Mr. Alfred Snigsby jumped up. "Oh—this is jolly, Flower, by Jove. I was just going for a little cruise—beautiful day!" He stretched his long figure with a most joyful air. "I'll join you—are you going to land?"

"You may if you like," said Herbert. "Follow us."

The boats moved away—Alfred's following the cutter, and they soon reached the "point to the right," of which Bilboes had spoken. It was a fine, long, rocky strip of land, with shingle on both sides down to the sea.

"Now, shove off, coxswain," said Flower. "Take the shore boat with you—out of the range."

Alfred and Herbert Flower were left alone on the point. Alfred began to peer about with a curious look. If you ever saw a long bird of the stork *genus*, observing external nature in the strange way they do, you have seen something that resembles the tone of Alfred's

walk. Of course his little box of "magic lights" came out in an instant, and he offered Herbert a cigar.

"You fellows have an easy life of it," said Alfred, "upon my word." Herbert was fiddling with his watch, and observing the rocks about them. "Here you are—you come on shore—you—," so he was going on, when—suddenly—

But we must glance at the main deck of the Intolerable for an instant. Slides was hovering round the gun, and peering through the port with a telescope. "Hang the fellow!—tell the people to hoist the red flag on deck, Jones. Elevate—well!—oh dear! What's that long coloured thing moving? Is't alive?"

"Take a cigar, Herbert," said Alfred. "I'll just run and pick one of those leaves." Alfred galloped off. Herbert's eye was on the Intolerable's mast head. "Snigsby, Snigsby," he roared out, "come back for God's sake."

"D—n it, its running!" said Slides. "Is the flag broke on deck?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Mr. Flower *must* see the flag"—and jerk went Mr. Slides's wrist; he could be tantalized no longer!

A flash of fire, and a white cloud, and a rolling thunder burst from the Intolerable, and then a long thin hiss followed through the air. Down went Flower like a pointer, instanter, with a wild glance at Snigsby. Snigsby at that moment was a picture. He stood for one instant like what the vulgar call "a stuck pig,"—legs frozen—mouth agape. And then he dropped backwards—I regret to say—in among some furze and stones. The long hiss passed over their heads; there was a tremendous splash in the sea some hundred yards ahead of the point—a white cascade sprung up from it for an instant, and all was still.

"Alfred ahoy!" cried Flower. "Very pleasant duty, eh?"

"Murder, by Jove," said Snigsby, who was quite pale. "There's some brandy in the boat, old fellow, let's call it."

"Gad, I don't know whether the boat ought to cross the range now. Come here by me." Herbert was dotting down the minutes and seconds on a card with a pencil. Always cool the youth was; indeed he had had a good schooling in the Cowslip, on the coast, the commander of which was an officer who occasionally threatened to run his brig alongside a foreign line of battle ship, if anything on the part of the foreign line of battle ship had offended him. This he called "bringing people to their senses," while other authorities considered it taking leave of his own!

"You are a cool card, Flower," said Snigsby, looking with admiration at Herbert's pencil and notes.

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I'm paid for it; what do I get my £30 a year for?"

"Ah but—hang it you know," said Alfred, whom the shell had made wonderfully earnest all of a sudden, "it's honourable, old feller; courage is a fine thing, and it's a great profession to rise in."

"Oh, courage is just a habit—like smoking. The profession's a bore. It's all humbug," said the Phenomenon; "everything's humbug:"

Up went the yellow flag. "Keep your eye on that point, Alfred," said Flower—dropping down again—while Alfred tumbled right over him, and sprawled all abroad in his anxiety to imitate the movement. "All right, man," Herbert said, laughing. "It won't be so near us this time." He laughed, but he did not sneer at young Snigsby's "funk." He thought no worse of

him for it—would have thought no better of him for the opposite—he neither loved, reverenced, feared, nor hated, nor despised hardly at all. *Nil admirari* was the basis of his nature. *Nil admirari* is really the motto of hundreds of our youth. *Nil admirari* will have to be examined very closely by and bye. *Nil admirari* will have to be put down by and bye.

Again, the fire gleamed in the heart of the white smoke, and the air hissed like a living thing. They saw a black speck in the air for a second—then, the "point on the left" glittered momentary fire, and a whirlwind of stones and dust flew up.

One or two more shells were fired without any noticeable results. At last one of them began to hiss, prematurely—as one feels inclined to do at a Bricklesian drama—while it was lying apparently harmless on the sill of the port. Everybody started. It was instantly kicked off into the sea—where luckily it did not explode, but sunk peacefully into extinction. Slides, of course, was quite ready to "account for" the accident. "Something" was wrong with the "cap," and there was "something" odd about the fuse. "He would undertake to show," he said, "that it could not happen to another," but the captain would have no more shell-firing that day. The "boat's return" was hoisted to Mr. Flower's great delight. Alfred remarked that he was beginning to take an interest in the practice, but upon the whole, he was not sorry, I believe, to find that it was over. Long afterwards, the memory of his first sight of a shell adhered to him, and many a time he narrated the circumstance to a select circle, beginning—"Flower of the Intolerable, and I," &c., and his excellent mother never flagged in her shuddering sympathy—nay, not even at the twentieth repetition.

Alfred now came on board the Intolerable with Flower. The commander received Flower with a little more courtesy than usual, when he read his notes. Of course, Herbert seized the occasion to ask leave to go on shore.

"Shore, shore," said old Bilboes, "you youngsters think of nothing but the shore. No sooner is the anchor in the ground than you want to be off."

Flower said nothing. He knew his man. Old B. had a notion that his *forte* was sarcasm—so, if you rather seemed to wince, the harmless old gentleman thought you were hurt by his harmless old jocosity, and ultimately relented from his harmless old sternness.

"Ah! you want to see the ruins of ancient art," said Bilboes, feeling that his irony hit Flower very hard, "well, you may go."

Flower went off very quickly indeed, we may be sure. The apparently good natured mood of old Bilboes induced another young gentleman to try his hand likewise, but the fatal inquiry—"whether his log was written up?" put a stopper — as he afterwards expressed it — on his expedition. That unhappy log! How that log has tormented us naval men! How often have we had occasion to join with Horace in imprecations, on

"Te triste *lignum* te caducum
In domini caput immerentis!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE modern inhabitants of Athens—perched as they are beside the ruins—irresistibly suggest to one a camp of gypsies among the remains of Stonehenge. The contrast is just about as great; and the relation of modern to ancient there quite as respectable. Or if you prefer a commercial illustration, I would compare the town to an insolvent establishment into which Europe has put King Otho as a kind of "man in possession." There is a sort of tawdry semi-Turkish, semi-French seediness about those narrow streets, which inspires one with profound melancholy and disgust. There is a muddy palm tree growing at the entrance of the main street, in a consumptive manner—a false life like the life round about. And there stand for ever and ever, brown and ghostly the temples of the old time, beside which this said life with its noise, falsity, and pettiness, goes bustling on: a kind of *wake* that life seems round the noble death there—a wretched wake over a dead queen.

They were stunning times at Athens in 184—. But first of all, let us see our friends, the Snigsbys, safely deposited at the *Hotel d'Orient.* The Paragon, as I have said, anchored in the Piræus, where there is quite a gay little white town. Two Russian brigs, with gilt stars on their gun tompions, that foreign dandyism,

were in the harbour. They exercised their guns constantly, the crew hallooing when they loaded as they drove the rammers in; they always loosed sails and furled them just as the Lotus did so; and used to beat the Lotus too, which was their ambition. In fact (for it is no use disguising the fact), these brigs were very smart vessels; it is part of the Russian policy to send really smart specimens of their ships to the Mediterranean. But we must not be too much dazzled by exercising feats. You may easily see various foreigners beat a ship of ours at these, but see them weigh when it blows, see them do something that belongs to *seamanship*, and you will understand what we mean by calling the English a nautical people. And just consider too, how we distribute our patronage, how the navy is constantly getting supplied with "old stores" instead of *good* ones, in the way of commanding officers! Why, we beat all the world, in spite of all the efforts of our government! That is superiority if you like! To resume—

Mr. Blobb and a party from the yacht here employed themselves in landing Mr. Snigsby's luggage. Mr. Snigsby was surprised to see a regular cab stand, and a fellow in a red cap and white petticoats, with a sash round him—come trotting up with a hackney coach, directly he landed. Blobb settled with him to go to Athens for so many drachmas—"Athens, sir! yes sir" —fancy that! and off the coach rolled along over a good highway road—flat marshy plains stretching away on each side, pale thin woods of light green trees springing from them—barren Hymettus on one side—distant Pentelicus looking misty. The "cabman" stopped, presently, and Mr. Snigsby half expected as he put his head out of the window, to find himself

blockaded by a row of omnibuses ahead. They had reached the "half way house"—a bright, gaudy, little *café* on the borders of the wood, by the road side. "The Socrates' Arms, I suppose!" said Alfred, who was in high spirits, making a joke in the style of Brickles. Mrs. Snigsby laughed, but her husband looked grave.

"The name of Socrates is too sacred for these jests," said Mr. Snigsby, pompously.

"Oh," said Alfred, sulkily, "there's a great deal of cant talked about these old fellows!"

"Possibly, sir," said his father with sternness; "but the cant of the Cyder Cellars is worse!"

Mr. Snigsby was in a rhadamanthine mood, as was proved by this speech. Whenever that sarcasm about the C. C. (as Alfred would have said) came out, Mr. S. was indubitably sulky. "Humph!" growled his heir, but I am afraid the old gentleman had the best of it! Meanwhile, the driver was getting himself refreshed, and taking some red wine among the babbling, gaudy, thin waisted groups who basked in the sun on the benches outside, kicking out their red buskined legs, twisting their moustachios, and gabbling three at a time. Crack went the whip, and on the coach moved. At last, the road turned, and they approached the town—the temple of Theseus lying just on the right. They rattled up *the* street (for Athens can only be said to have one street), and went straight to the hotel. They were to begin "sight seeing" (a sadly vulgar word, that is) next day. The Snigsbys always "did" the curiosities of a place on system, and regulated their sublime interest in antiquity by the almanac. As these poor sketches of mine are not wholly buffooneries, but claim some slight "purpose," I think I ought to subjoin a "memorandum" of Mr. Snigsby's, prepared that

evening. It may—who knows!—serve as a hint to some future traveller of lofty aims. It will, at all events, illustrate the character of various ditto dittoes.*

MEMORANDUM.

"—th instant.—Breakfast. Inquire price of tent. See Acropolis, old columns, ruins, Greek worship, graceful Temple of Winds. Dinner at six. Write Hugg and Bloaker.

"—th instant.—Early breakfast (*qy.* why salt so dear at Athens?) See ruins, temple Jupiter Olympius. Emperor Hadrian, arch of. Not to forget umbrella, heat so great. Polytheism, reflections on. Dinner at half-past six.

"—th instant.—Breakfast. Honey at ditto, from Hymettus. (Odd story about Plato and bees in cradle —fabulous.) See Pnyx. Prison of Socrates; tomb of ditto. Great man!—opposed popular superstitions. Resemblance of to passers of reform bill. P.M.—Ride out in carriage. Letters.

"—th instant.—Old stream of Ilyssus. Groves of Acad. Home early to see tailor. Evening.—Roam about St. Paul's Hill; "unknown god." Home to tea.

"—th instant.—Off to Phalarum Bay. Any snipes in marsh? P.M.—Wander among ruins—reflections on. *Dinner at Embassy. Letters.*"

The last sentence Mr. Snigsby has put in *italics*, for reasons which he does not explain.

The Snigsbys clearly made the most of their time, if the above document is to be relied upon. And, indeed, they seem to have enjoyed themselves. The autograph

book of the hotel still retains their names, and their testimony to that effect, along with all the miscellaneous names and testimonies of that volume—in which you read how Jones liked Attica, and Brown liked the hotel—and the execrable joke made by Higgs on the words "fare and fowl;" to which is subjoined with due signatures the announcement that "three English gentlemen voted the writer of the above an ass." The English leave the oddest possible relics of themselves in these parts of the world. The French leave their cookery and their prints; the Venetians have left architecture; our travellers leave their autographs and petty jokes. Well, every one to his taste, as the proverb says. Alfred favoured the very tomb of Socrates with his autograph, and other names had been before him.

"Antiquities" being pretty well exhausted, what attraction had the capital to offer? There was a court—to be sure, it was a little one—with a little standing army, and little ceremonies, and snug little despotic ways of its own—scarcely rivalling a European one in anything but its debt, which was highly respectable in amount. There was a large flat white palace, which I defy any one to look at without wishing to stick bills on it. The whole affair was worthy of the city which once boasted the tub of Diogenes. But see the fate of empires! Just as the city has become most ridiculous, it has got no wits!

This last was the remark, at all events, of a young English gentleman at the *table d'hôte* one day. There was usually a rather pleasant party there—a quiet old Russian patrician, who interested himself in what everybody said, and was very agreeable—a Greek gentleman, who had been at college at Moscow—a travelling architect, and so on. Mr. Snigsby, to do

him justice, was fond of conversation. On this occasion he pricked up his ears.

"Have you been long in Athens, sir?" he said to the speaker, a perfectly self possessed youth, who had every appearance of being a thorough paced traveller.

"Came from Trieste yesterday. I should have been here before, but I was detained at Malta on my way from Algiers."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Snigsby. The company generally glanced at the speaker, who was just pouring some wine into his soup, with some curiosity.

"And how, sir," said Mr. Snigsby, "does the French settlement there succeed?"

"They're getting on very well. Bugeaud is not looking so well as he used to do. All these old fellows are dropping off. I saw Metternich in May—his voice had got quite shaky."

By this time the entire table began to confine its attention to the mysterious stranger. Mr. Snigsby felt the necessity of continuing the conversation. The youth was quite unconscious of anybody's attention, apparently.

"Then, you seem to like Athens, as you —" Mr. Snigsby said.

"I like it? I hate the little hole! It's all very well when you come here as a boy, you know; but it's keeping me away from an old chum that I was to meet at Odessa, and go home with."

"Hem!" said Mr. Snigsby, looking perplexed, and scarcely knowing what to ask next. "And shall we have the pleasure of your company long?"

"I hope not. It all depends on what turn affairs take. They say Katwinkski is to be recalled. I don't feel sure about it myself. Besides—who knows! I

may have to take a passage to Trieste with King Otho!"

At this moment, Mr. Herbert Flower came in, bearing a carpet bag, which (between ourselves) contained his plain clothes. Room at the table was instantly made for that youth. No sooner did his eye light on the mysterious one than he nodded and said, "Why, Saunders, I have not seen you since you were in Lisbon." Friendly recognition, and "wining" instantly followed. Mr. Saunders talked away more briskly than ever, told innumerable anecdotes, all about public men of one class or another, many of them bitter sarcasms of public men against each other. The impression left by the whole was, that European politics were just a selfish game played by men more or less clever and unscrupulous, and none of whom excited any particular reverence in Mr. Saunders. After dinner he took a cigar out of his case and announced that he was going for "a stroll."

"Who is that?" inquired the Snigsbys, eagerly, after he had left the room.

Flower laughed. "That's 'our own correspondent,'" he said, and named the journal.

"Dear me," said Mr. Snigsby, reverently. "A most intelligent young man he seems."

"Oh yes; smart fellow enough."

"I wonder," said Mr. Snigsby musingly, "what can be the matter here. Something, sir, you may depend!" he added solemnly. "I wonder if the government are in a crisis. Pray, my lord," here he turned to the Russian nobleman who was always so polite, "do you know anything of the state of politics here?"

The Russian made a bland and negative inclination. Russians don't talk politics in coffee-rooms, Mr. Snigs-

by. And indeed one reason the English are such bad social conversers, is, that continual political talk spoils them. If they were more literary they would be more elegant.

Just then, a waiter summoned Alfred, who disappeared. Mrs. Snigsby had gone up stairs to their rooms; Mr. Snigsby remained, musing over his claret. I rather fancy he was meditating some "speculation," and I know that he often thought that this mere travelling without making money was very absurd. He turned to Herbert Flower, who in political matters was but a sorry resource. "What think you, Flower?"

Herbert shrugged his little shoulders. "I'm never interested in politics, my dear sir. Politics, I take to be the art of sending gentlemen into parliament, or promoting them in the army and navy. My father does *our* share of political business, for the present."

Mr. Snigsby smiled. "But have not you heard how things are going on here, for example?"

"Well, I understand the king's dunned," said Herbert, laughing, "but by gad, I'm dunned—only I'm not a king."

"Dunned, sir, indeed," said Mr. Snigsby, seriously.

"Yes, I made rather a good joke about it t'other day. I said his court was an insolvent court."

Mr. Snigsby grinned.

How beautiful was this romance of monarchy—how fine a thing to be a king under Otho's circumstances! But if for him we have no particular sympathy—let our chivalry give a sigh to the lady of the house of Oldenburg—with the head too fair for such a crown—sweet flower of beauty among the ruins of the

beauty of old—whose presence might compensate an Athenian for the loss of the marbles that charmed Pericles.

Just as they were sitting silent, in rushed the waiter, flourishing a napkin. "Come out and look sir!" Come out sir!" And a distant sound of voices, and the hurrying hoofs of horses, were heard through the open doors of the hotel.

Mr. Snigsby, with true political curiosity, bounded to his feet and rushed out accordingly. The hotel was in an uproar. The residents were running down stairs; everybody asking his neighbour what was the matter. Nobody could answer with certainty. Only it was quite clear in the fresh and moonlight evening, that the people of the town were all swarming in crowds—that the picturesque groups were marching along towards the palace—that lights were gleaming now and then through its lofty windows.

Mr. Snigsby came running into the coffee-room again, quite excited. "It's a *revolution*, Mr. Flower!"

"Is it?" said Flower. "Then waiter, bring another pint of claret and a cigar."

"Won't you come and look at it?" said Mr. Snigsby in surprise.

"I? bless you, no. Mind, waiter, the Lafitte."

While the waiter was attending to the order of Mr. Flower, our friend Snigsby ran out again. The *Hotel d'Orient* is situated near the palace, and the residents had a capital view of the proceedings that night. The crowds continued gathering, and now they gradually swelled into a mass round the palace. And now began shouts—discordant, tempestuous hubbub round these white marble walls. Presently a horseman leaves the palace portico at a gallop—gallops down to the artillery

barracks. Brief reply is given to the message; "Artillery decline to act!" Increased hubbub follows, as news is diffused through the mob. And now begins a general yelling—indicative, as is explained to Mr. Snigsby (who is watching the proceedings with high constitutional emotions from a balcony), that the people of Athens would like to see his Majesty at *his* balcony! You have heard the call for "author," raised by a literary gentleman's acquaintances at the close of a new play! Such was the yelling for his Majesty on the present occasion; they always call on kings, however, to have *their* performances condemned.

And now the lights moved even more restlessly at the windows of those wide white walls. Figures appear and vanish there occasionally. Mr. Snigsby's emotions became immense. He half knocked down a waiter, whom he met carrying a lantern—as he rushed to summon Flower again.

"Come, Mr. Flower—come! Listen to the roaring, there!"

"Capital Lafitte, my dear sir," said Herbert, never moving an inch.

"Come and see it man," said old Snigsby.

"Bah! my dear sir—leave my wine?"

Snigsby hurried off again, and resumed his observation.

"Mr. Snigsby, sir," cried the waiter.

The old boy ran down once more. There was some hubbub going on at the door of the hotel. A lanky Albanian—so he seemed, was hustled rudely in by an armed mob. His cap fell, and Mr. Snigsby recognised Alfred.

"Why—what the devil's up now?" he roared out to that youth.

"I just went out," stammered Alfred, who was deadly pale.

"In that dress, sir?" shouted his father. "Go to bed sir! Waiter, show him to bed."

Once more, Mr. Snigsby gained his point of observation. The tumult was decidedly increasing—nay, arms of various kinds glittered more prominently in the moonlight. The opening on the royal balcony began to move. Who shall describe all the anxiety and terror going on within those walls then? Honour to the queenly heart warm with the blood of Gustavus—which is true to one at this hour—true at once to the honour of its noble northern birth, and the Greek site of its southern palace!

A figure appears on the balcony, and there is a dead hush for a moment, and a low murmur. The king? No! A burst of yelling follows. This is a grim Bavarian—most unpopular man in Greece! The muskets gleamed still more prominently. Dense roaring ensues.

"I wonder, sir, you dare show yourself!" roars stern old ——, who heads the multitude. The grim figure retires in again—cursing rather deeply, we may imagine.

At last the king appears. There is a shouting, and a cry about "constitution," and negotiation, and three times three. And the mob slowly disperses and settles down in its own dwellings.

"Well;" said Mr. Snigsby, returning to the coffee-room. "I call that a great spectacle! *Vox populi*, sir!"

"Now then; supper," said Flower, finishing his second cigar. "The revolution has not spoiled my Lafitte."

"Here's the people!" said old Snigsby joyously.

"*Vivat Regina!*" said Flower, with gallantry. Alfred was already in bed. His first "lark" had terminated very sadly in the classical city.

A few days afterwards the Paragon slowly dropped out of the harbour, bearing the Snigsbys for a slight cruise among the islands.

END OF VOL. I.

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# MR. SNIGSBY'S YACHT.

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## CHAPTER IX.

DIPLOMACY is like a funeral. It invests everybody engaged in it with an air of sacred importance for the time. Reflect on this, reader, and you will see that it is unusually true for an epigram. Doth not poor Hobbins, slowly marching with his black wand, look a loftier creature than his brother plebeian? Even so our friends at embassies seem great men, from their occupation; and naval captains become so, of course, when diplomatic duties devolve on them. The captain of the Intolerable, for example, was twice the man, at least, when visiting a consul in the Archipelago on political business. The captain of the Verdant landed an armed party to call the Pasha of Snobkali to account for an insult to the British flag, and made the Pasha apologise. Yet the captain of the Verdant was not personally an important man! Intrinsically, indeed, he was Adam Jones, R.N., with scarcely talent enough to manage a country post office. Beautiful system, which

"ennobles whatever it touches!" Were "British interests" injured by the revolution in my last chapter? Not at all. British interests remained perfectly safe, and dined together as comfortably as ever, the day after. Of course the captain of the Intolerable felt that he, as senior officer of the squadron, was the cause of this happy state of things—and Toadyley, the mate, explained the same in the gun room. Oddly enough, this disinterested admirer of his captain happened to do so in the hearing of the gun room steward, who happened to tell it to the captain's steward—who happened to tell it to the captain. Toadyley was a man to "get on, sir," as old officers were wont to say. He rose by the possession of certain qualities which irreverent fellows like his messmates did not appreciate. Short sighted observers! What enableth the ape to maintain himself high up on trees? His prehensile tail! Nature is rich.

These preliminary observations will give the reader to understand that the scene of our story is still classic. The Paragon, after cruising for a little while in the islands, returned to the Piræus. Mr. Snigsby, whose interest as a politician in the revolution had been naturally very great, was glad to learn that the king had accepted a constitution. It was pleasant to him to see the regular old political business going forward in the old way. The king not being fit for a king, why of course he must have one or two more imbecile people to help him—and so everything would come right. Frequently Mr. Snigsby broached the cheerful subject at the *table d'hôte*, the Russian bowing silently in answer to his remarks, as usual. The "own correspondent" had gone to Odessa, and was charming the

subscribers from that quarter. Little did these subscribers know that the active fellow was the same man who (aided by the Mediterranean papers) charmed them at the same time from Algiers and Beyrout! Alfred had kept very quiet since his last adventure, the particulars of which were indeed sufficiently ludicrous. It seems that he had assumed the Albanian dress on the evening of the revolution, and gone forth on an attic "lark." The partiality of the disciples of Brickles to fancy dresses is well known; they are the male "bloomers" of the age in their tastes—and Alfred sallied forth on this occasion in no ordinary spirits. Being addressed in the Greek tongue in the *Café de l'Europe*, he rejoiced in the opportunity of "chaffing" a nation in a language which, though known about the "coal hole," and other similar neighbourhoods, had not as yet (though I doubt not it will, the "fast" schoolmaster being abroad) become familiar to the inhabitants of the East. The result was a row, and the hustling of the youth into his hotel, previously described. Perhaps the person who felt dullest about this time, of the party, was Mrs. Snigsby, who had no society. The English people abroad always assume brevet social rank, and cut their proper equals, if they get a chance. So the Sempsters (Mrs. Sempster's father being a cadet of the Highlow family, as Sempster's family know well) the Sempsters, of their own —— square, went to the *Etrangers* when they heard the Snigsbys were at the *L'Orient*,—picked out the same day to go to Eleusis, that the Snigsbys chose for going to Marathon, and somehow were always, during their walks, on the *other* side of the Acropolis. One would have expected the respective youths Alfred and Highlow Sempster,

to fraternise. But Highlow, though "fast," was that melancholy variety of the fast tribe—a fast Prig. Does the reader know this order of young fellows—solemn, conceited little sinners—grave, pompous reprobates—fellows, as Fontenoy once said to me in his savage way, who "voluntarily associate with the devil, and yet seem to feel that they are patronising him!" Highlow was one of these, then—while Alfred was really a good fellow at bottom; he loved to write to a prize fighter, and seal with the Highlow shield, not knowing, as connoisseurs in heraldry do, that he had no right to use his mother's arms—his father not having any. Such was the youthful Sempster, who has since sat for a borough, and married into a government office, under the auspices of old Riprigger, who gives young gentlemen situations, on condition of their taking one of his daughters into the bargain. A more determined aristocrat than Sempster does not of course exist now; for in our times Mammon is the most bigoted of all aristocrats. If you want to boast of your "blue blood," do it in the company of men of fortune, whose grandfathers were tradesmen.

Mr. Snigsby had made up his mind to leave Athens, and his final preparations for sea were being made on board the yacht, under the auspices of Blobb, when our friend had an opportunity of seeing a political spectacle. It must have been gratifying to a constitutional heart. In a word, the king's friends were leaving for Trieste in a steamer, escorted to the very water's edge by cavalry, to save them from "popular fury!" Popular fury, or the "rage of the rabble" (so admirably described by Brigg the *attaché*—himself, of course, being sprung from emperors), accompanied the fugitives to

the harbour. Rarely has a more dignified spectacle been presented to observation. That a king should be obliged to send away his companions, and to have them cheerfully pelted with mud by his loyal subjects! Why, one would rather *act* the king in a country barn! Indeed, being a king of Otho's class, is very like following the theatrical profession, and doing the royal parts. The poor monarch was criticised in the newspapers like any stroller, hissed by the public, and short of money into the bargain! Mr. Snigsby pitied him heartily, as the Paragon left the harbour in the Trieste steamer's wake, and he saw the sulky mustachioed gentlemen on the poop looking very fierce, yet not sorry to be out of harm's way. What became of these courtiers he never afterwards heard; he supposed they went to some other court, and doubtless they are hanging about one to this hour, sneering at the "people," and living on them.

The squadron were still in the bay of Salamis. Mr. Snigsby's party went on board the Intolerable to bid them goodbye there. We must fancy an affectionate parting between the commander and Mr. Snigsby, accompanied by a request from old Bilboes that he would take down a huge chest of drawers to Malta for him—and accompany Alfred, who is looking for Herbert Flower.

"Mr. Flower, sir?"—"On the poop," said the quartermaster.

Alfred ascended the ladder leading to that domain, and found Herbert pacing about there. There was an air of calm, yet satirical endurance about him.

"Well, 'Erbert, we're going to Malta. Come down and have a chat for a minute."

"Hem!" said our friend.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I can't exactly leave the poop at this minute (stand between me and old Bilboes a moment—there). The fact is, I'm ordered to walk the poop by that old villain; but there's a pocket pistol in that fire bucket."

Alfred gave a demonstration of sympathy.

"Pooh, my dear fellow, the temporary triumph of the obscure! no more! A mere result of temporary supremacy. A similar thing happened to Sir Ralph Flower in Charles's time, when the Roundheads were uppermost." Herbert looked magnificently calm.

"Really, I'm very sorry," said the affectionate Alfred.

"Never mind. Everything in this world fluctuates. The world, sir, as old Mehemet Ali loves to remark, is a wheel. And our world here is a cart wheel."

They paced aft, and Herbert explained how this punishment had befallen him. Rarely do we meet with a more monstrous case. Herbert's dog having fallen overboard, Herbert had let go the life buoy; and for this Bilboes had doomed him for a time to walk the poop!

"So you are going to Malta?" Here Herbert mused a minute, and then said—"Well, I heard you were likely to go, so I have a letter for you to take, if you will."

"Delighted," said Alfred.

The quartermaster was privately dispatched to the gun-room, and presently returned with a note, very neat in appearance, sealed with the magic roses, and addressed to Miss Beddoes.

Alfred looked so knowing when he saw the direction!

"Don't you remember the girl you danced with on board here?"

"To be sure," Alfred said, digging him playfully in the ribs.

"Well, did'nt you think she was jolly good looking?"

"I did, indeed," the youth replied, with the same knowing look. Herbert smiled in a queer quiet way.

"Just call when you arrive, and give her that then," he said. Alfred placed it most sacredly in his pocket, and felt quite proud of the mission. It was drawing near the time of departure now. Alfred, with all his "fastness," never could get rid of that softness of temperament, which he affected to attribute reproachfully to that hateful abstraction the "spoon." He grasped his friend's hand romantically. "Good bye, old feller; I'm obliged for all your kindness."

"Stuff, my boy," said Flower; "that's the sort of thing one says to one's schoolmaster at the end of a half. I've not been kind to you. Pooh, pooh," he continued, seeing that Alfred was going to protest, and putting his hand over his mouth.

"Yacht's boat's manned, sir," cried a voice from the gangway.

"Take care of yourself, and don't forget the letter."

"Ah! Flower," said Alfred, "you affect to hide those em—"

"Bless us, Snigsby," said Herbert, "you should leave '*hinc illæ lachrymæ*' to the commons. You had better take some saltpetre to sea—a capital thing to cool wine when you can't get ice! And, I say, tell Muir to send up George Sand's *Consuelo* by the Brickbat, and make—

"Walk the poop, sir!" was the stern and brief sen-

tence from Bilboes, which cut short Herbert Flower's farewell. He turned away to pace backwards and forwards as pretentiously as did ever Sir Ralph Flower himself; and the Snigsbys got into their boat, the good lady of that name having given many thanks for his "kindness" to the captain of the Intolerable, who had been kind enough to dine with them so often. Possibly we shall never be able to approximate to anything like a just admeasurement of obligations in this world. People's notions vary so! There was Jack Pitt, of the Lucifer—could mortal man have been more cordially treated than Jack was by the consul at Snobkali? Yet the recollection of the dissolution of that friendship is fresh in my memory. Jack's words yet occasionally haunt my ears; "He thinks," said the worthy lieutenant, speaking of that consul's recent misconduct, and red in the face, "he thinks, because I eat his dinners, and dine at his house, and ride his horses—he thinks, sir, that he is to call me *Jack!*"

The sails were loosed, the anchor up; the Paragon dropped away to sea, glimmering like a star along the coast, getting a "clean bill of health" at Cerigo, and moving on towards Malta. The autumn was very fast departing by this time, and Mr. Snigsby longed to return to England. That that country was undoubtedly the best in the long run, he frequently asseverated now—and reminded his family that they had now seen a good deal of the world, and that, as to Alfred in particular, it was time for him to be "settling down"—a favourite phrase of his. And certainly, it is a happy phrase—though, of course, the value of anything in the "settled down" condition depends on the nature of the mixture. Gooseberry and champagne both effervesce,

but the settling down leaves different results—notwithstanding the general notion that the wildness of youth is pretty much the same thing in all youths. Alfred listened very reasonably to the parental admonitions by this time, occupying himself in the afternoon, as the yacht drifted along, in arranging his various purchases—his sabres and daggers, and caps, and pipes, all which he destined to his future "chambers." For a secret, dearly cherished feeling lurked in Alfred's breast—a determination to have "chambers" when he returned to England, and to keep himself clear from the parental control for the future. A hoary moralist delights—and there is ground for the reflection—to comment on the little sympathy that exists between fathers and sons in the present age; but if an old gentleman has no principles or faith of his own, how can he expect his son to value anything about him but his money? Show me a youth who don't value that, and I will admit that we are degenerate, as compared with our papas.

In due time, Malta gleamed along the surface of the water, white and low, like a dumpling in a pot. The Snigsbys thought they would sail briskly in, in the fine part of the day. But they did not know how it was—though Blobb did—that the yacht reached in at night. It was too late to go on shore then, and in the morning Mr. Blobb was absent. Snigsby remembered the mysterious sailing on the occasion of their leaving for the Archipelago, and felt a dim apprehension of some calamity; but in the meantime they established themselves once more at the old rooms in Strada Reale. The island was dull at this time, and most of the squadron away—those commanded by people of "in-

terest" dawdling about the Ionian islands—the working and obscure ones, on the contrary, were at such places as Beyrout or Tunis; while the admiral in command of all was snug in his house on shore, in a seedy tranquillity, if the phrase be intelligible. Sir Booby Booing was a good judge of value. He was lavish of his intellect in despatches and orders, but very sparing with his table money! He knew the worth of things—"he did," as Lieutenant Hireling would say; and he did not patronise society much, chiefly that of wandering people of rank, who make a convenience of the public authorities, getting passages in men of war from them, and patronising their families, and cutting them afterwards in England, in the regular hackneyed old way.

Mr. Alfred Snigsby arrayed himself the next morning after their arrival in his most sumptuous style. He was going to call at the quiet respectable lodgings of Captain Beddoes, where dwelt the fair Lucy, and the captain's maiden sister, an old lady of reading and sewing propensities. The captain was away at the club; and Alfred, who walked upstairs in some perturbation, found there Lucy by herself, looking fresh, white and trim as a camelia. The favourite ideal lady of a "Bricklesian" is a smart damsel, well acquainted with light literature, something of a flirt in her manners, and *tant soit peu* of a "snob" in her feelings. Lucy, however, was a quiet little girl, with just enough sentiment to sadden her, whose perception of fun was rather a matter of heart-sympathy than of acuteness (and so more akin to genius), and who, brought up always in the peculiar worldly atmosphere of garrison life, was worldly and orthodox from timidity somewhat.

A spoiled high character, to meet which (as you do constantly) has an effect like dropping on a flower used as a marker in a heavy materialist volume!

How much depends on natural good feeling! Hireling, above mentioned (formerly of H.M. brig Snob), Hireling, I say, deputed once to report to his commander the news of the death of his nearest relative, did it thus:—putting his head inside the cabin door, "Come on board, sir," said he, "your father's dead."

Alfred's obvious good feeling was in his favour. Lucy rose up, and said she was glad to see him. Alfred envied Herbert Flower.

"Let me see," he began, after remarking that Malta was dull, "I've a note for you, from Herbert Flower," and he produced it.

"Oh," said Lucy, "I hope he's well. Does he keep on good terms with his commander, now?"

She played with the note, and glanced at the seal, as if laughing at Mr. Flower's profusion of armorial wax. Alfred thought he ought to say good morning. How anxious she must be to read it! He rose up.

"Oh! don't hurry, Mr. Snigsby; I expect my father in every moment," said Lucy, putting down the still unopened note; and she began to talk about all the most lively subjects of the day. At last, however, Alfred felt—the captain still not having arrived—that he really ought to go; but he found he was wonderfully more at ease with the young lady, than before. The chat was very lively just as he was saying good morning.

"So, Herbert still occasionally excites the captain's wrath," Lucy said, laughing.

"Oh, yes; perhaps Commander Bilboes is jealous of him," said Alfred, gallantly.

"Of his high-flown names of kinsmen, and his ancestral roses, as he calls them?" Lucy laughed again, and looked at the seal.

"Of *the* rose, perhaps," said Alfred, bowing, and inwardly wishing he was dressed as Don Cæsar de Bazan—his favourite ideal.

Lucy blushed and looked demure. "Oh, Herbert's heart, like his shield, holds a whole *bouquet* of them. You're mistaken about him. I think you have been deluded by your own chivalry there, Mr. Snigsby."

Lucy giggled as she spoke, but her blush was earnest; and she meant it to be so.

"Well, I must bid you good morning. I shall hope to find the captain in, again."

"He will be very glad to see you," said Lucy.

"Good morning."

"Good bye, Mr. Snigsby."

The drawing-room door closed; Alfred's foot resounded on the stair; Lucy seized the letter, and listened: the street door resounded hollowly. The wax was cracked in an instant, and she began to read.

Will our story be declared improbable for communicating the purport of Mr. Herbert Flower's note? How Alfred's heart would have beat, if he had known that it was a kind of sentimental *letter of credit* for him, wherein Flower had favourably commended him to his young friend—the Lucy with whom he had flirted from childhood—as a very promising match.

"You see, Lucy dear," said the youth's note, "sentiment reminds me, sometimes—though I don't deal

much in metaphors—of perfumes. People don't use perfumes, unless they can afford cambric; and sentiment is a superfluity compared with fortune. Really, this strikes me as pretty! I commend you to a brilliant establishment; and we part, don't we, luckily, if we can be torn away without bleeding? Seriously, your papa would be delighted with the match, and so would our family. You have too much sense to call me bad-hearted, for saying all this, I know. I shall keep half a lock of your hair, for old acquaintance sake."

Lucy read this effusion with a shade *more* emotion than Herbert had written it with; and laughed a good deal less than she had done: but neither of them suffered very deeply.

When Captain Beddoes came home to a quiet family dinner, Lucy informed him that the Snigsbys had returned, and one of them had called with a note from Flower.

"Hah, rich people, Rivers was saying;" the captain, said carelessly, "the old man was very civil to me at the *Intolerable's* ball. We'll ask them here, if you like."

"Just as you please, papa," said Lucy, simply.

"Sure it wouldn't bore you?"

"Oh no, they seem kind, well meaning people."

"Ah, we'll arrange about it."

At the same time, Alfred was narrating his visit to his family, and failed not to remark that Lucy was "jolly good-looking."

## CHAPTER X.

The ordinary notions of the requirements in an alliance might be summed up for general purposes as follows:—Money *and* birth—if possible—but, at all events, money! Here and there a stray fellow plumes himself upon his ancestors, and declines to mix the paternal stream with blood which, like the Sacramento, brings mud along with the gold. But even such a stray fellow is found frequently to reflect that, while he has barely money enough for one, he has "blood" enough for two. This philosophical reflection once admitted, the mind wonderfully opens to the more liberal notions on these points. A pecuniary prospect dawns clearer and clearer. Some young lady of means is forthcoming, and the "prejudices of antiquity" glide gradually away. *She* has been born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and *he* puts his crest on it—what can be more delightfully harmonious? In this way all ranks of us are gradually mingling in England, and intolerance in classes is becoming daily more hateful and ridiculous. Now and then, to be sure, somebody exclaims—

"Leave us still our old nobility;"

but, as a general rule, the length of a man's pedigree by no means atones for the length of his ears.

These highly philosophical remarks have been suggested by the circumstances mentioned in the last chapter. Alfred Snigsby left the *Strada* decidedly impressed with Miss Beddoes's beauty. We have seen how susceptible he was on a former occasion, and now the favourite vision of "chambers" lost its attraction, and he began to form a new ideal—that of his being the presiding spirit of a country house, and giving breakfasts on hunting mornings to the neighbouring gentry. With regard to the consent of parents there was no difficulty to be apprehended. Her Alf's happiness was Mrs. Snigsby's only object; and his father, who knew that he would have to make a settlement on him some time, had philosophy enough to reflect that it might as well happen now as at a future period. (And it required some philosophy to know this, at least, if we may judge by the irrational prejudices of so many parents to whom instant disbursement is so ridiculously awful.) We must therefore consider Alfred in the capacity of suitor; and sympathise with him in his suit. We can fancy how one call led to another, and the second to an excursion to Civita Vecchia; and how their names were mentioned together in social gossip; and how soon Miss Lucy contrived to inform him that never had she thought of Herbert Flower except with the ordinary affection of an old family friend. Alfred wrote to that youth to say how happy he was; and received a most cordial reply, with a postscript respecting something he had ordered from a well known firm in *Strada Pocco*, which had not attended to him so punctually as usual. The conduct of the worthy Captain Beddoes was a model of quiet tact. He first satisfied himself by corresponding with an old friend, a "man

of the world," in London, who ascertained the Snigsbæan fortune with the accuracy of an accountant; and then—to use a classical metaphor of no ordinary beauty—he lay down at leisure, and listened to the murmur of the Pactolus which was to enrich his house. Never did anybody manage to escape being bored with the preliminaries better than he; and when an intimate or two, men of the world likewise, asked any questions about the matter, he shrugged his shoulders. "People of fortune, sir," was the phrase which, like the *Allah ahkbar* of the Mussulman, expressed the essence of his reflections on the subject. An easy, experienced, loo-loving, sherry-loving old gentleman, brought up in good old garrison traditions, he accepted the piece of luck, just as he he would have a fluke at billiards—without particular comment—yet quietly marking it up. He showed Alfred a good deal of dignified attention and asked him to dinner at the mess, and when he had occasion to scrawl a note to Mr. Snigsby senior, he impressed him considerably by the use of a ferocious-looking but harmless old "wyvern," which adorned his seal. In the meantime, the yacht was lying in the harbour, and Blobb was passing his mornings—one may suppose—as usual, at the "Shepherd and Shepherdess." Here he pursued the classic game of skittles among his peers—occasionally giving snug little entertainments on board the Paragon, when he entertained his guests with dry sarcastic observations on the Snigsbys, his employers. These, as we have before seen, he had long since discerned not to be "regular swells." Few things are more amusing and interesting than the aristocratic tendencies of men like Mr. Blobb. It is a real old piece of superstition that tendency which they

have, to respect a genuine "swell." For they are not to be imposed upon by mere money. Lord Blory—as his tradesmen knew—was not rich. Nevertheless, Blobb respected him as an ancient Briton did a Druid—and entertained a mystic awe for his ancestors. It is common to speak of the present as an "enlightened" age. But wherever there is stupidity, there is "darkness." The fact is, the present age believes in *ghosts*—to an extent which no previous age ever paralleled—in the *ghosts* of institutions, my dear reader—in the ghosts of all sorts of mediæval figures, which have not the reality people pretend to see in them at all. "Ancestors" are very noble possessions to a man who is right worthy and able himself; but to my mind, the more ancestors of eminence a blockhead has, the worse it is for him. To such a man the ashes of the dead, had he any feeling, would be like coals of fire! All this has only, however, an indirect application to Mr. Blobb; Mr. B.'s regard for Lord Blory's ancestors was interesting and illustrative, it was something so darkly and mysteriously reverent! I verily believe that some people fancy the "lower orders" never had any forefathers at all—but sprang out of clay in some unexplained manner, a few generations back.

We must however return to Alfred, who now assumes an unusual importance, on account of the event which is supposed to be impending. It is amusing to see the tender—the rather melancholy—interest which invests a person in his situation. Though, to be sure, courtship, unless of the high-flying, passionate, and poetic character, (we could do a little in that way if we liked, reader!) is a very dull affair to describe. For after all there goes so much common-place to make it up. Like

"swizzle," as was remarked by a naval friend, in a philosophical mood, it is three parts water! It comprises so many ordinary every day proceedings, such lunching, and dining, and walking when it will come on to rain, such fluctuation of moods, and ebbing and flowing of tides of fancy, that it is apt to be prosaic in detail. Then, as genius is more shown in making details interesting than in anything else, it becomes a very hard thing to treat of in fiction. And one is driven to generalities, and to request the reader to fancy Mr. Alfred Snigsby paying his addresses to Miss Beddoes from day to day. Lucy, who with all her simplicity has a kind of tact—of which she is half conscious—which gives her insight into character, has several times arrived at the conclusion, and always deliberately shut her eyes when face to face with the same, that Mr. Alfred is—a fool, shall I say? Why, not exactly. No. She does not like to say that, and she strives to reconcile matters, by saying to herself, that she has no right to judge harshly of anybody. And this pleasant sophistry, which, I apprehend, everybody carries on more or less, is very like a habit of taking laudanum, which grows upon one, and at last becomes, instead of a pleasant variety, a most miserable necessity. It was all the more painful too, of course, for Lucy to observe that Alfred had no suspicion whatever of the same kind himself. The truth is, that the disciples of Brickles (and I am anxious to illustrate in this story the effect of the writings of that great man) mistake their superficial contempt for all that is serious in life, for a sort of Talleyrandish superiority to it. They think, poor fellows, that when they have grinned at "earnestness," and sneered at anything professing a

"purpose," they have risen into some lofty Machiavellian height from which they can look down. Hence —though the high Bricklesian, perhaps, can manage to keep the sneering worldly height with some success permanently; as a dog can stand on his hind legs after very much practice, the weaker Bricklesian becomes ten times more infatuated, *when* he gets what he calls "spooney," than anybody else. And so far was Alfred from knowing his weakness, that—to adopt a saying of Fontenoy's—one of those disgracefully acrid sayings which shock all right minded people, "he carried his ears as if they were laurels." Encouraged by Lucy's encouragement, he began to blend with his "spooniness" a sort of semi-comic tone, and I dare say sometimes thought that the fact that he, the brilliant Alfred, should meditate matrimony, was a falling off, and a joke. It was no joke to Lucy, however.

One morning, Mr. Alfred Snigsby might have been observed seated at his desk in Strada Reale, with a very brilliant sheet of paper before him still untouched, though there were several blurred, blotted, and scribbled ones beside him. The fact is, he was about to make his formal proposal! And though he had been virtually "accepted" for some time—yet there *is* a point in every courtship, my good reader, when sentimental generalities have to concentrate themselves, and assume a practical form.

The Practical (with a big P) vindicates its rights in due time. There never was a religion yet which did not require bricks and mortar to build with; that touching sentiment, commercial confidence, *will* embody itself, every now and then, in an I O U. Court-

ship leads to settlements. So, Alfred had made up his mind to put the formal question to Miss Beddoes, and to pour out his expectations to her papa. He tried, poor fellow, while concocting the epistles, to persuade himself into a light, easy, comic view of the matter. But there was a fulness about the throat which did not exactly proceed from the effects of his *Joinville,* and a general sensation of uneasiness, which belied his grin. At last he finished the notes, and sent them off. And then he emerged from the house into *Strada Reale.* I regret to say that he then went into Joe Micallef's, for he wanted some soda and curaçoa to "set him up."

"Morning, Sar!" said Joe, in his affable way. Joe was presiding at his counter there, with his usual stump of a cigar in his mouth. There was also one naval youth there (of course)—young Ricketts, of the Polypus—who had a nodding acquaintance with Alfred, and who nodded accordingly, and said—

"Queer this morning—out late. Supped at the Governor's—devilled kidneys—mulled port." Which sentences, Ricketts, of the Polypus jerked out in a fragmentary manner, without adding a single phrase; just as he had jerked them out to three different casual visitors of Joe's that morning.

Alfred stayed dawdling about Joe's in a wretched state of uncertainty. First of all he kept looking at the clock, and wondering whether his note for Lucy had reached; whether his note to her parent had reached; when the answer would come, &c. "Now," thought Mr. Alfred, "she's just writing."

In truth, Lucy *was* writing. And if the reader will permit me, we will peep into the drawing room of her dwelling, and see her. I have her image before me at

this moment—a slight, delicate girl—what Mr. Herbert Flower was wont to call to his intimate friends, a Poppet—that is, with a certain innocent dollishness of prettiness, which to some people is peculiarly enchanting. There she sits, radiant in a light morning dress—the airy, beautiful coolness of which seems like a piece of English summer inside the southern summer. Before her is a brilliant inkstand, and several sheets of creamy paper—and she has broken at least three flowers to pieces in musing over the subject which occupies her attention. At last she begins, and she looks up to her aunt, who is sitting beside her. Miss Beddoes, that maiden lady, is a most excellent person, not given to developing herself in talk, but who turns out, if you get friendly with her, to be considerably up in controversial theology.

"Well, aunt," Lucy said, "I suppose I must write! I suppose I ought to—ought to be very happy—oughtn't I?"

"My dear, you ought to know best. I would not undertake the responsibility of advising you on so serious a matter! You are aware that in a worldly point of view (how beautifully do these periphrases, my dear reader, avoid the unpleasantness of using the word 'money!') in a worldly point of view, the match is one which would be quite satisfactory to your family. Perhaps, my dear, you would like to have me, in perfect confidence, consult Mr. Fatton?"

• (Our readers have not, I hope, forgotten the Rev. Mr. Fatton, of St. Kilderkin. The Rev. Mr. F., who openly denounces the confessional of the rival establishment, is yet given to a little private confession and absolution among his flock—in a quiet way.)

"No, thank you, dear," said Lucy, a little drily.

"You must then consult your own heart alone, my darling."

Lucy made a dash at the note.

"'Dear Mr. Snigsby.' It's certainly a strange name."

"I dare say, as you are an heiress, he might be induced to take your name, my dear, if that is a serious objection."

"I have to thank you," resumed Lucy, "for the kind letter which you have sent me; and I hope I am *not insensible* of the honour of the proposal which it conveys. I do not think that you will find that I fail to appreciate the sentiments which have prompted it; and I shall *be happy* to hear from my father, in such a spirit as I expect him to treat the offer which you tell me you have made to him.

"Very sincerely,

"L. B."

"There, aunt—that's civil enough, and commonplace enough—and unromantic enough, I hope!"

And up started Lucy, in some agitation, and looked at herself in the glass, and bathed her forehead in *Eau de Cologne.*

"For goodness sake be calm, my darling!" said her aunt, folding up the note gently, but promptly.

"You approve it, aunt?" said Lucy, looking very much as if she were going to cry.

"It is quite correctly worded, my dear, I think."

In ten minutes more the note was sent off.

So far so good. Meanwhile Alfred's note to Captain Beddoes reached that officer at the club, and was

handed to him just as he was playing billiards. He glanced at it; it was his turn—he made a very pretty winning hazard—and then, leaving himself very safe, read it at his leisure. A youth who had been watching the game strolled out, leaving the captain alone with a very old chum—a certain old Colonel Bechamel, with whom he was playing.

"I suppose there's no harm in showing it to you," said he, pitching it across.

"Hah!" said the colonel, resuming his cue, "that tall young fellow—I know him. Plenty of money, I think you said. Well, I'm glad to hear it. To be sure, Lucy's a girl that ought to marry anybody she likes."

"You're kind, always—you good old Bechamel. But you and I have lived long enough to know that money is, after all, the great thing in these times."

"Yes," said Bechamel; "you know what poor old Blory used to say—'They use us old families,' said he, 'as they do the ancient remains in Greece—patch brick walls with us!' How like Blory that was!"

"Clever man, to be sure. He might have done anything he liked."

"So I told him; and he said he preferred doing everything he liked. And he certainly did it!"

"We won't play any more, then."

"No."

The two veterans left the club, and crossed the square. As they walked along, they chatted about the matter in hand, and parted with more warmth than usual, as men who care for each other do when anything of consequence to either of them has been the subject of conversation. The captain moved on, musing on

Mr. Alfred's letter—on the advantage of having a rich son in law, and wondering whether it would not be a good thing for the youth to go into a dragoon regiment for a year or two. That would polish him up, the captain very justly thought, reasoning (without the aid of Rochefoucauld, who has made the observation) that *l'air bourgeois se perd quelquefois à l'armée.* But by this time he was at home.

There were two gentlemen there, making a call on the ladies; but the captain caught his daughter's eye, and they exchanged glances.

"Heard the news, Beddoes?" said Captain Trivet.

"News?" (the captain smiled inwardly) "what news?"

"Oh, the Alexandria mail's come in—a great battle in India."

"Ah! bless me!"

"Of course, we've thrashed the fellows," said little Trivet, (who has not been in action, that I am aware of,) complacently; "but several of our fellows of high rank are killed. You remember Philabeg Herbert?"

"Major in the —th? I know."

"Most gallant charge—killed with a round shot."

"Poor fellow!" said the captain. "Then that young midshipman in the Bustard comes into the estates?"

"There's the odd part of it. I've just heard—in fact it's come out, now that old Philabeg's killed—that—ahem! You see, this young Herbert, or youth called Herbert, we'll say—" Trivet grinned—"can't succeed. The estates are most rigidly entailed on—ah! the real Herberts—most awful thing for this poor boy

in the Bustard to find out all about his—his unfortunate position—now!"

The captain gave a low, strange whistle of an eccentric and prolonged description. "And who succeeds, then?" And here he rose and brought out the "Landed Gentry," which occasionally amused his long evenings, and turned to the "Herberts of Cockcrow Tower." Of course, there was "a Ranulphus de Herbert;" and there was an "ancient rhyme" which Tradition had "preserved," (which Tradition, by the way, too often "preserves" mere offal, as the Admiralty contractors do), viz., this beautiful fragment—

"When ye De Herbert doth ride,
Woe doth ye churl betide."

And there was a De Herbert who was a "favourite" of some king; and there was a "*from whom descended,*" (concerning which favourite, little, sly line, you and I have our suspicions, perhaps, often); and finally, you came upon firm substantial pedigree about Charles's time. You then saw—that is our friend the captain did—how few Herberts there had been every generation; and that finally, the late major not having left legitimate issue, the estates would revert to the issue of his great-grandfather's daughter, Ada ——, married in 17—, to Charles Henry Flower, of Flory!

"By Jove!" said Captain Beddoes, rising solemnly, like a Presbyterian about to say grace—"by Jove! the Flowers get that splendid property!"

"What, papa!" said Lucy, flushing all red with surprise, "our friends?"

"To be sure; won't young Herbert be delighted?

Now, Lucy, it will be a graceful thing, as we're old friends of the family, for you to write and tell Herbert the news. His ship's at Athens, and he will have it from you first of all."

Lucy left the room; and when she was snug in her own room, what with emotion and the excitement of the day, and looking at Herbert Flower's last letter to her (which, in my private opinion, it was about time for her to have burned before this), she cried bitterly. A water-lily in a shower of rain—oh, reader! did you ever see that? How the river is quivering all round it, and the broad leaves patter and dip, and the whole white beauty of the flower is shivering and glancing in a fever of excitement! Such-like was our friend Lucy then. If you remark, it is only at a certain period, perhaps, even by accident, that one finds out that one has a real heart. Circumstance, education, may have made one feel worldly, and look worldly; but suddenly, by what you may call a conversion, an impulse, it may be a death, it may be a pretty face—your whole emotions are awakened, and you seem a new man or woman. For, under the thickest conventionalism, there lies plenty of emotion, just as under solid old London and its foundations of chalk there is plenty of the purest water.

But Lucy had to come down in due time, and the three Beddoeses dined together. And there was a private interview between Lucy and her father; and next morning Captain Beddoes dressed himself elaborately, and visited Mr. Alfred Snigsby, who in spite of his "knowingness," in spite of his acquaintance with the writings of Brickles, who had sneered at matrimony, and other things holy, till his whole moral nature (like

his nose) had a sneering turn upwards towards heaven! —in spite of all this, was, to speak in his own beautiful language, in a "very great funk." Old Beddoes, who was a gentleman (not manufactured out of the raw material, but a born one) conducted the delicate matter with the greatest tact. Alfred was an accepted suitor.

The reader is now requested to follow me to the Intolerable. The squadron is still in the Archipelago, putting the eastern question to rights. The affair is conducting itself beautifully. Snogg at Lemnos has landed a party of armed men, and bullied a pasha into "apologising" for something—a great triumph for Snogg, who inherits a turn for severe officiality from his grandfather the beadle. Snogg has made a long despatch about this. Snogg has become more pompous than ever, on account of this. Snogg now, more successfully than ever, helps to spoil that climate, and make miserable the brig Lotos, for the two midshipmen he most hates—Maxwell Adair, who is a scholar, and pleasant Charles Hilderstone, who quarters Plantagenet. Meanwhile, at Athens, the squadron are enjoying the hospitalities of the minister, including Bulbous, who keeps the entire Greek ministry waiting dinner at the embassy half an hour, comes in red and reeking, when everybody is disgusted with waiting, and then (mark this as a *trait* in vulgar people generally) is sulky with the company all day, *because he* has annoyed *them!* And so the affairs of the east arrange themselves, and Greece is put to rights in the orthodox manner.

It happened that the note of Lucy Beddoes found Mr.

Herbert Flower, by an odd coincidence, where we left him, viz., walking the poop for punishment! I don't say he has been there during the whole interval, but he had certainly been sent there that morning by the worthy Bilboes, for some offence against discipline. Fancy his delight when the news came. It turned his head. He gently walked below without consulting the authorities. "Steward," he roared, "half a dozen of champagne!" Astonishment seized the mess.

"I thought you were on the poop, Mr. Flower," said Toadyley.

"Did you?" said Herbert, in reply. "We think many strange things. I once thought all officers were gentlemen, but now I know better. The corkscrew!"

Toadyley turned pale, and eyed a cane which stood in a corner of the gun room. He was wondering whether it would be "safe" to "lick" Mr. H. F.

"Pop" went the first bottle. But here the right-minded reader's mind suggests a question to him—was not this glee rather odd on Mr. Flower's part—glee on the strength of the slaughter of an old gentleman who was his father's cousin?

My dear reader, when the late Lord K——, my long-descended neighbour, who bore a title renowned in the history of our native land, received the unexpected news of his uncle's death, which placed him in the estates and title—"What!" cried he, is the old fellow dead, *screwed down, and all safe?*" Let us proceed.

Bottle after bottle went "pop" likewise; and presently a loud cheer reached the ears of Commander Bilboes in the ward room. Mr. Flower's friends were

welcoming the news which he told them; and by this time Mr. Toadyley had conveyed the intelligence of Mr. Flower's desertion of his station to the commander's ear. The commander, in high indignation, sent for him; and the youth, first looking round to see that there was no witness within hearing, stole up to the commander, and spoke thus—(*horresco referens!*)—"Come, sir, you are talking like a tyrant! You *are* a tyrant, with the heart of a flunkey, and the manners of a boor! You delight to inflict petty annoyances on the gentlemen whom accident has put under your power"—

"Sen-try! sentry!" roared old Bilboes, gasping for breath. "Come here, sentry!"—a cry which brought the marine running to his side. Mr. Flower declined, however, to repeat his vigorous sentence; but he was sent below "under arrest." "Under arrest" is a favourite mode of inspiring terror with some commanders, but is not always very successful. "D—n him," said Gunne, of the Orson, of one of his midshipmen whom he had subjected to this restraint, and who took it philosophically, "*he gets fat.*" Herbert Flower, like Gunne's victim, showed a tendency to take the matter easily. So they sent him on to Malta to be dealt with by Sir Booby Booing. Sir Booby loved punishing. He loved to bite, though he hadn't a tooth in his head. He was in his second childhood; and, as in childhood, children smash toys, in second childhood admirals smash officers.

A youth who has health, pluck, and hope, and loves his intellectual independence, feels no particular awe of an imbecile old gent in a seedy blue coat; and Herbert Flower's interview with Sir B. B.—to whom he was introduced with awful ceremonies by flunkeys and

flag lieutenants—left no permanent impression on his mind. (I have heard him regret that the admiral was not more particular in his toilette.) The upshot was, that Mr. Herbert Flower was discharged to the Kabob to await a passage to England, and went on shore when he pleased from that vessel. Indeed, he may be said to have now become what naval men call a "T. G."—a travelling gentleman. It was probably this feeling which induced him to wear plain clothes always when on shore. The affliction which he had suffered in the loss of Major Herbert, at the battle of Blarianshillah (the major had been sent into a jungle with a company to attack 10,000 Ramshangs, heavily armed!) was proclaimed outwardly by the most elegant mourning—the appearance of which of course naturally led to inquiries—which inquiries led to the explanation of the luck which had befallen the house of Flower. The excessive buoyancy and audacity the news had produced in him, was something wonderful; he openly proclaimed in Ricardo's his intention of "standing for the county." He would then announce his contempt for Sir Gruffin Ribs, the inventor of the Patent Potato Crusher, who had purchased huge estates there. "Fact is," Herbert would say, "*we* were too poor to contest it, and the great magnate, the Duke of——, wouldn't condescend to interfere—except, by the bye, when that man, Creckles, tried it; d—n it, that was *going too far*, as the duke observed!" All this, with the shrugging of the little shoulders, and the ineffable precocity of our friend the Phenomenon generally, was extremely amusing to the philosophic observer.

In the meantime, Captain Beddoes had heard of Flower's arrival in Malta, and one day at dinner—

Alfred being there—he said, "Oh, Lucy, I wonder why Herbert Flower has not called?"

Lucy started slightly: people will start when particular names are abruptly mentioned: "I'm sure I can't guess." She seemed languid, and it had been a very oppressive summer that year. Alfred Snigsby felt a little pang of fear; he liked Flower, but always stood in some little awe of him.

"We ought to see him," said Captain Beddoes, innocently. "I suppose you are too much occupied to look him out, Mr. Snigsby, eh?"

"I will go and see about him this evening," said Alfred; and in the interval between dessert and tea, he and the captain strolled out together. "I have forgotten my handkerchief," said Alfred, abruptly, when they had got about a hundred yards from the door. He ran rather smartly back. The servant happened to be standing at the door, so he went in unannounced by a knock. Running up to the drawing room, he passed in. Lucy was sitting near the window in the twilight. Everbody has some little touch of poetic sentiment; and the long Bricklesian paused to look at the girl, who did not hear him, and who was musing absently. Alfred entered softly and unperceived, and as he gained the table, he saw a letter on it. He drew his breath suddenly. He knew the hand. It was the writing of Herbert Flower.

Alfred felt suddenly very much startled, and there was a sort of mistiness floating before his eyes. By a sudden impulse he seized the letter, and backed tranquilly out of the room with it, still unperceived. He gained the open air. The captain was waiting for him at the corner of the street.

"Got it?" he asked, carelessly.

"Eh?" said Alfred.

"Your handkerchief?"

Alfred had forgotten his handkerchief altogether; he stared a little, and then said hurriedly, "Oh, yes," and was in a semi-somnambulist state; and feeling an intolerable desire to be alone for a little, he informed the captain that he must go and call to see his mother.

"All right," the captain said, quietly.

Stupid Mr. Alfred Snigsby! For the note which caused him such excitement was nothing but the same note which he himself had brought from Athens. "She needn't have kept it, though!" he thought, sulkily, after looking at it. "Perhaps she don't care for me, after all," he muttered. "Why the deuce was it on the table?" Oh jealousy—thou who art called "green eyed"—thou art in thy element, with a green subject to deal with! But by this time Alfred was at the paternal room.

He found them very much agitated and bothered. Some official, speaking execrable English, had been calling, and had asked Mrs. Snigsby many *questions about Blobb*—"Who was Blobb? Where did they engage him? What references had they with him?" What did this portend?

"I knew no good was in that abominable man," said Mrs. S. "I always feared him. Now, Alfred, you must ascertain what all this is about."

"Oh, by Jove! ma—I can't undertake the bother."

"What, sir!" roared old Snigsby from the sofa, where he had been lying, "what the devil will you do —what the devil have you ever done? I have been working all my life—(here poor Mrs. S. rose and ran

out of the room)—working all my life, sir, like a horse; and you—a fellow six feet—standing six feet in the boots which I pay for," continued Mr. S., aiming at point, "you'll do nothing! And you ain't ornamental either!"

Alfred rose up in a preternatural calm, and whistling loudly from the opera of Gustavus the Third, stalked majestically out of the house.

But there was one more interview to come off for this unhappy fellow this evening. How was he to face the adorable Lucy, having carried off the letter which indeed the poor girl had missed, and in extreme agitation had been wondering where it was. Off he must go to the house, and arrange *that* affair, somehow. "I do like her! She's a stunner!" he muttered to himself; "and hang it, the governor must do something handsome when I'm married. He wants to see me settled. He'll like to see me so respectably married. He's afraid of these respectable people. He'll come down handsome!"

Once more he ascended the stairs, and there again was Lucy by herself.

"Oh, Lucy, dear," began Mr. Alfred, "I found a letter of yours."

Lucy turned round quietly. "I did not lose a letter, Alfred," she said, with ever so little emphasis on the verb.

"Oh, I found it," said Alfred, hurriedly.

"It was on the table, I think," Lucy replied, with perfect simplicity. "A letter from a friend of my family, lying on the table. Did you take it away?" she asked, looking inquiringly forth from her charming grey eye.

"Yes, I did," said Alfred, getting a little sulky. (Have you remarked how original vulgarity breaks out with most effect, then?) "It's from 'Erbert Flower."

"Are you quite sure," said Lucy, who felt her cheeks growing hot and a little tremor, "that it was a gentlemanly thing to do?"

Now Mr. Alfred dreaded the word "gentlemanly;" he had morbid sensibilities concerning the application of that word.

"I don't know, I'm sure. I'll think of it," he said.

"I hope so," said Lucy, going fluttering out of the room, with a motion like a falling blossom.

"Oh, a general crisis!" remarked Mr. Alfred to himself, moodily; but he coolly went off for a walk—of course getting a cigar.

Well, it was now the evening of September 15th, 184—, as I remember minutely; for the subsequent adventures of that night were singular, and often the subject of conversation in the squadron.

It seems that Alfred went wandering about the least frequented parts of the town, and it is conjectured (Jigger, of the Bustard, swears to it) that he refreshed himself more than once at *cafés*. Zarb, of the Strada St. Giovanni (who, by the bye, would like Jigger's address, if convenient) heard him singing as he passed *his* shop; and then it was noticed that a suspicious looking fellow was following him. Near the *marina*, at all events, about twelve, it would seem that Alfred was seized from behind, and carried on board the Paragon.

"When I awoke," said Alfred at the C. C. afterwards, "I heard a strange gurgling noise, and found myself in a very narrow place. By Jove, sir! I was

on board our yacht: [look of admiration from Buck, the raffish actor] and that fellow, Blobb, had carried me off to sea! They were going to have him up for bigamy, it seems; his English wife had come out to Malta. And, by Jove! he wanted to be off cheap: so he made up his mind to go to Sicily—and he made me go, or they'd have seized him for stealing the yacht. Gad! I was obliged to do what he pleased; and glad I was to get rid of him at Naples, for he went there."

The reader must fancy the astonishment of all parties concerned next morning. Nothing was heard of the yacht for ten days. Lucy Beddoes was in great terror, poor thing, and Herbert Flower (as an old friend of the family) was constantly at their house. At last news came that the yacht was at Naples, and Alfred at the Victoria waiting for supplies from Mr. Snigsby. It was remarked that his letters to Lucy were very cool. But one never knows the truth of these breaking-off cases. An "attachment," as a fanciful friend remarks, when it does break, smashes into so many bits, that you can never put them together, so as to get a notion of how it looked when it was whole.

At all events, the "attachment" did break off. Mrs. Cockatoo asserts, that Herbert Flower one evening kissed Lucy Beddoes without being required to apologise, and Mrs. Flower, wife of the present Herbert Flower, Esq., of Flory, is a very pretty grey-eyed woman—and the only one of the "county people" who is properly civil to Lady Gruffin Ribs, as the excellent Sir G. R. assured my friend Fontenoy.

It was from Fontenoy that I heard the whole history, at the hospitable house of his brother-in-law, Alfred Welwyn, R.N. The Snigsbys are highly prosperous,

and Alfred much improved since his father compelled him to work. Herbert Flower is extremely improved likewise.

"There is always a chance for a gentleman," said my friend F., philosophically, "if he has an atom of *sentiment* in him. Much thumping is required to bring a disciple of the *Simious school* into good order, though."

# PIPP'S CRUISE IN THE VIOLET.

# PIPP'S CRUISE, &c.

It was confoundedly dull at Malta. The scandal which usually sets in there, as regularly as the *sirocco,* had fallen short that year. The island was more virtuous and more uncomfortable than usual. There was to be no regatta for one thing. The admiral would not allow the boats to sail without having their guns in. To be sure, a brisk course of dunning is always rather exciting—but apt to grow monotonous. Accordingly, the midshipmen of the fleet were *au desespoir.* One enterprising military man had started a duck hunt, the fun of which consisted in hunting a duck with good dogs that could swim; and one captain had tried a midshipman by court-martial for looking disrespectfully at his cocked hat. But the duck had escaped, and the midshipman been acquitted, and all was stagnation once more. Pic-nics to Bosketto Gardens were at an end, for the strawberries were all eaten. Besides, there was a general scarcity of "tin" in the squadron and of libels in the Malta newspapers; and

under such circumstances at Malta, "the mourners go about the streets." These are the times when you hear a general wish for a war; when one or two men turn "blue;" when others work at navigation; and when a few artful fellows try to advance themselves in the profession—beginning by paying attention to the plainest of the captain's daughters. At such times, too, there usually starts up a little sort of anti-papal controversy in the island, and Tomkins and Gibble grow indignant at the absurdities of superstition. Occasionally, then, somebody is "converted," at least, so some process or other is called. For example, some time ago, old Lumper, was "converted" to Catholicism; "converted," I should fancy, meaning, in such a case, literally turned upside down—for he subsequently displayed all the mental vagaries and confusion of a man who had been set standing on his head.

At this period, Pipp, a midshipman of the Preposterous, was one of the most promising specimens of the new school to be found in the profession. One of those youths at whom Sir Charles Napier gives a glance of contemptuous thunder; over whom the old school bewail as over a lost soul; one who could "draw iron tears down *Benbow's* cheek," as Milton (slightly altered), says. What the principles of the new school are, it would be difficult to define with accuracy. It may perhaps be said to be founded on the one great principle of believing the old school to be bores who hold exploded notions. In vain you argue with these young gentlemen. You tell them with that affecting regard for antiquity which is so touching in a middle-aged gentleman of respectability, that Nelson and Collingwood were frequently without a teapot: they grin.

You remind them that the gallant Howe ate his junk too frequently off a biscuit: they ask you to pass the sherry. You quote Dibdin, and they respond with Keats. Of course, you have nothing left but to bewail over their lost profession, and to hint at our lot in the next war. For, who can expect us to beat the French if our midshipmen drink chocolate in the middle watch.

Pipp came out to join the flag ship as a "youngster" of nearly six feet, and two years older than he ought to have been by the admiralty regulations. He had been originally sent to Cambridge, being intended for the church, but had been ignominiously plucked for the "little go." His father sent for him home, and informed him that he was a disgrace to the family, and must be sent to sea. Pipp, who was one of those easy affable fellows who are quite ready to go anywhere, and whom nothing appears to disturb, readily assented. Accordingly, one morning he walked on board the Preposterous over the gangway, and looking about him, spied the officer of the watch.

"The Preposterous, I think?" he said.

"Yes," said the lieutenant, drily.

"Ah—I've come to join."

At these words, old Ricks, the captain, who was prowling about the poop, turned round. "Eh?—what is it, eh?"

"Come to join the Preposterous."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Pipp—Lionel Pipp—Pipps of Dumbledyke," said the youth, rubbing his hands, and looking about him.

"Pipps of Dum—devil!" muttered old Ricks. "Hoist

his traps on board." And Mr. Pipp began his naval career.

In a short time, it became apparent that the new school had received a remarkable ornament. Mr. Pipp's hair curled naturally, and he encouraged the tendency by the aid of a tobacco pipe. His uniform had been made by a new school tailor, who deviated gracefully from the precision of orthodoxy. He was appointed to the mizen top, and at crossing top-gallant yards in the morning, use to go there in white kid gloves. And there was nothing undignified in his haste to ascend, either! He paced gracefully from ratline to ratline in a style that would have done for the grand staircase at Versailles. Before long, Pipp was a notable man in Malta—the dread of the old school—the terror of the dun—the scandal of the serious—the envy of the youngster—and the hero of the unmarried. You saw him "just above the horizon" in the morning, adorning himself at his chest—doing a little work in a gentlemanly way in the forenoon—eating plum-cake at one, P.M.—and at night in a billiard room. The ivory music of the Strada Forni billiard rooms will be long remembered by all those who received their naval education (as we may almost say) on shore at Malta. Which of us forgets the Italian count with the white beard, who would give the aspirant twenty-three out of twenty-four, and playfully make the game off the balls? Pipp was a very good performer when he arrived to join, and soon became one of the best of the frequenters. He had a weakness in favour of quails, then plentiful at Malta (alas! *non sum qualis eram!* I can't get quails in this barbarous land!) and was usually to be seen during the evening at Joe Micallef's, in Strada Teatro.

There he partook of his favourite birds under the placid and benignant smile, the radiant fatness, of Joe's countenance.

Pipp's view of the nature of *duty* were singular. He and a few other gentlemen had established a peculiar standard of merit, by which they judged the abilities of their friends by their ignorance of professional matters. "Ah—a 'brace' you call that?" said Pipp, "and those ropes, oh, "reef tackles?'" When the boatswain piped, Pipp stopped his ears against the barbarous sound; he and his friends always spoke of the men as the *plebs*, and had no respect for the commander on the ground that he looked like a tailor. In a word, he was completely what they call a Q. H. B., "Queen's Hard Bargain."

It chanced that the governor gave a fancy ball. Everybody was to go in an assumed character—which, to say the least of it, was an agreeable change! I am no friend to fancy balls. First of all is it not a somewhat superfluous affair? For what is society itself, in its everyday aspect, reader, but a fancy ball? One gentleman goes about disguised as a prince daily, elegant, sumptuous in appearance, but in reality a serf, a slave, with the culture and spirit of a Hottentot. The Rev. Mr. Bigwam—does not he wear the garb of a priest, and disguise himself in black and white, when, in reality, he is but a drawing-room and dining-out fop, like the rest of mortals? Don't some dozens of people "set" to each other all through their existence— "asking the pleasure" of somebody's hand (for life), and capering through life's mazes to the most fashionable tunes? At all events, however, *a* fancy ball changes the costumes of *the* fancy ball; so, let us

be thankful for the variety, and march into the palace!

There was a guest whom nobody could penetrate through the disguise of. It was an admirable assumption of the character of an old woman—a fortune teller. Never was such an assumption of costly squalor, and ornate eccentricity, and elegant imbecility. A little crowd gathered round her, and the fingers of many a little disguised damsel thrilled as the old woman pressed her palm and looked at the fairy lines by which she was to predict her fortune. Several midshipmen who had come simply in uniform, gathered round her, and asked questions, and watched the fun. Among others, I sauntered up there. There are so few hags who are sybils, nowadays, that I felt curious to see what this one made of the character; and indeed I felt somewhat of a personal curiosity—for I, in common with some of my friends, suspected the wayward genius of Lady —— to be employed in the matter. To say the truth, we anticipated a little oracular scandal.

"Well, dame," said Mr. Dulcimer, brushing up pertly, before the silken Chaldean—"what do these lines read?" and he held out one of those white hands of which he was so proud.

The mysterious one gave a supercilious glance. "I. O. U." she said briefly.

This was decidedly a good guess, and we all laughed. Dulcimer petted a little, and turned away.

Presently, a tall, gaunt man, dressed as a Knight of St. John, passed near our group, and came up to the fortune teller. We looked at him curiously, but none of us could the least guess who he was. He drew off his right glove, and held out his hand. The fortune

teller took hold of his fingers, and looked at the lines curiously—then broke into a kind of low, muttering doggerel—

"Cavalier who can't ride,
Celibate with fat bride,
Feather's in your cap in pride,
Ditto on your head inside!—"

"Why—hillo!" said the cavalier, as we all grinned at this extraordinary oracle.

"Stop," said the dame, let me tell your fortune out."

"Knight from dregs of Northern nation,
Vow with you's an execration!
What worse ill can you await?
Be yourself—and take your fate!"

"If you call this joking, madam!—

"Stop, look at these lines! 1—2—3—see 6, 7, 8, 9,—nine lines—cat-o'-nine-tails, on your hand, captain, plainly."

There was a stir and murmur in the circle. Captain Ricks—for as if by inspiration, everbody saw at once that the cavalier was Captain Ricks, of the Preposterous —moved away angrily. The captain had a bad repute for flogging his men. And what was strangest, he always made a little speech on the occasion, in which the word "christian" figured very frequently. Whenever the captain talked of a "christian ship," it was preparatory to rigging punishment on board her; and when he talked of a "christian man," it was preparatory to flogging him!

The discovered cavalier went away to the refreshment room. I turned to an acquaintance, Linley, of

the Wavelet, and asked him if he knew who the old woman was? He shrugged his shoulders, and replied in the old saying, *Davus sum, non Œdipus,* We chatted for a minute or two: when we turned round, the old woman had disappeared.

For the next hour or so I thought no more about her, for one or two of us were in a recess, watching the graceful movements of a young girl whose mother was a southern, and who, having been born and bred in the south, had that supremely dazzling olive complexion and those intensely lustrous eyes of living darkness which are seen nowhere else. Poor little Madeline! Her beauty was precisely of that kind which nobody could appreciate who had not romance in his soul, and for such she had not mind enough! Fops and idlers, and "men of the world," as a very sorry set call themselves, hung round her, and grew tired, and went away. Better and purer spirits were sorry that there should be so much beauty without that charm of the soul, of which beauty is the type. She was like those fair birds of the islands in the far south who have plumage heaven-coloured, and no note.

But to return—that is to say, to the supper room, where there were the usual crowd of Turks who knew nothing about Mahomet, and princes, descended from tradesmen—characteristic of fancy balls. Captain Ricks' indignation was still visible. Many a time I saw his eye wander round the room in search of the portentous fortune-teller—but in vain. All who had heard the doggerel lines of doom, too, kept looking at him. And what a pleasant state of mind it is, when to be looked at is to be ridiculed! And yet, again, to how many is that state the habitual one?

At last, the ball was over. The Mediterranean daylight was just beginning to break and discover the clear blue pale sky, of crystal azure, with bars and fragments of thick rose clouds in the horizon—the whole looking like fresh porcelain heaped with streaky fruit and flowers, as Linley, myself, and a few other midshipmen, began to think of going off to our respective ships. We were still talking of the mysterious hag, and chatting away in that half sentimental, half yawning way in which men talk after a scene of pleasure and excitement. Who does not know that epicurean sensation of agreeable melancholy, when you talk about your late partner; and when turning round to your friend, you see that the colour has all flown out of his eyes, and wonder if *you* are looking as pale—and so on? The Maltese were all up, and the fishing boats beginning to crawl out of the harbour, as usual.

Suddenly, one of our party stopped—and with an air of burlesque solemnity, pointed before him, and cried "ha!"

This gesture directed our attention to a Maltese, who, with a knowing look, and a bundle under his arm, was observed to be trotting down towards a well-known hotel near us. Part of the bundle was hanging loose—and, in fact, there dropped from it the sleeve of a midshipman's uniform jacket.

"Come on, boys," cried our friend Carisford, laughing. At the same time, a *calèche* drew up at the hotel in question, and a dark figure bounded in—just as we reached our Maltese.

"Stop, *smitch*, a moment," said somebody. "Where's that uniform going?"

"For English genelman, sare."

"All right; I'm an English gentleman."

"But it no for you, sare?"

"I'll give it to the owner. I say, you fellows, what a lark. Somebody's togs, and he can't get on board without them! by Jove, he'll have to come on board in his fancy rig! Won't it be a lark?"

"Fancy a red-cross knight marching on board the Preposterous!"

"Stunning!" ejaculated Mr. Jigger, of the Bustard.

"A bow-shot from her bower eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot!"

shouted Linley, with Tennysonian gusto. The bundle was instantly appropriated by our first proposer, and we all went away very jollily towards the Marina—having given the Maltese a small gratuity, and left him to his fate. We examined the prize, and found a complete uniform midshipman's suit. The jacket was double breasted, against orthodox custom. The sleeves were slashed with a whole row of little buttons, instead of the plain ugly three required by the regulation. The gentlemen who belonged to the Preposterous carried the things on board—while I and the others returned to our respective ships, and learned the result next day.

Captain Ricks returned on board the Preposterous in a very bad temper, and very much inclined for work—two things which often go together. You might usually know the state of his health, by the number of times the sails were loosed and furled of a morning. Here he was, about five A.M., watching the holystoning.

"Where's Mr. Timms? Mr. Timms, make them bring more water here. Call the boatswain. By G—, sir, this shan't go on in *my* ship! Look alive, sir!" The men muttered to each other, that he was like a "bear with a sore head"—the nautical emblem of irritability.

"Mr. Timms, sir—come here, sir. Where's the other midshipman of the watch?"

No answer.

"Who is he?"

"I believe, sir, it's Mr. Pipp."

"Mr. Pipp, eh!" (d—d puppy—*sotto voce*) "send for him. Quartermaster, tell him to come just as he is."

Away went the quartermaster.

"Keep hoff in that boat!" shouted the sentry from the gangway, sternly, as became a solid marine of the Chatham division.

"What's the matter, sentry?" cried Captain Ricks.

"A boat con-taining a fee-male, Capting Ricks," answered the sentry, gravely—the sentry being a stern disciplinarian, one of those Puritans *minus* the purity, who amuse us modern observers.

A little knot immediately gathered round the gangway, and saw a boat, sure enough, with an elderly lady in it.

"Keep off, marm!" cried the sentry. "Bless the ooman! Keep that boat o' yourn off, boatman! Pray, marm, listen to reason!"

"Hold your d—d tongue, you idiot, shouted the elderly lady, while a roar of laughter resounded round the gangway. The aged female then jumped on the steps, and seized the side ropes.

Captain Ricks came running to the gangway, and received—the fortune teller.

Off went the bonnet and mask, and disclosed Mr. Pipp!

"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I shall have something to say to you, by and bye," said the captain.

"Somebody intercepted my uniform in an unjustifiable manner, and—"

"Go below, under arrest, sir."

Mr. Pipp gathered his habiliments round him, and disappeared down the companion ladder, pretty quickly. When he got to the cockpit, he laughed heartily at the idea of the captain's having found out his disguise, and recognised him as the mysterious person who had told him "something to his advantage." When he reached his chest, there were his uniform clothes lying on it. A chuckle broke from a distant hammock, as Mr. Pipp "turned in." "Never mind," thought Pipp, "hearing the truth will do old Ricks good. Truth is like—what is truth like? Truth is—." Mr. Pipp fell asleep.

Captain Ricks could not—no, not even under the administration of Sir Booby Booing—bring Pipp to a court martial, for quizzing him at a fancy ball. He resolved, however, to "keep an eye on him"—and a very fierce, bloodshot old eye it was!

To "keep an eye" on an officer, nowadays, is a peculiar process. I have observed that an "eye" fixed determinedly on anybody to spy a fault in him, is apt to acquire a horrible squint. The moral vision gets all awry, I remark. Nay, it not unfrequently happens that the eye gets bleared, and mistakes its own muddiness of haze for an external object of evil. This is one of the failings of the many—and most of the failings of the many were concentrated in Captain Ricks!

But there was an exquisite easiness of manner about

Pipp, which nothing could disturb—a blandness of impertinence which was immoveable. You could not put him out of temper, more than you could put his hair out of curl. So Ricks had him transferred one day to the Violet, Captain Lobb. To the Violet, a corvette, Pipp was "lent"—and I am bound to say that the maxim "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing" was painfully illustrated by Captain Lobb, when he went to the admiral to borrow an officer, and got—Pipp.

The Violet was an ugly corvette which had just come out to the Mediterranean from the West Indies—it being the opinion of everybody fit to judge (which did not include Captain Lobb) that if caught in a hurricane, she would go down all standing. Somehow or other, she had had the wrong masts put in her, I believe, and so went cruising about the world with the rigging of a vessel of a higher rate. Accordingly, in the hurricane season, a good sharp look out had to be kept on the "glass," as its falling was a not improbable prelude to all hands falling to the bottom.

Pipp stepped lightly on board, and presented himself before Captain Lobb, with the "come on board to join," as usual.

"Ah!" said Lobb, "my youngster, ah! Very tall for a youngster."

"You mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth, you know, sir," said Pipp, with his sweetest smile.

Lobb started. "And I tell you what, sir—you must not be insubordinate on board here."

"Far from it, Captain Lobb. No man, sir, is more profoundly impressed with the necessity of maintaining discipline. What says the poet—"

"I tell you what *I* say," said Captain Lobb, "that you had better be very careful while you're on board my ship."

"I am aware that she's overmasted, sir," replied Pipp, innocently.

"Well, just go below, and you'll be appointed to a watch," said Lobb.

Pipp bowed, and descended the main ladder. "What is the service coming to? My gad!" soliloquised Lobb. Lobb was one of those elderly gentlemen who are alternately stern and maudlin. They waver between trying you by a court martial and adopting you as their heir —and personate by turns Dionysius and your grandmother.

The signal was made soon after for the Violet to prepare for sea. She started "up the Arches"—in other words, for the Archipelago. Then came the creaking of bulwarks, and the "trim sails," and all the pleasant phenomena of being at sea. Pipp descended the main ladder—having spent his three months in a flag ship, and seen nothing else of the service—with melancholy misgivings, we may be sure.

Turning to the right, he found himself at the door of a little berth, lighted by a couple of "bull's eyes" in the deck, one of which *wept*, or, to speak less poetically, dripped—so that plump drops of rain, or anything else that was going on overhead, fell into the coffee, or anything else that was going on below. There was a buffet with tumblers and glasses in it; a few old novels were lying about—a nautical almanac of last year lay on the table, among fragments of biscuit, and half a glass of "swizzle." A net with lemons in it hung in a corner.

"Is this the midshipmen's berth, gentlemen?" inquired the bland Pipp, as he entered.

"Yes," said a midshipman, briskly. "Come to join."

"Yes."

"That's jolly. You'll have to keep the four to six. Won't he, Burley?"

"I suppose so," said Burley, who was sprawling on the lockers, and looked up lazily. "You're Pipp, aint you?"

"Yes."

"I say, Charley," said Burley to the other, "this is the fellow that chaffed old Ricks at the ball! that was stunning! I say, won't Lobb hate him? You and Lobb will have jolly rows."

"I'm glad you're come, Pipp," said West, who had spoken first. "We've got some jolly claret we got at St. Thomas's."

"Glad to hear it," said Pipp. "What sort of fellow is your skipper?"

"Lobb? Oh, an old muff."

Then "hands up anchor," was piped, and the mess all bolted on deck.

Pipp, who had not been stationed, had to remain below. Presently, "call the watch" was heard, and down came the mess again.

"Mr. Pipp wanted." Mr. Pipp sallied on deck, and went to the first lieutenant, Joe Squabb. Joe stammered rather—which was annoying—for the sentences, when they did come, scarcely seemed worth waiting for.

"Mr. Pa—hipp, I believe?"

"Just so," said our friend, taking his cap off with a bow.

Joe instructed him as to his watch, and quarters, and

division, and directed him to get his watch bill ready; concluding, as Lobb had done, with a warning to him, to be "very careful on board here." To say the least of it, this kind of warning is usually very kind—for it means—"you know I intend to smash you if I can."

Pipp's annoyances now began. A gentleman of the new school in a "small craft," with "somebody's eye upon him," is a spectacle for the gods.

First of all, poor Pipp's dressing was a melancholy spectacle. Mr. Pipp's marine, once or twice, used his Macassar to rub his musket with. The first island the Violet anchored at, he was sent on shore to bring off the ship's beef. In this expedition, however, he managed to secure the kidneys, and had them devilled for breakfast—which is a way of illustrating the fact that "the service was going to the devil"—very popular in these times. Mr. Pipp's "log" was called for by Captain Lobb, and was proved to have a long quotation from Byron on the title page. The captain, who considered Byron a monster of iniquity, censured him. Pipp attempted to vindicate his lordship; but was sharply silenced. The captain very soon set him down as a misguided young man, and resolved to exercise over him paternal control.

Now, of all the forms of government which can be adopted in a ship, the paternal government is about the greatest nuisance. Ship governments are various, like governments on shore. First of all, there is the stern despotism. This is really, after all, the best; for the despot usually rules from a sense of duty; expects you to do your work, and does not haggle about trifles. Sometimes you find a constitutional monarch who allows himself to be warped here and there by the

lieutenants; and perhaps keeps a fool according to ancient custom.

Then, there is the mild president of a republic; and last, *and* least, there is the paternal captain—usually a twaddler and a bore—who always speaks of his midshipman's welfare, when he means his own self-importance; who is always busying himself about your affairs, and is all the while more ready to appeal to courts-martial and the terrors of law than anybody else. These old gentleman—usually, by the bye, very bad seamen—make you take their children out in the ship's boats. And what is highly amusing, all the family think they share in the paternal power. Jemima and Emily must have their little fingers (if they were pretty fingers, perhaps one would not mind!) in every pie: young Bob assumes the rank of prince and heir-apparent to the old boy, and is too frequently castigated for his unconstitutional conduct, by the midshipmen. The old boy himself must be writing off now and then ("impelled by a deep sense of his paternal responsibility") to his youngsters' relatives, terrifying guardians and making elderly ladies indignant.

All these annoyances Captain Lobb's midshipmen had to endure in full force. Pipp, the gay Lothario Pipp, who, like most youths of the present day, set up for being a "man of the world" at a very early period—was treated by Lobb as a wayward son.

"And between ourselves," said Pipp in the mess, "you know he is not the old fellow one would like to pass for the son of—eh, West!"

"I should think not, indeed."

"He expects you to drink ginger wine," said Burley. "Did you ever drink ginger wine?"

"I prefer still Moselle," replied Pipp.

"Midshipmen wanted in the captain's cabin," was the announcement which cut short the conversation. There was a general groan at this news; at last they rose and made their way to Lobb's *sanctum*. They found him peering at the weather-glass, which was always going wrong; the mercury being eccentric, and rising and falling in a peculiar manner, from some mechanical arrangements, without any reference to the state of the atmosphere. This infelicitous phenomenon was attributed the demoniacal mischief of a youngster whom they had had for a week or two in the West Indies; this young gentleman not being used to a paternal captain, had various ways of showing his displeasure. He usually did this by a series of perplexing "accidents," by one of which the captain's wig had been mistaken for a chafing mat, while left airing on the poop; by another, a rope suspending the captain's bottle of wine had been cut down to a single strand, and had gradually worn away so as to drop into the sea when it was cool by dinner time! Lobb was peering at this weather glass, I say, and then fitfully ejaculating "My gad!" and twisting himself about: the very picture of a weak, fretful, whining, self-important old gentleman. Not that he had not originally some good in him—but weak wine easily changes to vinegar. He had in him a great deal of the milk of human kindness, but it had turned sour. As his "youngsters" entered, he surveyed them with that mingled pride and superiority with which an old woman looks at her chickens. At Pipp he glanced awry; he had a misgiving that Pipp used to quiz him in the berth.

"Sit down, gentlemen. We're drawing eastward—

eastward, you see. We must all be careful of our health. Health is a blessing—"

"Very true, sir," said Pipp.

"Allow me to proceed without interruption, Mr. Pipp," said the captain with dignity. "Oh!"

Here he gave a loud roar—everybody started.

"What are you doing with your feet? My gad! my toe!"

The fact was, that Pipp, desirous of giving a comic signal to one of his friends, had trodden on Lobb's gouty toe by mistake. This awkward interruption over, the captain continued:—

"I just want to give you some paternal advice. I don't know whether you are in the habit of drinking anything—"

"Why, it *is* rather early in the day," broke in Pipp cheerfully, "but perhaps in this weather, something weak—"

West tittered very audibly; Burley took a mouthful of his handkerchief; Lobb looked very fierce.

"Mr. Pipp, sir! if this is an exhibition of vulgar humour, you will keep that low tendency in check. You have come, sir, into a happy united ship—as a wolf, sir! I must make your parents acquainted with your state. Where does your father live?"

"In England, sir."

"Well, I suppose so. Whereabouts, sir?"

"I really must decline to give you any further information respecting that worthy man."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Pipp."

The captain rose. "Come on deck, sir." Pipp followed him. Joe Squabb, the first lieutenant, was stalking about; the ship was just coasting along beside

the black lofty sides of one of the volcanic islands oi of the Grecian sea.

"Pray, Mr. Squabb," said Lobb, "punish Mr. Pipp for insubordination."

"Wa-hatch and wa-hatch," said Squabb, laconically, for he rather affected a laconic stutter, so that he spoke something like a Spartan with a potato in his mouth (if we may be permitted the anachronism).

So, Pipp was put in "watch and watch," four hours on deck, and four below alternately. But nothing could disturb his placid and elegant serenity. His tall and graceful figure paced the deck in its usual neat attire. The same benign smile greeted Lobb when he addressed him.

To be sure, one would fancy that Pipp found it a bore to walk the deck for the prescribed time at night. But they anchored in a short time at one of the islands; and there Pipp hit on an ingenious plan for lightening the fatigue of the middle watch without being discovered. He got a long string—tied one end of it round his thumb; and leaving the other end in charge of the quartermaster who paced the gangway, descended the main ladder, and turned into his hammock with his clothes on. If any sound betokened the approach of Lobb, or the awakening of Squabb, the quartermaster gave a tugg; Pipp started from his couch, and bounded on deck.

Unluckily, one night, the quartermaster wished to go aft for a quid of tobacco which he had left behind the mizen bitts. We are all human (except a few old flogging captains): the quartermaster was obliged to to abandon the string, *pro tem.*, and tied it to the gangway ladder, to wait his return.

It was night (as an epic poet would begin when drawing near a catastrophe); half the planet was snoring—but Lobb was restless—he got out of his bunk in his cabin, and was very soon on deck. There was a great, mild, moist looking Mediterranean moon out. Lobb grew sentimental, I suppose, for he paced abstractedly towards the forecastle. In a moment the quartermaster heard a heavy fall—a dismal yell—and the rattling of the capsized ladder. When he reached the spot, he found the captain sprawling on all fours, the ladder balanced across the ampler portion of his majestic person—and the wild and startled Pipp wringing his tortured thumb beside him.

Of course, there was to be a court martial—of course, discipline was infracted—Sir Booby Booing had "a painful duty to perform"—and the "service was going to the devil" at last. Of course, I say, this was the immediate result. But somehow or other, the affair got hushed up. There had been a rather plentiful court martial season that year—and Sir Booby, perhaps, did not want to swell the returns. Pipp still remained in the Violet—the same imperturbable gentleman—the same easy air of superciliousness marked him while work was going forward—the placid unconsciousness of the spot where any perplexing part of the running rigging "led," distinguished him still. How delicately that gloved hand pointed out the top-gallant halyards to the notice of the watch! Pipp!—thou wert a model of that dandified class of gentlemen who look on Her Majesty's ships as yachts—only that you have nothing to pay for using them!

Captain Lobb had now abandoned the paternal system with Pipp, and treated him with stern punctuality.

Pipp, however, was not to be disturbed. The eastern sun had not freckled him, thanks to his kalydor—the claret from St. Thomas's was still unexhausted—Pipp, senior, paid what was expected of him, very creditably—and the steamer from Marseilles brought a due supply of Paul de Kock. The Violet was now dodging about the coasts of Greece, looking after a Greek rebel, who had shot somebody, and was wanting to shoot somebody else—which was all the Violet knew of the affair, at least. No doubt the rebel was mixed up with the eastern question—the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi—King Otho's having no children—and the recall of the Russian minister, Lobskousky, somehow or other—but that was nothing to the Violet. What interested the gentlemen of the Violet much more was, that just then, Captain Lobb astonished them by asking Pipp to dinner. Pipp—his natural foe! Was this a dark Machiavellian project?

"By Jove! he means to poison you, Pipp!" said Burley.

"I shouldn't wonder; and his dinners are doubtless just the thing—his cook and himself being equally imbecile," said Pipp, languidly.

The day arrived; the drummer and fifer struck up "The Roast Beef of Old England"—"an infernally coarse, disgusting sentiment," as Pipp observed of it. The second lieutenant looking very neat and very miserable, and the purser in a white waistcoat, marched off, followed by Pipp. Pipp was splendidly attired—and, by the bye, so perfumed (designedly), that Lobb instantly ordered the steward to have the skylight opened, and let fresh air in.

A captain's dinner is a preposterously dull affair.

In some fast ships they call it "dock-yard duty." And as for the midshipman's part of it, that is the worst; he must eat what he's asked to eat—drink sparingly—and say very little indeed. Now, our friend Pipp rather piqued himself on his conversation. Pipp had not decidedly wit—wit I mean that would pass muster in the London select cliques; but he had that amount of easy, fluent facetiousness which is popular in provincial towns, agreeable at country houses, and thought wonderful at military and naval messes. The stern Lobb could not be made to smile, and was terribly shocked at such loquacity in a "youngster." All which, of course Pipp saw, and treasured up the situation for some future day when their mess should have a stranger to dinner. Indeed, Pipp's anecdotes of Lobb were part of the regular mess entertainments. Joe Squabb, the first lieutenant, used to listen to these through the gun-room partition—report them as "disgraceful" to the captain's ear, privately—and tell them himself, when he dined on shore with the Rifles at Corfu.

Pipp kept edging in here and there—ruining poor Lobb's chances of digestion—frightening the purser.

*Pipp*—"Captain Lobb, *apropos* of what you were saying just now, I said a good thing t'other day—a rather good thing, that is—"

(*Lobb*—"Mr. Mealey, a potato—thank you.")

*Pipp*—"T'other day. Little Miss Plimmer, at Malta, you know—pretty little girl—has a mother that treats her very badly—wants to marry her to an old fellow she detests, who has an infinity of money bags."

(*Lobb*—"Are they trimming sails? Wind changed?")

*Pipp*—"Money bags. So I said to the old woman one day, 'Madam, you remind me of Agamemnon, who

sacrificed his daughter *to raise the wind.*' Not bad, eh, Captain Lobb? You remember the story of Iphigenia, no doubt?"

The captain gave a ghastly grin, and the purser gave a galvanic chuckle. Poor Lobb never dreamed that a youngster could be so audacious—but worse remained behind. Dessert made its appearance.

Now Lobb was a screw. It was his custom to place on the table on these occasions a bottle of port and one of sherry—keeping one of claret in the centre. But this claret bottle, like the guinea of the Vicar of Wakefield's children, was not to be used. It stuck there as a stately ornament, but was not passed. It was a pretentious and useless symbol. However, all the officers hitherto had conformed with cautious policy to the captain's obvious wishes, and confined themselves to the port and sherry. Pipp saw the "move" (as he subsequently expressed it), and came to a dark and deadly resolution. He let the port and sherry go by him intact. When Lobb looked round the table previously to proposing the "Queen," he saw that Pipp's glass was empty.

"Mr. Pipp," said he, "don't you take wine?"

"Thank you, Captain Lobb, I take claret."

*That* bottle was doomed. It had to pass every time for Pipp's benefit—he making the affair complete at the "fourth round" (as the sporting papers say), by exclaiming, as he took it by the neck, "*Ah! On revient toujours à ses premiers amours!*"

Conversation was destroyed. Coffee, at last, was discussed in solemn silence—broken only, during a pause, by Mr. Pipp's asking in a bland, mellifluous tone, the steward "whether he had any Maraschino?"

The second mail from that day brought an order for Mr. Pipp to be sent back to the Preposterous.

The steamer had arrived, and was puffing away her steam in a fine thin vapour, which rose like an angry genie, just escaped from his casket prison. Pipp the gay—all unconscious of what was contained in a certain despatch, in a certain bag, in a certain part of the cabin of the Violet, concerning himself—was delighted at the steamer's arrival. All the mess were reading their letters, and their respective county papers. Narratives of family marriages, scraps of political grumblings, tales of the influenza, and sound moral advice, were being perused. Little West was the most interested of all; he being employed on four pages, crossed and re-crossed, even like the heart of the writer, with matters of his personal interest; for West was what is called "spooney," poor boy. He was "engaged," and was going to be married when he got his lieutenancy. The Admiralty have no sentiment, however, and don't promote William, who wants to get married, a bit quicker than Bob, who wants the same step, that he may cruise about the continent on half-pay. So West and his Arabella had to wait; and not being able to accomplish their wishes, were obliged (like modern ministers) to content themselves with talking about it. Of course West was "chaffed"—to use an elegant phrase for an elegant practice—on the subject, by his friends. Fellows got together, too, and talked about it in busy little parties. So and so had seen her, and she was not so very good looking: had she any money? Then, so and so would say, "Well, it's devilish creditable to him," and pursue his own journey in another direction. Pipps shrugged his

shoulders, and said nothing. He was an exact type of the *nil admirari* school—perhaps the predominant school among the youth of the day. But to return.

The steamer had arrived. The Violet was lying at Patras, in the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth; a place which, as Charles Dickens says of Lant Street, Borough, "sheds a gentle melancholy over the soul." There the Violet had lain for a month. Whether the before mentioned rebel had yet succeeded in shooting the person he was desirous of shooting, was uncertain; certain it is, Captain Lobb was engaged in an extensive correspondence; for as the waxwork caravan people alter their figures to suit the public taste, and make the Napoleon of to-day the Talleyrand of to-morrow, and, perhaps, the "Hare, the murderer," of the day after, so our captains have to change from warriors into diplomatists, according to convenience. The consul comes on board in a cocked hat, and there is a consultation, and lunch. Captain Lobb was excellent at the lunch part of the business, and if cold chicken could have killed the rebel, peace would soon have been restored. But as it was, the rebel appeared in a flourishing condition. News used to come of houses being burned, and so on, but still the Violet had to remain at Patras. Occasionally, the fellows went shooting, which Lobb (who could not shoot) disapproved of. Greek patriarchs, in top boots, visited the ship to look at her; and there were little parties in the town among the "society" there, where everybody took rank according to their country's commerce. There are few things more amusing than precedence settled by custom house returns, aristocracies of casks and bales.

Now it happened that the morning this steamer arrived, Pipp had the morning watch. Captain Lobb had received his correspondence, and was reading it below; the other officers were doing the same. The ship's company were at breakfast. Pipp was alone on deck, except that the old quartermaster was sitting in the waist, partaking of a basin of cocoa, with a bunch of grapes in it. When we consider that there was a long trial in *Galignani's Messenger* about *Running Rein*, we can easily understand that Pipp was interested in the paper. Accordingly, he remained seated on the spanker boom, reading it, while the steamer sailed off.

Presently, there was a movement heard on the companion ladder, and Captain Lobb, loaded with a letter bag, made his appearance on deck. His eye lighted on Pipp, who crammed the *Galignani* under the bits, and walked about with an air of business. But the captain did not reprimand him for sitting in his watch. No; he was quite amiable, Pipp's dismissal to the Preposterous was snug behind! And it is astonishing to see how polite a captain gets just previous to "smashing" a man! How charmingly courteous a court martial is, for example. With what graciousness they offer the prisoner a chair! The whole thing is like the politeness of the governor of Newgate to poor Jack Buggins, who is going to be "turned off"—who is waited on by the chaplain at breakfast, and introduced to Jack Ketch with deference!

"Call away the gig, Mr. Pipp."

"Way there, gigs"—the pipe sounded.

Captain Lobb mounted the poop. The steamer was just at the horizon: and how were the captain's letters to go? Pipp had forgotten to report the steamer's depar-

ture. The captain was furious. The Violet had to weigh, and start for Corfu to catch the steamer before she left for Malta. So the captain gave orders for the anchor to be got up—and for Mr. Pipps to go below under arrest. Pipp descended, humming "I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curled!"—with reference to the steamer's appearance. No wonder can be felt at Captain Lobb's indignation; he had to depart without Mrs. Lobb, whose arrival at Patras was daily expected. That worthy lady was indeed enjoying a temporary residence in one of the islands as guest of a consul until a summer cabin had been built for her (out of the ship's stores) under the poop. The carpenter and his crew had been for some time employed on this architectural job, which was a perpetual source of pleasantry to Pipp. Add to this cause of annoyance, that on their way to Corfu, the Violet anchored at an island, where Lobb went on shore to see how British interests were getting on, and what the British consul had in the house for dinner—a disastrous expedition as it proved! For the consul, who was a clever man, and had been induced to take up his abode where he was, with the intention of investigating the voyages of Ulysses, behaved with anything but old Grecian hospitality to the captain, and sent him away dinnerless. We may suppose that what with all these annoyances, Captain Lobb arrived at Corfu in no very good humour. The only consolation he had, was that Pipp's dismissal was in his desk; he said nothing of this to that youth for some days—meditating the full luxury of coming down on him with the news in one swoop. There is, I believe, a kind of luxury in this to some people: they delight to hover over a victim, luxuriating in the power of

pouncing when they like. Thus you may see a hawk sailing over a field; presently his circle narrows; he thrills and trembles, with the sunlight splashing like water on his wings. Think you the first plunge of his beak equals the luxury of that wild extatic pause aloft? Even so Captain Lobb delayed Pipp's doom. At last, one morning, just after they arrived at Corfu, he breakfasted on a roast widgeon, and told Pipp that he had orders to dismiss him from the Violet back to the Preposterous!

"Can I do anything for you in Malta, sir?" asked Pipp, sweetly.

"No, Mr. Pipp, thank you," said the captain, adjusting his collar sharply. "No, sir. You can, sir, report yourself back for misconduct!" Lobb looked round the cabin triumphantly.

"Nothing, sir?"—asked Pipp again, demurely—"Won't you want some more dreadnought for the cabin lining, from the dockyard?—"

Lobb turned deadly pale with rage.

"Say some African oak, sir."

"Sentry, sentry!" shouted the captain, foaming at the mouth.

"Just a little green paint, sir, which will lend enchantment to the view."

"Sentry!" shouted Lobb. The marine's heavy step was heard on the ladder.

"Take notice of Mr. Pipp's words, sentry!" cried the old man. The sentry had not heard any of them.

"Repeat your observations, sir. Do it, sir. By—, I'll—"

"Anything you desire me to say I will say," observed Pipp with suavity.

The captain paused. "Go away, sentry. Mr. Pipp, get your chest ready to go on board the steamer this afternoon."

Pipp bowed and departed for the berth. The captain had a bilious attack that afternoon. Meanwhile, Pipp had returned to bid his messmates good-bye. On the mess table there was lying a portentous looking card, with a simple announcement upon it—merely this—

"*Lady Snigsby at Home.*"

How delicious, above all things of our time, is our simplicity! We abhor gaudy dress; we sneer at "loud" attire; we protest against showy funerals. Is this external plainness typical of utter innocence of character within, I wonder? Or, is society like Horace's *Pyrrha*, who was certainly *simplex munditiis*—but a most unmentionable young lady?

"Lady Snigsby at home," growled Bung, the master's assistant, "she may stay at home for me."

"You don't dance, Bung, you know," said Burley, with a sneer.

"You can't get on in the world without conforming to society," said West philosophically.

Meanwhile, Pipp had gone to consult an oracle of his—his looking glass. The fact is, this card had suggested to him a project which, as his affairs were in what is called a "crisis," seemed a desirable thing. Pipp had a cousin in the —th, in Corfu, who (as he now remembered) had some time before, announced the coming of the said Lady Snigsby with a rich daughter. The advent of a young lady with money to a garrison town, is one of the most interesting of phe-

nomena. Never was a Spanish galleon watched for with such avidity as was this golden damsel.

Lady Snigsby was the widow of an alderman—Alderman Snigsby.* He was a little, plump, compact man—bright in the extreme at both ends—bald head and boots. Long accustomed to obscure industry as a grocer, a lucky speculation in "chicory nibs" made his fortune—he shot up into position all of a sudden, and jumped out of his canister like a Jack-in-the-box! He was one of those old city gentlemen who go to visit condemned criminals in Newgate, and talk about them in Bloomsbury—who look upon knights as members of the aristocracy—and ask each other in tens at a time, to dinner enough for twenty-two. They are the sort of men whose destined resting places you see marked up in London cemeteries so ostentatiously as, "This is the Family Vault of —— ——, Esq." They are for having everything on the large scale—wide carriages, big houses—while even the very aforesaid family vault is usually constructed (like an omnibus) to carry thirteen inside. Well, Snigsby's received him in a quiet corner, in due time—his lady and daughter travelled. They had now reached Corfu.

Pipp made a resolution. He had a week in Corfu before him, as the Rampant steamer was not to start for that space of time, He transferred his chest to her, and got leave from Lieutenant Kinahan (commanding) to go on shore. By the bye, his bows—his cordial, sweet, smiling bows to Lobb, when they met by accident, as they did now and then in the streets, were amusing, had we time to describe them. He

* A distant kinsman of our friend of the "Yacht."

visited, got introduced, called—paid every attention at the Snigsbys'. There were various other gentlemen playing the same game as himself in the island, however—and it was certainly capital fun to see how they got in each others' way—how they met there together, with such exquisite unconsciousness of each others' intention!—how Pipp would meet Rollicker coming out, and then (after his visit), Thrilton coming in! How Pipp bowed to Rollicker—how he shook hands with Selby! The only wonder was, that they never thought of tossing up for poor little Miss Snigsby. That young lady, meanwhile, who was a stout good natured *blonde,* distributed her graciousnesses with such impartiality as to leave it very uncertain who would win her.

Three of Pipp's seven days had passed. Fancy him in his cabin in the Rampant, weighing the prospects in a meditative mood. He had, after deliberation, resolved to trust to his good looks! Others might be more pushing—others might rely upon their family connections—some on their figure in society. Pipp resolved to make it an affair of sentiment—he would trust to his beauty! Often he reflected on the classical legends, "Adonis and Narcissus," for example; "we never hear of their genius, nor their wealth," thought he. "No! it was that flower-like gracefulness (Higg, some water—pass the word for Higg) which captivated the eye—which made their fortunes."

Accordingly, he left others to occupy Miss Snigsby more exclusively. He kept himself in her sight. He hovered, as it were, around her, shedding (as he flattered himself) an influence of attraction. He languished (how well managed that languor was!) as if he

was saying "See, I die in silence for your love. I perish and make no sign." Pipp knew not that the young lady was of a sound and sensible turn of mind —that when a young Oriental traveller told her at Malta, "the nightingale when he sees the rose becomes intoxicated, the Persians say,"—that it suggested nothing but the nightingale's imminent danger of being locked up.

Pipp went on shore that evening, and approached the house. As he did so, the door opened—Captain Rollicker came out. The gallant officer was depressed, and walked very quick—it was plain *he* had had his dismissal. He nodded to Pipp sulkily. "One floored," muttered Pipp to himself. Pshaw! Thrilton had gone in before him. "To night will settle Thrilton," Pipp soliloquised again. So he resolved to postpone his call for the present. He walked to a *café*, and there sat down and sipped lemonade. In half an hour, in came Thrilton, rather flushed. Seeing Pipp clearly did not tend to compose him (which was a good symptom), and he left soon, also.

There still remained a pic-nic, and a ball. Pipp was asked to both. The first went off capitally. Miss Snigsby had been reclining under a tree, and there was apparently a comic (in reality, however, a serious) little rivalry between the cavaliers—whose hands should raise her up? Gracefully, she selected Pipp! Whether it was that his arm was longer, and better fitted to raise a stout young lady who had supped on chicken pie, or not—he did not reflect. He set it all down to his curls, to that boyish beauty, which his frightful vanity made him set such a value upon. He made up his mind that the next night's ball should settle the matter.

That evening Pipp was in a high state of exultation. But Pipp had a more dangerous rival, whom he had hitherto despised for his personal appearance. And this dangerous rival induced Kinahan to sail that night, earlier than he had intended! The music was sounding; couples were waltzing—Pipp had danced with Miss Snigsby. The whole affair was brilliant. A prince was present; the prince had entered the room, stood for a minute or two in the centre, and had walked away again—but this brief visit had scented the atmosphere! For your modern royal families are like empty casks—the perfume remains when the liquor has gone. There still remains something that tickles the human nostril, about the felled cedar, or the crushed rose. But I am growing sentimental, and forgetting Pipp.

He was standing by himself—meditating the fatal question. Up came one of the Violet's fellows, and told him that Kinahan was to sail in half an hour. There was a crisis! Pipp remained in immense agitation; he would get a word with the young lady in a snug corner, he resolved; if the "yes" was forthcoming, Kinahan might sail as soon as he liked. Pipp would go home by Trieste with Mrs. Pipp (the very idea was ludicrous even in its delight), and how he would astonish his sisters.

He moved into another room. There to be sure was the *donna,* seated by herself in a corner of the sofa. He approached. He must have been looking desperately pale—for Miss Snigsby said to him, "Are you ill, Mr. Pipp? It *is* so hot."

"I am not ill—or rather I am ill," said Pipp flurried, and feeling very guilty. "Yes, I am ill, Miss Snigsby. There is a weary sickness of the heart, that destroys all

the music of a man's being; I can't feel well—no, not even with you, now."

(What would Pipp have given for a glass of wine and water at that moment?) No response from the *blonde*. She grew a little red, but said nothing. On he must proceed.

"I have borne this for some time," said Pipp, with exquisite melancholy. "I now come to lay myself at your feet, and implore your acceptance of my love."

This was pretty strong. Miss Snigsby coloured, but replied with very great self command, "I—really—cannot—think—of it."

Pipp rose—saw the game was up. The new school, however, don't die for love. Pipp bade them good bye, and started for the steamer.

"After all," said he to West, who accompanied him to his embarkation, "she is only a grocer's daughter—to be sure, she's rather good looking—but pudgy, eh, West? Then her hair, you know, it's—"

"The grapes are sour, eh?" grinned his friend.

"The *currants*, you mean, old boy," said Pipp, with the promptness and genial roar of a diner out. "Good bye, old fellow. Farewell, Corfu. Lobb, take my stern farewell!"

And humming—

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,"

(the new school being essentially Byronic) Pipp jumped into a boat, and reached the Rampant.

The Rampant did not start for an hour, after all. The engineer's washing had not come off, and *consequently* something had gone wrong with the machinery.

To be sure, Kinahan (who knew nothing of steam) went down into the engine room to insist on an explanation from the engineer. The engineer said, "Why, you see, sir, the nut on that 'ere eccentric 'as got loose aboard of the crank—the stop pipe in consekense being fouled, there ain't no rotatory power in the piston's axles, and the cylinders is therefore unfit for oos; and so you see, sir, the paddles can't be set agoing."

"D—n!" muttered Kinahan, walking on deck again.

Presently, however, he sent in a cold pie and a bottle of stout to the engineer, with his compliments. A shore boat arrived soon afterwards, and the mysterious obstacle was removed—and the steamer Rampant sailed for Malta, "Lieutenant Kinahan commanding," as the papers innocently expressed it.

There was a considerable section of the Maltese population very glad to hear of Mr. Pipp's arrival. Borgia the tailor—Hildobo the boot maker—Saijan the cap maker—Flack the store keeper—Nathan, whose cigars are so good—and Micallef, who roasts a quail to a turn, were all glad to welcome Pipp again to the Preposterous. Captain Ricks "kept his eye" (that bloodshot old eye) upon him with a vengeance, now. But Pipp was essentially a humming bird—that Pippian gaiety of his nothing could disturb.

Borgia, Hildobo, Saijan and Co., to be sure, tried. Never was there such dunning going forward as there was at this time in the Maltese squadron. One ship had recently sailed, with the wild cry of "pay me, sar!" resounding in her wake. The midshipman of the morning watch kept his eye on all boats, and forbid them to come alongside, at his discretion. Saijan

penetrated to the cockpit, and was pelted with blacking brushes, on one occasion.

Pipp was in advance of his allowance, and in arrears with his creditors. Pipp senior esteemed him to be in that frame of mind known as "capable of anything." A maiden aunt, long his faithful supporter, had had her "feelings trifled with" by a missionary, and had now ceased to regard "things earthly"—her nephew and all. The law was put in movement against the unhappy youth. It was highly amusing to hear the discussions this gave rise to in the midshipman's mess. The conversation took quite a legal turn now. The *Code Rouen* and *Code Napoleon* were bandied about—the civil law was touched upon. How far jurisdiction extended at sea was a common topic. The "silver oar" was a household word.

Under these circumstances, Pipp discovered that "family affairs" required his presence in England. "Dyspepsia," to be sure, might have done to invalid him, but he was too sentimental. "Dyspepsia" might do all very well for an old marine officer—Pipp must be elegant to the last. He mounted mourning, and indeed got discharged, with leave to go home over land.

Now, an island (as is observed by the learned Pinnock) is a place wholly surrounded by water. It follows from this, that you must go by a ship; but how go by a ship if your creditors are on the look out to prevent you going at all? In a deluge of duns you must have an ark. But how to get it—that is the problem. By leaving in a public steamer Pipp would have exposed himself to being seized on deck.

He was now residing in an out of the way lodging, perfectly *perdu*. He was visited occasionally by a

faithful friend or two, who were endeavouring to contrive a plan for his escape. Of these, Royster, of the Orson, was the most exemplary. Royster was a most restless schemer. One time, it was a new gun; then it was a new carronade slide, that he invented. He was always up to his ears at the carpenter's table in shavings; and would construct little wooden steamers, which he lowered out of the gun room stern ports to make them sail, and which usually sank after abortive sputtering in five minutes. In the middle ages, Royster would have been burned; in the last century he would have been patronised; in the present one, he received the "thanks of the Admiralty," and was plundered of his ideas without getting profit from them.

Pipp was sitting in his den devouring a greasy cold dish which an old Maltese crone had just put on the table. He heard a noisy tap—and up bounded Royster, followed by a sailor carrying a large and mysterious looking thing which filled a whole end of the room.

"Look at that!" cried Royster with ecstasy; "there my boy! necessity is the mother of invention, but Royster is his father!"

Pipp jumped up with a mouthful, and began to skip about. "Speak, my boy, expound! what's this?"

"A basket! a rope!"

Pipp looked and behold! there was a long large basket with a coil of rope in the centre.

His countenance fell. "Why—what's this?"

"I've got you a passage in a brig. She leaves the harbour to-night; and will lie to in the offing."

"Well!"

"Why, don't you see? A capital plan! We'll put you in the basket, and lower you over the ramparts."

Pipp looked at the basket, looked round his temporary residence, and shook his head dismally.

"No other chance, my dear boy." Royster was delighted at the chance of such a job.

Well, that evening, arrangements having been made, a large party found themselves with a lantern at the necessary spot; the topmast halyards were firmly secured to the basket.

"Now," said Royster, rubbing his hands, "sit very quiet in the middle. The success of the experiment depends on that."

"Experiment!" said Pipp, shivering.

"Oh, it's safe enough, only sit quiet."

"What a moon, eh! you fellows?"

"Hang the moon!" said Royster, "she won't interfere with you."

"It's getting late," muttered one fellow.

"Pipp got into the basket, which swung just like a cradle over the edge of the wall.

"Good bye, old boy."

"Good bye."

The rope cracked; Pipp seemed to see the wall and the heads soar into the air.

All went right. The ship's boat awaited his landing on the ground, and he got safe on board her.

Pipp and his basket were favourite subjects of conversation for some time in Malta. Pipp never joined the service again. He returned to Cambridge, got his degree, and subsequently went in for the Voluntary Theological. Being plucked, however, for that examination, he took to very liberal opinions regarding theology in general. He is now, I believe, reading for the bar!

# KING DOBBS.

## CHAPTER I.

### AN OLD LIEUTENANT.

A CONSIDERABLE number of years ago, there might have been observed among the attendants of the Admiralty levees an old lieutenant of gallant bearing, and an appearance that was commanding without being pretentious. His right hand usually carried a stick. The left sleeve of his coat fell close by his side, where it was made fast; for the arm that ought to have been in it lay somewhere in the Atlantic, as might have been learned from the naval register that contained the amount of pension bestowed by a generous government in return for the sacrifice. When he emerged from his quiet town lodging in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross (a neighbourhood much patronised by half-pay naval men, and duly despised by spirited youths about town), he used to wend his way, with a quiet dignity to the Admiralty; and we may say, without exaggeration, that he would have gone more cheerfully into action; for his reception was not over cordial. First of all, he was only a lieutenant; secondly, he was a poor man; thirdly, he had performed services for which he ought to have been rewarded long before, and was therefore a kind of standing reproach to those who

had rewards to give away. Dignified captains, who had seen no service, used to speak of him as a "worthy officer"; fast lieutenants as "an old brick"; and midshipmen of good connections, as "poor old boy." But whatever any of them said had but little effect, further than to raise a quiet smile on the face of Lieutenant Dobbs. Such was his name, as was very well known to his tradesmen, when they duly sent him in their bills, and to his agent, who never advanced him any money.

Dobbs entered the service during the war, and gave himself up to it with undivided enthusiasm. As a midshipman, he was to be seen, during action, carrying tubes about, to serve out to the men at his quarters. He always volunteered to go away in boats on any dangerous service; but, somehow or other, he was unlucky from the beginning. He showed more courage in a failure, than the generality of men did in a successful attempt; but that many of his expeditions were failures, was not his fault.

Some officers have a judicious way of sending out those under their command, on the most hazardous attempts, that *they* may get the credit of being dashing officers. If the attempt succeed, why, they march into reputation and rank over the fallen bodies of some scores of poor fellows, and say in their despatches— "The conduct of Lieutenant ——, is above all praise" (a capital plan, by the way, of saving the trouble of bestowing it!) while, if it fails, they tell the same Lieutenant ——, that "the less said about the affair, the better," and so let it drop.

Dobbs was, at various periods, the victim of all these gentlemanly manœuvres, resembling in his career, in

this respect, the individual selected by a conjuror out of his audience, on whom to exhibit his tricks. During a long service, he gained a reputation, which brought him little promotion; and lost an arm, which secured him but a small amount of money.

Dobbs, however, was of an imperturbably good disposition. When there was a quarrel in the mess he did his best to make it up again. He would keep anybody's watch for him, if the person he obliged wanted to go on shore; and would come up in the long night watches to walk about with a messmate, when he knew the lieutenant of the watch was too sulky to open any conversation with him. But his ill luck pursued him, when his intentions were best. His interference in quarrels, got him blamed as a "busy body;" and midshipmen sometimes thought that his civilities were not disinterested.

When he was kind to the men, first lieutenants accused him of seeking an undue popularity, and when he was strictly obedient to his superiors, he incurred the imputation of being a toady from his equals. In fact, poor Dobbs, if he had ever read Rochefoucauld, whould, no doubt, have often quoted with a sigh, the maxim of that sagacious moralist, which declares that —"Le mal que nous faisons ne nous attire pas tant de persécutions et de haine, que nos bonnes qualités." His good qualities did not do him half the good that the bad qualities of others did them.

For example:—he had a high sense of honour, and when a midshipman of the Maraschino, a corvette, commanded by Captain Blubbe, was second in a duel to one of his messmates. The messmate thought it delicate and proper to say to his opponent on the

ground—"Well, Coxby, I won't shoot you, but I'll just graze your shoulder!" And probably, he would have kept his word, and let him off in that slight manner; but whether he had taken too much brandy in his coffee, or whether his hand was "out" or not, is uncertain—the result was, that he shot him through the head. Dobbs got all the blame of the affair; and Blubbe threatened to send him home off the station; but as he was too useful a man to be dispensed with, contented himself with persecuting him while he remained on board, and maligning him after he left the ship.

It is probable, that the unhappy Dobbs might have ultimately recovered himself, and turned out a successful man; but he had not long been made a lieutenant, before he fell in love with the daughter of a boatswain. He was then lieutenant of a ship at Portsmouth, and was the innocent cause of much amusement to his brother officers. Indeed, we remember being informed by one who was then in the same ship, that Dobbs fell in love just at the right time; for that the town was "d——d dull" (as our informant said), and that the love affair just served as topic of amusement, before the dullness of the squadron grew absolutely intolerable.

When a note addressed "Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N.," came on board, with a green seal, bearing the legible imprint of "Martha," great laughter used to be excited. The youngsters in his watch, used to think themselves entitled to neglect their duty, in consequence of the exceeding "softness," of their officer. But when it was positively known that the day was fixed for the marriage ceremony, the excitement became intense.

The news was quite true. We all know what *some*

men would do, if they were in love with a boatswain's daughter. Dobbs, however, behaved honourably, and "like a fool," as the phrase goes—he married "Martha," and went upon half-pay.

One morning after the event, Mrs. Forrester, the wife of a rich city broker, was seated in her drawing room in Tavistock Square. Everything in the room was of the rich heavy description. The chandelier was so extensive, and such numbers of crystal drops sparkled in it, that the astonished gazer would readily admit the truth of what the lady was in the habit of telling all her friends with regard to it, viz:—that the united exertions of a man and a boy, for an entire day, were required to clean and put it in order. At one side of the room, on a table, stood a glass case of stuffed humming birds, all green, crimson and gold, with nests as small as a girl's mouth; on the other, was a glass-case covering two graceful figures, whom Mrs. Forrester knew (for the shopman had told her husband, when he paid for them) to be "Bacchus and Ariadne." The damask sofas were not degraded by covers, for the lady saw no use in taking particular care of them—"Had not Mr. Forrester got plenty of money?"

Opposite Mrs. Forrester was seated another lady, of a fresh complexion, and very white teeth. She was richly dressed, and had the air of a woman who wished to be a grandee, and yet was afraid she couldn't manage it. The table groaned—or, rather, did not groan (by the by, whoever invented that absurd expression of the table groaning, a thing which could never happen, unless it was of most rickety construction?) beneath a silver canister containing bride-cake, a bottle of madeira, and one of sherry.

"Yes," said Mrs. Forrester, "I am indeed glad that John has married into the family of one of his own profession. It is a very gallant profession. In fact, Mr. Forrester tells me that the funds depends very much indeed on the operations of the British fleet!"

"No doubt of it, madam," said the other lady.

"Yes," continued her companion; "and such alliances are respectable, and of course valuable in my eyes. For you must of course be aware, my dear, that the family of Dobbs is most ancient and honourable. The grandfather of John and I married into the family of the Lord Criffel, who lost his head in consequence of his being out in the 'forty-five.'"

"Just so!" remarked the visitor—not appearing, however, to know very clearly the meaning of the allusion to the "forty-five."

Mrs. Forrester continued, with much rhetorical fluency, similar details. She was rather of a public speaker turn of address, and had been intended for a governess—from which she was saved by marrying Mr. Forrester, whom she captivated by a speech on the corn laws, which she delivered to him on a sofa in a drawing room, where they were sitting together at an evening party.

"John has distinguished himself very much in action," she went on. "That was a most brilliant affair in which he lost his arm! It must be very pleasant to you to hear his adventures, and compare them with those of your father, who has, doubtless, also distinguished himself."

"Very pleasant, indeed!" was the reply; but the lady coloured a little, and did not look altogether at her ease.

Mrs. Forrester resumed—"Of course, when John told me that your father was an officer in the service, I knew he must be somebody of rank. When good families get poor, why, it tenfold increases the necessity of being particular in their alliances."

"You are quite right," said her friend, with a glance at the French timepiece. "My father got great credit in Blunder's action off Ushant. The mainstay was shot away, and he spliced it during the action."

"Oh, indeed! I did not know that would come within the range of his duties. Was he a lieutenant, then?"

"Lieutenant! oh dear, no!"

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Forrester, with an anxious look. "What then?"

"Why, I thought you knew," said the other—"I thought Mr. Dobbs would have told you."

"No, indeed—I assure you."

"Why, dear me, I thought he told you! He was a boatswain!"

"God bless me!" cried Mrs. Forrester, with a shriek. And, to use the langunge of a novelist—"Nature was too much for her, and Mrs. Forrester fainted!"

Her guest, Mrs. Dobbs, wife of Lieutenant Dobbs, R.N., rushed down stairs in a fit of passion, leaving her to recover at her leisure, and made her way along the street. She gained her lodging, knocked loudly, and hurried up stairs.

There was sitting in the room a gentleman in a shooting coat, employed in measuring on a chart with a pair of compasses. He started as he saw the expression of her face, and said—"God bless me! Martha!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dobbs! You may look astonished—but I'll not be humiliated by your relations! What do I care for Lord Criffel, or your grandmother? Didn't you ask me to marry you? Did I force you to it? Couldn't I have married Mr. Timson, the master of the dockyard?" With which interrogations Mrs. Dobbs hurried off to her bed room, where her sobbing was distinctly audible to the landlady—who concluded, of course, that her husband had been beating her, and at once set down that long suffering and much injured man as a brute.

"Good God!" was the reflection of Dobbs. "Why hadn't I courage to tell my sister! Damme, ain't I brave?" and the unhappy fellow thought of the time when he led the second division of boarders on to the deck of a Turkish frigate, and dashed the teeth of Selim Baboo (one of her lieutenants) down his throat with the hilt of his sword. "Hang it, Martha shall not be insulted! I'll tell my sister she must treat her as my wife. I'll go there to-morrow!"

Dobbs, however, was saved the trouble by the arrival of a perfumed note—which, as the newspapers say, we now subjoin:—

"*Tavistock-square, Tuesday evening.*

"Dear John,—I always knew that you were a fool ('so I am,' thought Dobbs); but I never went the length of questioning your sanity. This, however, I am now prepared to do. The man who could marry a boatswain's daughter—but it is in vain to reason with you. Had your poor father been alive, this blow would have crushed him to the earth! Of course, I can see you no more; but I have my husband's authority for

saying you are at liberty to draw upon him for ten pounds occasionally, should your melancholy circumstances require it. I do not wish to pain you by allusions to your probable expenses—but, as the daughter of a boatswain, your wife, of course, drinks rum! I should recommend you to go to sea again. The newspapers state that there is a great want of officers on the coast of Africa station. The accounts of the mortality there are *much exaggerated.* By living with the strictest regard to temperance, you will avoid danger. Farewell!

"Your affectionate and distressed sister,

"JANE FORRESTER."

When Dobbs had perused the letter, he pitched it on the fire—from whence, however, it was rescued by his wife, who entered at the moment. She treasured it carefully up, and used to read it with much triumph when any dispute arose between them, for many years afterwards.

Not long after this event, Dobbs and his wife went down to Plymouth, where, after Mrs. Dobbs's annoyance had passed off, they lived quietly, and on the whole, very happily together—adding to the population of this country by the production of one male child, and one female ditto. These they brought up very respectably, and the neighbours round about them looked with much respect (mingled with a certain pity) on "Goosey Dobbs," as he was called by his naval comrades.

We now return to him, as first presented to the reader, emerging from his lodging near Charing Cross,

to proceed to an Admiralty levee. From the sketch given of his previous life, it will be believed that he was by no means at his ease in proceeding there. In fact, he was going to ask a favour—and bolder men than even Dobbs had been awed on going with such an object to a board, commanded (as at that time it virtually was) by the right honourable secretary. Dobbs had got tired of living on shore so long; his children were growing up—they would require something more than his half pay and "ten pounds occasionally" could procure for them; besides, he wished to have a sniff of salt water and—gunpowder, if possible, again before he died; so he thought he would ask for the command of a ten gun brig. He passed in at the portal, and was shown up stairs, where were the lords who formed the board, and the secretary who governed the lords.

"Dobbs—Dobbs? The right honourable had heard of Dobbs. The right honourable believed that there was some worth in Dobbs. The right honourable would condescend to look to the request of Dobbs!" Such was the interview.

Let us humbly and afar off, as the mariner takes the altitude of the sun at noon, attempt to take the altitude of this great luminary. In his, as in the case of the sun, there is a difference between the *apparent* and the *true* altitude of such luminaries.

He was an alien with brains, who came into this country to make his fortune on the strength of them. There are various ways of doing this. Some try it by endeavouring, in a literary way, to interest and amuse large classes of their countrymen. These persons begin in the usual manner—that is, by living in a garret, and

writing for a magazine; they amuse hundreds, and are waited for eagerly, and read; but they are of course looked down upon by venal politicians, heavy critics, and pedantic reviews; and being only witty, inventive, and popular (which is their great crime), are snubbed by all sorts of ponderously asinine persons.

Others go to work in a more profitable manner, and take up politics as a trade, becoming either unscrupulous supporters, or dishonest antagonists of the ministry of the day—in the first case being hired to speak, and in the second being bribed to hold their tongues. This was our friend's game. He found tory bigotry predominant when he started, and of course became a tory bigot in due course. He wrote for the party, spoke for the party, lied for the party, and was fed by the party.

When secretary to the Admiralty, he governed (as we have remarked) the board. He used to affect to imitate Julius Cæsar, and would dictate dispatches, in alternate sentences, to three commanders in chief, of different stations, at the same time. This operation (though no doubt much admired by the clerks) was not, on the whole, beneficial to the country, if it be true, as is confidently asserted, that it sometimes resulted in his ordering the admiral of the Pacific to proceed from Valparaiso to Corfu at once, and the commander in chief at Malta, to be sure to reach Bombay in a week. He, however, is decidedly a clever man, and much amusement may be anticipated from the memoirs which he is said to be writing in imitation of Horace Walpole, particularly if he be sufficiently copious in the detail of *all* his experience.

Such was the secretary whom Dobbs humbly visited.

Perhaps the best thing in his favour is, that having been mauled by Macaulay, scorched by Carlyle, and lacerated by Disraeli, he is still in existence as a sentient being.

With such consolation as this man's condescension could afford, our friend Dobbs returned to his family at Plymouth, and his quiet occupations—his saunter through the dock yards in the morning, his homely dinner, his lesson in navigation to his boy—and so he passed the time till next winter came on, without hearing anything of the command which he had requested. The time came when the packets sailed from Falmouth to Halifax, and Dobbs was appointed to the command of one of them. This was a gift, which, under the circumstances, was like presenting him with a shroud. The vessel was old and unsafe—the weather terrible; but then there was the order to go, and the alternative—to leave the service; so he made his will (which was the regular practice of men in the old packet service) and left his plate with his wife behind him.

It was always one of Dobbs's favourite notions to send his son into the navy. Poor fellow! his own experience, one would think, had not been very encouraging; but then his boy might have better luck; and that hope was a rainbow, raised by the sun of his faith on the cloud of his misfortunes; so he bid the boy good bye, and wrote a letter, commending him to the care of his brother in law, Mr. Forrester. He never expected to return; but he told his wife that "the danger was overrated—the Stormy Petrel brig was a capital one," and so forth.

The Stormy Petrel sailed from Falmouth. The

winter passed away. The spring came back again; but its healthy gales did not bear back the brig. Summer came; but neither did its gentle breezes waft her back to England. Where did she perish? And what were the last thoughts of the kindly man, whose disappointed life was destroyed by the whirling waters? The Atlantic, that huge grave, tells no tales!

So Mrs. Dobbs was a widow, and the name of Lieutenant Dobbs figured in the obituary, in Mr. Murray's Navy List; and Mrs. Dobbs went to live in a cottage near Portsmouth, her native place, where her name by that time was almost forgotten. She took her two children to live with her in a very humble way; and up to that period of our history, none of the family even dreamed of, or predicted, the future glories, of His Majesty King Dobbs.

## CHAPTER II.

### DOBBS JUNIOR BEGINS TO "SEE LIFE."

SEVERAL years have passed since the bones of poor old Dobbs first began to whiten in the Atlantic, and our English earth is dotted over with some more graves—little mounds, the marks made by the tears of time. Mr. Forrester lies under one of them—his widow inheriting his property, and living in Hampshire. The Dobbs family, consisting of that lady, her son John, the heir apparent, and her daughter Caroline, are still living in the cottage near Portsmouth, where we left them. The reader is, therefore, prepared to take up the thread of the story; the pearl, Caroline Dobbs, being added thereto.

When Mrs. Forrester heard that her brother was lost in the Stormy Petrel, a fact announced to her by her husband at breakfast, by—"I say Jane, Jack's drowned!" (for he was a man of few words), she was really and truly very sorry. If it had been Mrs. Dobbs instead, she would not have minded perhaps. But she began to remember that the departed one was not only "my brother, the lieutenant, who made the foolish match," but "my brother Jack"; so she had some serious remorse, which it is unnecessary to enter into;

for however sorry one generation is for their misdeeds, the next goes on imitating them, and being sorry, when it it is too late, in precisely the same way. She did what she could however. She sent the juvenile John to school; she took his sister to live with her; and she treated their mother with much courtesy and kindness; indeed, she cannot be said, even when she neglected, to have seriously disliked that lady. Perhaps, after all, the reason why she quarrelled with her, was not so much that she was a boatswain's daughter, as that her own penetration had failed to discover the fact from her manners; however, at the time of which we now speak, the difference was forgotten.

"I say, mother," said Mr. John Dobbs, one evening, startling the old lady from a snug position in her arm-chair, "what am I going to be?"

This is a question which youths ask themselves with the utmost confidence, as if it only depended on them to determine the fact. We know one or two gentlemen who "are going to be" poets, though nature seems to be of a different opinion at present.

"How you frighten me, my dear. What do you mean?"

"Why, what profession am I to be of? Here's Mr. Chilton, a midshipman of the Pestilent, has been independent these three years, though he's only nineteen, like myself, and has his debts, and duns, and every thing, like a grown-up man."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I hope you wont be as independent as Mr. Chilton, Don't tell your aunt Forrester your desires in that respect."

"Oh, it's nearly all up there!" said the youth, with a gloomy expresssion of countenance; "there's a parson

got her in tow, as Chilton says, and she wont leave us a rap." And so saying, the youthful Dobbs departed through a window, which opened on the garden of the cottage, and his fat figure was seen to pass through the gate.

Young Dobbs had been educated (at the suggestion of Mr. Forrester) at what was called a commercial academy, where arithmetic was mainly relied upon for the development of the human faculties. Here he had become acquainted with many of the sons of rich tradesmen, who had entertained him with accounts of what they had picked up, at second hand, of London dissipation. He was one of the best natured fellows breathing, and would not have annoyed his mother for the world; but his notions were so unsettled, and his nature so pliable, that he was perpetually being led into doing things which bid fair to effect that object. He had now fallen in with a set of naval fellows, of whom the Mr. Chilton he spoke of was the chief; and their society, which alternately excited and dismayed him, kept him in a kind of pleasurable torment, that unfitted him for home life. Mr. Chilton's society may be said to have resembled Curaçoa—inasmuch as though eminently agreeable, it was not the sort of thing to take much of! He was of a very good family, who did not patronise him much—of very good means, which he was fast getting through—and of very good talents, which he turned to no profitable account.

Dobbs walked along after leaving his mother's cottage. He was obviously undecided where to go; and he muttered to himself, in a melancholy manner—" It's not my fault—I can't stay at home! There's my mother asleep; and my sister at Mrs. Forrester's. I

can't remain in, to read Young's *Night Thoughts*, on an evening like this." So on he marched, until he stopped mechanically outside a certain hotel, much patronised by his naval friends. Here he paused irresolute.

"Halloo, Dobbs, cried a youth, coming up to him, and giving him a slap, which made his fat quiver like calf's-foot jelly; "here you are again!"

Dobbs sighed. It was his friend Chilton—"How are you?" said Dobbs.

"Very well—as usual! Why are you lingering about? Why don't you go up? My dear fellow, it's no use murmuring against destiny. I have been all my life under the domination of a Nemesis, with a pot of porter in her hand. Come along!"

So they went up stairs into a billiard room, where several youths of the same age were assembled, presenting the usual phenomena—bare sleeves, chalky fingers, &c., while cigars, ready to be resumed after each stroke, lay, ends outwards, on the sides of the table.

Chilton was received in the most flattering manner. "Here I am, you see," he said. "I just harpooned Dobbs as I came along, and hauled him up!"

"Why, Dobbs, my dear fellow," said another, "why don't you enter into the spirit of these affairs a little more? Your governor was a naval man, and used to floor his two bottles of port regularly. 'Gad, sir! Simpson of our ship, knew him when he was in the Maraschino, and says, that there was nothing so cool as the way in which he bore the loss of a bet—except, perhaps, the way in which he lost his arm!"

Dobb's cheeks glowed with pleasure. He was so thoroughly goodnatured, as to like to hear his relations

praised, even better than himself; and the reflection which passed through his mind was—"These fellows are sincere at bottom."

"Well, gentlemen," said Chilton, assuming an air of importance, "I have now to announce to this honourable society, or gang, as our first lieutenant ignominiously denominates it, that an occasion will present itself this evening for much enjoyment. You are all aware that I have been uniformly distinguished, in public life, as a strict supporter of the institutions of this country. When in Malta, I was a conspicuous member of that *Society for the Suppression of Maltese Insolence,* which resulted in so much benefit to the degraded population of that unhappy island. I am not vain, gentlemen; but who lured the notorious dun Saijan into the second gig of the Tulip, and safely deposited him, to the terror of the gulls, on the fair way buoy?

Here Chilton drew from his pocket a crumpled handbill, and read to his attentive audience, the following announcement:—

"LIBERTY FOR EVER! DOWN WITH TYRANTS!

*A Meeting will be held this Evening, at Rummy Buildings, to explain to the people of Portsmouth, the principles of*

THE POLECAT POLITICAL SOCIETY.

The proceedings will be opened by

ISCARIOT PIMPLES, Esq., the Chairman."

"That meeting," continued he, "I propose to attend, with your concurrence."

The proposal was instantly agreed to, and Chilton further suggested, that they should leave their watches

in the charge of the marker, till they returned. He then borrowed a few lucifer matches (declining to give any reason for it) from the same individual, and the party set off.

"Now Dobbs," whispered Chilton, taking him by the arm, "keep close to me; do whatever I do; and, above all, stay as near the door as possible."

Dobbs would have much rather gone home, but Chilton had obtained such an ascendancy over him that he dared not hint at such a thing. So he walked on, amusing himself by framing excuses for his absence, to be given when he got home.

When they arrived at Rummy Buildings, they found the usual frequenters of such meetings dropping in. There were the labourers from the dockyards and elsewhere, who thought that it would be a change after the public-house, for one evening, and who attended it as they did Punch in the streets, because it was to be seen for nothing. There were the smaller section of discontented people, who came because they were sure to hear their superiors abused in better language than they could command themselves; there were small tradesmen, who felt certain that they would not find their wives there; and a sprinkling of speculative persons, who, having exhausted their credit, for beer, in the neighbourhood, dropped in, for the sake of a little economical excitement. One or two of the respectable tradesmen had come to exhibit themselves, as great guns on the platform.

"Where's the senior churchwarden?" roared a dirty fellow, in the body of the meeting.

"He's a dining with the vicar!" cried some congenial spirit in the distance.

This announcement was hailed with triumphant laughter, which obviously showed, that the remark was in the eyes of the company, a biting sarcasm, and that dining with the vicar, was an act contemptible in their eyes.

Chilton and his party found no difficulty, as the company all hurried as near the platform as possible, in securing places near the door; and as they threw in some remarks occasionally, audible in the neighbourhood, such, as "that they trusted this display would convince government that the people of England were not to be trifled with, &c.," they were benignantly looked on, and taken for the sons of some of the liberal gentlemen of the county,

Presently, Iscariot Pimples, Esq., made his appearance on the platform, and drank some cold water (the regular "dodge"), though with the air of a man who was not familiar with, nor friendly to, the potation..

Chilton then further got into the good grace of the neighbours by saying—"What an intellectual head!" the fact being, that the gentleman's head, on the contrary, was retreating, as regarded the forehead, and bilged out, as regarded the posterior development, there being nothing very startling about the *ensemble* but the grog blossoms, which imparted a certain Bacchanalian poetry to its general effect.

The orator began. There was the old flourish about tyrants—and a yelp against abuses—and a bite at the aristocracy—and a snarl at the bishops. The audience cheered. The orator dropped a muddy tear for the fate of paupers, which, however, he did not show any way of alleviating. The audience groaned.

"This is slow," said Carisford, one of the set.

"Where's Chilton?" asked our friend Dobbs. Mr. Chilton had disappeared.

"He can't have bolted," said Carisford; "there's no humbug about Chil—let's wait a minute."

Just about this time, there was a palpable change in the aspect of the orator. He faltered. Good Heaven! could he have been poisoned by a minion of the aristocracy? He struggled to be calm, and proceeded—"The British Const—(a snort)—retire—(a gasp)—humbug—(a sneeze)."

At this moment, an explosion was heard in the centre of the room, followed by the distant roar of two policemen.

There was a dreadful commotion in the room. Just then, a man, wrapped in the frock of a dockyard's labourer, passed near Carisford and the party, and whispered, "Mind yourselves, gents."

"Gracious! who's that?" said Carisford; but the speaker was gone.

"What does it all mean. Oh, dear!" whispered Dobbs, who was not used to such adventures.

At that instant, there was another explosion, and a cloud rolled down the room. A moment, and there was an odour diffused, such as breathed from the jaws of Avernus.

"I know that smell," cried Carisford, to his friends; "by Jove, it's a stink pot!" In an instant they bounded through the door, and escaped into the street.

It was then that there began such a struggle for the door, as Rummy Buildings had never before witnessed, such, as we hope, the present generation may never again behold. Black eyes were liberally bestowed on all sides; misshapen noses yielded generous blood, &c.

Meanwhile, Dobbs and his friends watched the battle "afar off."

"Hope you'll stand some beer, gents, for giving of you notice," said the labourer, they had already seen. They turned to speak to him; off went the smock. "Well, boys, how did you like it?" cried Chilton, emerging from the disguise he had assumed. "Come along back to the hotel."

In a few minutes they were seated before a cold supper.

"How was it all man—" began Dobbs.

"Not a word, my dear boy, till supper is over. Here take some punch; don't be frightened, it's regular two waters—won't do you any harm. 'Gad, Dobbs, you ought to have been a sailor."

"But how about going home?" said Dobbs, with a dolorous expression of countenance.

"Bah! my dear boy, it's too late to think of that to-night. I can just see your family residence in my mind's eye, at this moment. The shutters are all closed and the door bolted; the dog has fallen asleep in the kennel, and the cat has composed herself on the hearth-rug; the housemaid has just bid good night to the policeman; and the page is out, spending the evening at his mother's, the charwoman."

At this stage of the proceedings, Dobbs sighed.

"Besides, my dear boy, your venerable and august mamma, having shut up the piano, put the family bible on the chest of drawers in her bed room, and deposited her spectacles on the looking-glass, is dreaming quietly that you are first lord of the Admiralty. Well, then, what happens if you go home. The policeman watches you as you go through the garden gate; the dog howls, when he hears your step; you stumble, as you go in,

across the pig, who is probably about this period loose among the polyanthuses; and everybody in the house imagines that you are a robber—deciding, when you have shown the falsity of that supposition, that you are drunk."

And so saying, the jug was passed over once more by Mr. Chilton to Dobbs; and Dobbs did all he could do under the circumstances—he helped himself.

The supper having been cleared away, and cigars produced, the unwearied Chilton proceeded to narrate how he had managed to stop the meeting, and to create the "political crisis" already described.

The reader is probably aware that there has been an arrangement made to instruct the youth of our navy in gunnery, and other arts of war, by the establishment of H. M. S. Pestilent, for that purpose. There, great proficiency is attained in all that belongs to the destruction of human life and property; and aspirants are examined in their proficiency therein, and their power tested, by their being made to construct rockets—also, certain contrivances politely named "stink pots"—and other combustibles. Mr. Chilton's abilities once fairly directed to the subject, had, of course, gained him knowledge of it. He had provided himself, on this occasion, with some of the choicest specimens of his art—had ignited them cautiously—bolted hastily—and, in fact, produced the result he had wished to a tittle. The diffusion of science was an object which this amiable young man always had at heart.

The evening had now advanced to a late hour. There was a volunteer of the first class (as naval cadets were then called) present, and this juvenile had fallen asleep.

Chilton was one of those fellows who appear to "wear their hearts upon their sleeve," yet with whom it is soon found by "daws," who try to "peck at" them, that the heart is only a very good imitation—whereat the daws, like the birds that flew at the grapes in the picture of the Greek, take wing again, disappointed, away. He was, perhaps, a good hearted fellow naturally. It was one of his peculiarities, that drinking always made him serious. He was much more like what is called a reasoning being, at a certain period of the evening, than at other times.

He now rang the bell—and when the waiter appeared, pointed to the slumbering youth, and said—"Take that boy away, and put him to bed."

The waiter made no remark whatever, but simply lifted up the juvenile, and removed him from the room.

"Now, then," Chilton began, and went on to address the party. "If it be action that we want," said he, "are there not other countries where action terminates in something else than street brawls and soda water? If it be observation, can we not find opportunities of observing man where he is not fettered by the rusty chains of conventionalism? And if it be luxury, there are lands where nature's sweetest gifts are *gifts* in reality, and not as they are here, to be wrung by a golden hand from the grasp of the millionaire—who, in his turn, has wrung them with an iron one from the feeble sinews of the poor."

This practical remark excited Messrs. Carisford and Pereira, who at once concurred in opinion, and volunteered to join Chilton in any expedition he might propose; while Dobbs said nothing, though he was much

influenced by the enthusiasm of the others. His common sense was strongest of the whole, and he was already calculating those awkward things in every undertaking—the details!

Carisford glanced at him, and filled his glass.

Dobbs drank mechanically.

"What means," continued Chilton, "the dissipation of young men at this time, of which grave people complain? Is it not a practical protest against a state of society which gives us no employment for our faculties? We drink because you cannot tell us where to act according to the abilities we have. Why, my boys, when we attack the police, we are, in soul, employed against an army; our slumber in the kennel is a bivouac; and when we go to eat whitebait at Greenwich, we are emigrants in spirit, and partake of the same enthusiasm that animated Hengist and Horsa. We must fly Europe!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Carisford.

Dobbs made his first observation for the evening at this point. It was but one word—"Money!"

Chilton muttered something about a "speculative man."

Carisford said, "Oh, that of course! We must get hold of a capitalist."

Pereira seemed to have been prostrated by the mere word. There was a pause in the conversation.

"My relatives have money," said Chilton, "but it might just as well be in the Goodwin Sands, as far as fructifying goes. They remind me of the sea, that has all sorts of pearls in it, and doesn't know the value of them. I have some myself, but it's not sufficient for the purpose. To do anything, we must have a yacht."

"I shan't have a rap till I come of age," said Carisford, with a melancholy look.

Dobbs had been for some time in a state of deep reflection. At last, he opened his mouth, and muttered something about his aunt.

The company pricked up their ears. When men are discussing money matters, there is something wonderfully attractive in the mention of an aunt.

"'Gad, I hope you won't fall out with her, as I did with mine," remarked Chilton. I promised the old lady, when I was going to Malta, to bring her some pebbles from St. Paul's Bay there; and she, unluckily, found out afterwards, that those I brought her were from the beach at Southsea."

Dobbs then went on to tell his attentive audience that his aunt's name was Forrester—that she had got money—that he was her heir.

A furthur conversation took place, which resulted in an agreement being made, that the united force of the company present was to be brought to bear in the matter; and that, in the event of the money falling into the possession of Dobbs, a yacht was to be forthwith purchased, in which the party were to proceed, to find, in foreign countries, that "vent for ambition," which, according to their unanimous opinion, was not to be found in this.

"How I long to have an opportunity of benēfiting mankind!" said Dobbs, in the full flow of his enthusiasm.

"Ah, Dobbs!" said Chilton, "you are just the man to make that grand desideratum of politicians, a benevolent despot!"

"And now," cried the lively Carisford, "let us proceed to finish the evening."

"Good," cried Chilton and Pereira.

"My gracious!" thought Dobbs; "I should have imagined it was finished already."

After hurrying along for some time, in a direction unknown to Dobbs, they entered a house, and found themselves in a large room, which, from the fact that fiddling was going on at one end, and dancing in the body of it, appeared to be the scene of a ball. This impression, however, was somewhat diminished by the fact, that a considerable number of the company were smoking, and by the appearance of some pewter pots. The room, in fact, displayed, in the language of a popular novelist, "the gleam of pewter—the glare of tallow—and the perfume of bird'seye." And yet, those young men who were dancing there, in such eccentricity of attire, and with such still greater eccentricity of gesture, were most of them men who had danced in as proud ball rooms as any that lie north of Oxford Street, and west of Bond Street, or within whatever limits exclusiveness may have fixed its boundaries. There were youths waltzing with partners to whom we decline further to allude, whose ancestors may have performed the stately minuet in the royal saloons of the Grand Monarque; and, to give a more homely illustration of the contrasts afforded by the scene—the blood that flowed occasionally from a tap of the "mawley" from yonder Jew slopseller, was the purest Norman.

There were all sorts of officers there—the good-looking middle-aged infantry captain; the tall awkward ensign; the burley naval master's assistant, with the pestilent stubble of an unshorn chin plainly developed; and the long, insipid-looking, snubnosed,

lieutenant of marines, who plays the flute, and calls you into his cabin, to read you Milton's lines on Eve—

"Grace was in all her steps, &c."

and asks you whether they don't apply wonderfully to Miss Podgers, the unmarried daughter of Mr. Podgers, of Laura Cottage.

There was handsome Harry Bulstrode, Lieutenant, R. N., who got his promotion, as they say, by a *liaison* with one of the Portuguese blood royal; and stupid squinting young Glacier, son of Captain Glacier, R. N., the worthy officer who asked his midshipmen in the Tirynthius to lend him their mess plate, and stopped the leave of all of them for declining to do so.

The Jews were not there in great force, inasmuch, as not long before, there had been a regular pitched battle between an English and a Jewish champion, which, it is satisfactory to know, resulted in the English champion, a sturdy marine officer, breaking two ribs and the collar-bone of his opponent. After this combat a humble deputation waited on the officers of the Pestilent to request a flag of truce, which was graciously granted.

Chilton, Carisford, Pereira, and Dobbs, returned to the hotel at an early hour in the morning. In the broad daylight a young fellow came up to them, with the obvious intention of addressing Dobbs.

"Who is that snob?" asked Chilton.

Dobbs coloured and looked confused.

"Cut him," said his companion pulling him by the arm.

"Why, halloo, Jack!" said the stranger, approaching.

Dobbs turned away his head, and the party moved over to the other side.

"Never speak to these fellows, old boy," said Chilton, in a patronising tone.

Dobbs said nothing, but he felt rather ashamed of himself, for the youth was one of his mother's relations, one of the unhappy dockyard birds. He was now getting very intimate with his new friends: had he not sacrificed in honour of them, one of his own family?

When young Dobbs awoke at noon at the hotel, where he and his friends had passed the night, he gazed about him with rather a puzzled expression of countenance. He missed the clustering branches of ivy that used to flutter in the wind before the casement of his quiet bedroom at home. There was no humble yellow jug there, with a bunch of flowers in it; no "landscape with Abraham and Isaac," suspended on the wall; but everything was showy and extensive; and the eyes that had been accustomed to trace in every little arrangement, the hand of a presiding mother, were now saluted only with what testified the attention of a hotel chambermaid. Dobbs was of a homely nature, and did not feel at ease; the poor sinner began to feel the first peck of the beak of the vulture—remorse. His conscience smote him, but, unfortunately, just at the same moment, the waiter smote the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter; "breakfast quite ready. Mr. Chilton wants to know whether you take brandy in your soda water? Some take curaçoa, sir, but he says it's an affectation."

Dobbs gave an involuntary sigh. "Nothing just now, thank you," he said. "Tell Mr. Chilton I'll be

down to breakfast directly." So, completing his toilet, he descended to the coffee-room, and looking round for his friends, the waiter came up to him.

"This way, sir—private room, if you please. There's a commercial traveller in the coffee room, sir; daren't show Mr. Chilton there."

"Hail to thee, Dobbs, who shalt be king hereafter!" cried Chilton, as he entered the room. "Sit down, my boy, and take some spatch-cock. By the way, how capital was that of Jigger, of the Bustard, the other day; he wanted to pass himself off as a sporting man, and began talking about shooting spatch-cocks. Poor Jigger! he is always in the rear during the march of intellect, a march which, by the bye, a friend of mine calls the rogues' march, on account of the number of radical rascals that stick themselves in it, and pretend to be leaders."

Dobbs sat down, and was very soon in high spirits again. The attention that these youths showed him, pleased him excessively. They seemed to sneer at all mankind, but to have a great respect for him. It was this which chiefly enabled them to have such an influence over his mind. The breakfast went on very merrily; and Dobbs soon forgot, that just about that hour, his mother was going to dinner, and that his place was vacant. The conversation soon turned to the project started the night before. What a delightful thing it is to have a project, however impracticable, in one's head! Building castles in the air, is at all times a pleasant amusement; but to have two or three architects of the same age as one's self, employed at the same time—that is delightfully exciting.

"Hollo!" cried Carisford, who had been sitting,

having a little quiet abuse of the first lieutenant of his ship with Pereira, at the window, "who's that queer-looking old dame?" and he directed their attention to an old lady, who was bending her steps towards the hotel.

They rushed to the window to look out, when, to the astonishment of all, and to the unquestionable horror of one, the object of their attention suddenly looked up, and, shaking the umbrella, cried—"Oh, Johnny! that's where you spend your time away from home, is it?"

It was with difficulty that Carisford and the others restrained their laughter, as Dobb's look of horror met their eyes.

He coloured with shame, hurriedly said—"Good bye! I'll write you a note soon," to the party, and in a few minutes was seen being led away captive by the apparition.

"His mother, I suppose," said Chilton.

"I suppose so," said Carisford. "I hear that his father made a queer match. They used to call him 'Goosey Dobbs' in the Maraschino. The son seems a very good fellow, however; and we must keep our eye on the aunt business. I think we had better go on board now."

This prudent suggestion was immediately acted on. Indeed, it did not do to play any tricks with the distinguished officer who commanded the Pestilent. That zealous man was so deeply interested in the welfare of his officers, that he actually liked to know what they talked about in the midshipmen's mess. In this laudable anxiety, he positively used to take the trouble to avail himself of the services of a steward, whose auricular advantages were beyond the usual average; our

friends, therefore, were naturally careful about their proceedings, and went quietly off to the vessel, on this occasion, taking care, when they got on board, not to talk too loud about their adventures on shore. Had they not taken this precaution, who knows but their zealous commander might have frustrated their project; and where would have been the history with which we trust to interest an intelligent public?

## CHAPTER III.

### PROGRESS.

### CHILTON TO DOBBS.

"*H. M. Brig* ———, *Spithead.*

"DEAR DOBBS,—You would never guess all that has happened to me, during the three months that have elapsed since we were so abruptly separated at Brokesby Hall. When we got on board, I found that I was appointed to the Magnificent—how, goodness only knows. Such a set of puppies I never came across in my life, as the fellows there! I had not been on board three weeks, before they got up a petition to the Admiralty, to let them have a milch cow on board, a request that was almost enough to make Benbow tremble in his grave. Now old M———, the first Lord, could not be expected to have much regard for the Magnificents, seeing, that when he visited the ship, they had the gunroom strewed over with the opposition papers, in which he was at that time being daily lashed with the greatest ferocity; accordingly, we were all of us distributed to small craft, and I was condemned to herd with barbarians in the ———. Here we are after a cruise, and, for mercy's sake! let

me have a line to know how you are, *and how affairs go. Verbum suf.* I am sick of Europe, and long for opium-clipping, slave-trading, or anything; but we must have gold. The 'root of all evil' has the pleasantest blossoms possible. Carisford is in the Pestilent, with his leave stopped. Poor Car, who has always been too lazy for the bar, and too loose for the church, now declares that he won't do for the service either. He has grown a desperate republican, and swears that he can no longer breathe the air of kings. As for Pereira, that youth is in Haslar Hospital, recovering from a fever. I am told that there has been a marked improvement in his morals, ever since he wandered through their museum, and saw a jar there with some substance in it marked 'This is the Brain of a Drunkard'—which subsequently proved to be the *cerebrum* of an old friend. I don't believe it. Write immediately."

Such was Chilton's letter; and the next day brought an answer, hurried, blotted, scrawled, nervous, but—satisfactory.

* * * * *

It certainly was very kind of Chilton, to behave so attentively as he did on the melancholy occasion. He wrote a consolatory letter to Dobbs (intended for the mother's eye, of course) that excited the admiration of the whole house by the beauty of the composition. They were touched by the tender melancholy which breathed through the whole, while the philosophical resignation inculcated charmed the moral sense. The letter ought to have been good, for it was judiciously compounded from the best authors; and probably had

Dobbs been familiar with a celebrated letter to Cicero, on the death of his daughter—not to mention one of Swift's on a similar occasion, and various compositions of the same sort—he would not have admired his friend's talent so much as he did; but luckily for the writer, the parties to whom the letter was addressed met with these sentiments for the first time—and the borrowed feathers were praised for natural plumage.

And now the object of the ambition of Dobbs and his young associates seemed to be within their reach, and they availed themselves of it.

A yacht schooner-rigged was promptly purchased by Dobbs, Carisford insisting on her being fumigated, because she had been last in the possession of a serious family. The difficulties experienced in preparing her would occupy a long detail. A discussion of four hours, at least, was held on her name, long before anybody of the party knew even what her tonnage was, or had any useful information concerning her qualities at all. Pereira suggested something poetical—the Snowdrop, for example. Carisford stuck out boldly for having her named after some celebrated female—and the association was nearly divided by a quarrel on the subject.

"What do you say to Messalina, then?" asked Chilton, ironically.

"She was very likely an injured woman," remarked Carisford, in perfect seriousness.

"Perhaps, then, we had better call her the Elizabeth Brownrigg at once," pursued his friend.

"Oh, call her Joanna Southcote, if you like," said Carisford; you are destitute of imagination!"

"Thank God! I've got common sense, at all events.

Why, we'll be the laughing stock of Europe, if you have it all your own way!"

"Let us have something eastern," said Pereira—"the Bulbul, or the Pomegranate."

Dobbs, whose only duties were to pay money when ordered to do so, took but a small part in these discussions.

"Suppose we call her the Baboon," said Carisford; "men are often called so—but I do not recollect such a ship in the Navy List."

It was finally settled that the vessel should be called the Baboon—which title, being in ostentatious defiance of public opinion, was unanimously approved of.

A sailing master was next chosen. This man was a Scotchman, one Mr. M'Mizen, of long nautical experience, and who, though he had been successively a whaler, slave trader, smuggler, and a pirate, was a strong Presbyterian. He took the situation with eagerness, remarking that he would "take care of the lads."

The next point settled, was the important one of the constitution of the society—and it was decreed that Dobbs should be king, and that the others should form an executive government.

Chilton was appointed the prime minister.

At last the Baboon was completely ready for sea. She was a vessel with a long low hull, and painted inside a bright orange colour—outside, she was perfectly black, with the exception of a thin white riband which encircled her like a thread. No wind ever wantoned on the water more airily and delicately than she did; and her canvass was as brilliantly white as a breath over the bare head of Lebanon. Chilton and

his friends left the navy, and the final preparations for sailing were made.

Meanwhile, the gradual progress of the Baboon had attracted attention in various quarters. Some whispered that she was being prepared for a pirate—others, worse still, that she was going out with missionaries. Stories were told about guns being taken on board in the dead of the night, &c. &c.—and many ingenious lies, like ebony, at once black and brilliant, were narrated at dinner tables in Portsmouth, touching the vessel and her proprietors. It was thought advisable by government to keep an eye on her, and H. M. brig Tulip was sent round from Sheerness to watch her.

When the Tulip arrived, she hovered about under easy sail. The first night after her arrival, while she was dodging outside the Isle of Wight, it chanced that the middle watch fell to the lot of Lieutenant Bulbous. Bulbous felt sleepy, and Bulbous was rather drunk; so Bulbous quietly went below, and comfortably went to bed. The quartermaster of the watch seeing such an excellent example set him, composed himself to sleep in the hammock nettings; the midshipman, of course, went below—and the man at the wheel lashed the helm a-lee, and took a nap as coolly as the rest of them.

The brig, being left to her own resources, began to wander round and round, and waltz on the ocean for her amusement. The captain, hearing the flapping of sails and plashing of water, rushed on deck, and summoned the officer of the deck, to demand an explanation.

"Why, sir," said Bulbous, "I came on deck—found it blowing—raining—*I can't do it for the money!*"

In the interim, the Baboon had dashed down the channel, passing them as swiftly as Mercury bearing a message from Jove.

Morning dawned, black and lowering on the Baboon's first night at sea; the clouds hung like patches of dirt in the watery sky; and the sun, when their flying masses disclosed his face, glared between them, looking like one great round drop of blood. In short, it was a morning that on shore merely disagreeable—at sea, was absolutely sublime. On shore, the dense smoke of cities mingling with the wet clouds, hid the sun's face and stayed his struggling rays—at sea, the winds drove away the wet clouds before them, and every instant the sun's face shone upon watching seamen, like a ball of fire. On shore, huge cities began slowly to awake to the dull duties of a dark day. Sordid trade with gloomy activity went to its tasks, and wretched uncared for poverty shivered along the streets. Flying leaves and whirling dust, hid the country and clouded the landscape. The peasant plodded through dirt to toil, and forlorn birds huddled themselves in their naked plumage, under dreary hedges. At sea, the descending light of the morning showed the green surface of ocean sparkling with white sails; no flying leaves, no whirling dust hid *that* expanse; ships rested on the bosom of their mother ocean, and seamen, sheltered by the stout bulwarks of their oaken dwellings, went sturdily to their work: the porpoise leaped headlong and exulting through the waves; and the sea bird swept along their surface, in proud and exulting flight.

If a ship be to a seaman a prison with a chance of being drowned, what, after all, is his cot to the labourer, but a prison with a chance of being

starved?—a better chance too, as affairs go, and a worse prison.

Morning found the Baboon, as the wind gradually declined, in the fair-way of the channel, as was shown by the sand and shells, which the faithful "lead" brought up when hove; and morning too, as it became more advanced, became more agreeable. The sublime merged gradually into the beautiful; the colour of the sun grew paler, yellower, as warmth began to breathe itself into his milky rays; gradually, too, his orb dilated, as you may see dilate the pupil of a lustrous eye; gradually the blackest clouds went—nobody cared where; gradually the wind got softer, sky more blue, air more dry. The Baboon's canvass changed gradually from the brown hue which rain had given it, to its primitive white, as a dun falling cloud freezes into snow. The drops on the rigging, first glittered, then dried in the sun. Finally, it became a beautiful morning, and high time for breakfast!

So thought Chilton, who had kept the morning watch, for he and his friends, Carisford and Pereira, had organised themselves into the orthodox three watches. In fact, it was their object to establish on board, as near an approach to man of war discipline, as they could. We cannot assert of them, however, that they ever carried their enthusiasm on the subject to the pitch that a late noble lord did, who bargained with his yacht's crew, to pay them extra wages for the privilege of flogging them when he thought proper. Probably, their education had not been sufficiently aristocratic, to enable them to appreciate such an expensive luxury.

Chilton, finding the morning looking so fine, sum-

moned Mr. M'Mizen, who had not been in his hammock the whole night, and indeed, seemed not to have any intention of sleeping at all—"Mr. Mizen."

"*Mac*Mizen, if you please, sir," said the fastidious functionary, whose Scotch we translate; "M'Mizen of Bluter, sir, in the Stewartry, near Knock, son of M'Mizen of Humph, whose father was laird of Unco, and died just at the time of—

'The har'st afore the Sherra Muir;'"

concluded Mr. M'Mizen, not able to resist the temptation of quoting Burns as a wind up.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. M'Mizen," said Chilton, who was always, on system, more courteous to an inferior, than to anybody else; "will you be good enough to call the gentlemen below?"

The sailing-master departed for the purpose, and in a short time Carisford and Pereira made their appearance with him; Pereira rather indignant at Mr. M'Mizen's having come forward to help him up the ladder, with an exclamation of "puir wee lammie!"

"Good morning, boys," said Chilton to his friends: "well, how did you sleep after your watches?"

"Somewhat badly, owing to the howling of the ocean, and the snoring of Dobbs," replied Carisford.

"Well, it's satisfactory to know that he got to sleep at all, poor fellow!" said Pereira; "he was terribly ill when I went below at twelve, and I applied brandy, and persuaded him to come up for a little fresh air."

"Let us leave Mr. M'Mizen in charge, and come below to breakfast," suggested Chilton.

They descended, and found their servant—a youth

whom they had engaged, and who, being dressed in a livery which comprised the liveries of all his masters in one, looked rather like a harlequin—busy in the preparation of the morning meal.

"A very nice cabin, indeed," said Chilton, looking round with a patronising air; "nicely decorated. Pereira, you had the amenities under your charge, I believe?"

Pereira bowed.

"Sir, you have deserved well of the republic. Let me see—you, Carisford, took the victualling department?"

"Yes," said Carisford; "I know my responsibility to be great—but I flatter myself that I have acted as becomes my position. Try that ham—taste yon bitter ale—or deeply dive into yonder pie—a miracle of the pie order of architecture!"

"Capital, all!" said Chilton; "but let us breakfast now; and afterwards each member must report on the state of his department. Let us waken old Dobbs. Boy, go up, and tell Mr. M'Mizen to report any change, or anything that heaves in sight, to me."

All three then went forward to a cabin next the chief one—the cabin devoted to purposes of sleep. They advanced to one of the little berths, and gently drawing aside the green silk curtains, the three youths gazed on the tranquil figure of their slumbering monarch. Good natured Dobbs's honest rosy face lay on the pillow, with that sort of mixture of good nature and intelligence on it which you may see in the expression of some of Mr. Landseer's dogs. There was something so helpless, so benevolent, so simple, in the look of this fat good fellow, whom they had dragged from his quiet

home and hearth, that the three friends surveyed his sleeping figure with a half feeling of remorse.

"Bless the old boy!" said Carisford, enthusiastically, "I could hug him!"

"Sleep on, sleep on—a thousand times sleep on!" said Chilton, breaking into an extemporary parody of Don Quixote's famous address to the slumbering Sancho; "thy honest, and withal rather carroty head is troubled with no strange speculations. Thou hast not to deal with scheming guardians, nor ingeniously to prepare for the taking up of accommodation bills. Thou lovest no unapproachable heiress in hopeless resignation; neither dost thou torment thy brain with political fantasies; nor rack and dim it by metaphysical speculation—but all thy thoughts are centred on—"

"Breakfast," said the servant, entering the cabin.

The laugh which followed on the interruption awoke Dobbs. He stared at his friends, and then uneasily round the narrow cabin.

"Good morning—here's a beautiful morning!" said Chilton; "how capitally well you look!"

Dobbs, finding the vessel far more quiet than she had been during his agony of the preceding night (he had been terribly sea sick), rose up cheerfully. In conformity with an ancient regal custom, his courtiers handed his clothes to him, in spite of his protestations against it. They then all walked into the cabin, and seated themselves to a very good breakfast.

"Grill, Dobbs?" said Carisford.

"Thank you—I'll take some."

"*Le roi le veut!*" said Chilton, gravely, passing the plate over to him.

The meal then proceeded in a most promising manner, considering that it was their first one at sea; and Mr. M'Mizen having reported that the breeze kept fair and steady, the associates remained in the cabin to examine their stock, and discuss future proceedings.

The *personnel* of the vessel, and the more serious matters generally, had occupied Chilton's attention. He had not manned her as ships are sometimes manned in the navy, where commanders have been known to send officers to make the unemployed men about the sea ports drunk in the taverns, for the purpose of cajoling them out of their good certificates, and thus compelling them to enter. No, had he had the power fifty times over, he would not have resorted to this despicable practice, which is as wicked as impressment, and has an additional baseness peculiarly its own, and the property of those who invented it, and those who carry it out. But he had judiciously sought his men by large promises of pay to old experienced sailors; and as there are many very singular characters among these persons, the crew of the Baboon comprised several hideous and eccentric villains.

But let us have his own explanation, that morning delivered to the society.

"Gentlemen," said Chilton, "a bear is all right, so long as he is well fed and decently treated—

"'The patient ass up flinty paths,
Plods with his weary load;'

but we want a nobler animal. Who knows what we may require the crew to do?"

A groan from Dobbs.

"Accordingly, I have been obliged to overlook certain considerations for the sake of certain other considerations, in providing men. In fact, among the lot, we have two fellows who have committed bigamy—"

"Luxurious dogs!" exclaimed Carisford.

"A whaler, two smugglers, a sprinkling of slave traders, and only one pirate, I assure you. I limited myself to that solitary luxury!"

"And pray, who is our Mr. M'Mizen?"

"A dash of all—but not a bad fellow," was the reply.

Pereira having taken under his charge all that pertained to the provision of the amenities, reported next, and had a box of books brought up from the hold. And here, again, we must remark on another difference between the management of the Baboon and that of some men of war. The library of the Baboon was well chosen, and speedily arranged for use; whereas—will our readers believe it?—the persons who organize libraries for the men employed in the service, actually introduce works of religious controversy—and in many cases the books supplied are never hoisted out of the hold during the ship's commission. Pereira had fallen into some slight errors, having once obtained a *comic* instead of a *nautical* almanac (a defect only repaired at the last moment), and having, in his anxiety to secure an *Orbis veteribus notus*, nearly forgotten the charts. He had also ordered a dozen superfluous copies of one work, but was graciously pardoned by the society, on pleading that an opportunity would probably present itself of exchanging them for niggers.

Under his dictation they hung up the portraits of celebrated men, which had been selected for the orna-

ment of the cabin. There was one of Captain Cook, who was murdered by savages in the South Seas, and one of Admiral Byng, who was murdered by savages in England—these were the martyrs, and were hung up together. Then there was a portrait of Admiral Collingwood, the best man ever produced by the English navy, and who would have been far more admired, if he had *not been* such a good man. But these portraits in honour of nautical men were not the only ones; for our society did not aim at being nautical only—and our record of their proceedings will not be found to be a tar and pitch narrative. We shall not intrude nautical slang wholesale into our pages. There will be no shivering of timbers—quids will be avoided—and pigtails cut—as they very properly were in the navy many years ago. Briefly, this is "no fable" of "sailors turned to swine."

Carisford's report on the provision department was, upon the whole, as satisfactory as that of any of the others. A captain of the old school would have shuddered at the catalogue of the preserved meats, and fainted at the list of wines. Had such a stock been in a midshipman's mess in the navy, the commander would have tried to make the enjoyment of it as little as possible. The lieutenants would have condemned it, and dined and supped on it, whenever they could get a chance.

When they had all three thus given an account of their various exertions for the common weal (Dobbs, by the bye, was checked in a detail of the sums paid), it was resolved to go on deck; and then they took the opportunity of teaching the king (monarchs are, alas! hard to teach) various details connected with the

management of the vessel. The lead was "armed" and hove for his instruction, and he was shown how to "mark" a lead line—white bunting at five fathoms, red at seven—how nine fathoms was "a deep," and ten marked by a piece of leather, &c. Next, the log was hove, for him to learn that operation; and Chilton expatiated on the misery of heaving it at midnight, when going at the rate of nine or ten knots, and how his delicate fingers used to be hurt by the sharp cold flying line, when he was a midshipman of the watch in a man of war. Dobbs was not slow in learning these details; and then, as the day advanced close on the hour of noon, Chilton took the opportunity of producing his quadrant, and further showing Dobbs how to take the sun's altitude.

"Now, my boy," he began, "suppose yourself midshipman of a man of war, instead of monarch of this society. Well, of course, you would have to go through this operation every day, and send a return to the captain—not that he would feel any anxiety as to your improvement in navigation—but then his insisting on the return would give him an opportunity of boring you. You begin by taking a glass of "swizzle" in the berth (boy, some swizzle); then you come up to the poop, and commence bringing the sun down to the water's edge, thus—where you keep him dancing on what is strangely called his 'lower limb;' there, you see, you have him rolling on the horizon, like a golden skittle ball. Having accomplished that, you wait till he dips below, and then read off the apparent altitude. You can employ the interval till he dips, in chaffing one of the marine officers, if any of them happen to be up at the time. Thus, for example, you might complain that

the cock-pit was infested by bugs, and suggest seriously that they probably came out of the marines' caps which are kept in the beams there. Ah," Chilton cried out, "he has just dipped!"

"Strike eight bells," cried Carisford, and the yacht's bell rang over the water. The crew then went down to their dinner, and Chilton proceeded to show Dobbs how the latitude was ascertained from the altitude of the sun.

The king observed a laudable inquisitiveness, and kept asking the "why" of every step of the calculation.

"Why does the adding or subtracting the declination to or from the true altitude, according to circumstances, produce the latitude?" asked Dobbs.

"Oh, my dear fellow," Chilton replied, "mathematics is not my *forte!* We weren't taught the theory in the ships I served in. Depend on it, Dobbs, that of the thousands who have taken the sun's altitude today, not one in every two hundred knows anything about it, or is in the least acquainted with that magnificent system, which embraces creation in a net work of triangles!"

"I don't feel any the worse for it," observed Carisford, in a consolatory tone. "Ignorance is bliss. What is a chicken?—what is the fire that roasts it?—what is the spit that it turns on? Above all, what is the cook who superintends it?—whence and whither does he come and go?—Is he an immortal soul, or simply a transitory and perishable cook? Don't let us bother ourselves on such subjects, but *eat* the chicken and be thankful."

"Carisford, you're an ass," said Chilton sententiously; and Car took huff, and went below to the cabin, where he played all sorts of wild airs on a piano there, which we forgot to enumerate among the amenities

provided by Pereira. But in a short time happening to play one which Chilton had heard Miss Carisford, his friend's sister (a sweet girl, as all admitted, and some knew too well) perform in the mansion of old Carisford, Chilton became suddenly seized with a touching feeling of remorse, and dived down the hatchway to the cabin, where there occurred one of those pathetic reconciliations which are only a shade less ridiculous than the quarrels which precede them.

"I was entirely in the wrong," said Chilton. "Your remark was singularly philosophic in tone, and brilliant in expression."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It was a useless and absurd observation."

"Nay, excuse me. I was a complete boor."

"Far from it; you were right, and I was an ass."

"I am of opinion that you are both in the right, now," observed Pereira, which had the effect of finishing the conversation—and the mended friendship was cemented by a glass of curaçoa. Indeed, these little trifles always formed a rather plausible excuse for a similar indulgence.

In the afternoon, they all assembled on deck, and employed themselves in watching the various ships which were scattered over the channel in sight of the Baboon. Dobbs had then an opportunity of acquiring a further knowledge of some nautical matters. They pointed out to him the difference between a ship and a barque—a brig and a schooner, and gave him hints on the various destinations of each, and the nature of the people on board.

"What's that great big one with the three masts, Chilton?" asked the king.

"Oh, that's an East Indiaman, outward bound."

"And what cargo do they carry?"

"With the more plebeian details of trade," replied his prime minister, in a dignified manner, "I am naturally unacquainted; but I know that their outward cargo, as far as I have ever learned anything of it, consists, in no unimportant degree, of Indian officers returning from furlough, ditto ditto cadets going out to join the army, various adventurers in different lines of business, young ladies departing to seek husbands, and, occasionally, missionaries bound to the Cape."

"They must find it what you call slow!" remarked the king.

"From what I have heard of it, yes; but they manage to rub through with it; so, that even the quiet young men who make up their minds in anticipation of its being dull, to study Hindustani on the way out, generally find, when they arrive, that they haven't had time, and not unfrequently that they have learned *écarté*, or whist, instead. Then, you know, they publish journals on board sometimes, and libel each other, and some intellectual distraction may be found in sleep, flirting, brandy and water, and cigars."

"That thing's a brig?" pursued Dobbs.

"Yes," said Chilton, and he surveyed her through a glass; "and a neat brig too, probably bound to Madeira. I dare say that there are eyes looking from her now, which will never see these waters again; for Madeira, you know, Dobbs, is the refuge of the victims of our English consumption, a disease transmitted us, together with our share of the national debt, by our ancestors."

"Both originating in a tendency to waste," said Carisford.

"Talking of Madeira, sir?" began Mr. M'Mizen, who had gradually moved aft to the group, with a calm, shrewd, deferential smile, completely Scotch.

"Well, what of it, Mr. M'Mizen?" Carisford said, receiving the veteran very courteously.

"I mind an anecdote no altogether wi'thoot a certain interest touching ane o' our Scotch gentry, wha went there in a consumption. I hae a note of it here," and M'Mizen produced a black tome, which he had gone for when he heard the turn taken by the conversation, and turned over some blank leaves at one end of it, written on, in ink that had faded, till it was as yellow as an old woman's skin.

"Why," said Pereira, glancing at the book, "it's a Bible!"

"Weel, sir," said M'Mizen, "and shall a man not hae ane book, at all events, wi' a note o' his family's names in it?".

"Quite right," remarked Chilton, who could not help laughing at Mr. M'Mizen's reasons for preserving his copy of the scriptures. (M'Mizen has his companions, reader.)

Mr. M'Mizen having refreshed his memory, not without illustrating his observation by casting a long glance of interest on the Davids, Peters, and Alexanders of the M'Mizen race, whose names figured in the pages, proceeded—"Sir William Marling o'Glumcairn was sae far gone in the disease o' consumption, that ye might say his legs were nae thicker than a linnet's. Sae he resolved to go to Madeira, and try and prolong his stay in this world some few weeks longer.

He embarked a' his luggage at Liverpool, and last o' all (Sir William was aye eccentric), he brought on board his coffin. The sailors didna half like it; it was a feydom sign! The ship sailed, and Sir William grew waur and waur. At last, he gaes to the surgeon, and asks him to speak downright plain out to him, how long he might hope to live; and the surgeon made naething o' telling him, that he had but a few days at langest. Sir William said naething, but he just went, and had his coffin lifted out o' the hold."

"What an extraordinary old man!" interrupted Carisford. "Well, did he die?"

"I'm coming to that," replied Mr. M'Mizen, who was naturally a little annoyed at the interruption; "he had the lid taken off, and the coffin, that awfu' emblem o' mortality, was found to be naether mair nor less than choke fou o' the verra best clarrit."

Here the introduction of the claret induced M'Mizen to proceed to draw a brilliant picture of Galloway, in the last century, when quantities of that princely wine were smuggled there, by an enterprising population. We omit this part, suggesting the miserable contrast of today's state of affairs, and drop at once the claret and some *lagrima.*

"What was the end of it?" asked Chilton.

"He drank and drank, like a real old Scotch laird, a' day lang; and the strangest thing of a' is, that he perfectly recovered and returned to Scotland, and lived for ten or twal' year, respected and beloved by the whole country round. Sae you see, sir," concluded M'Mizen, judiciously introducing the moral of the story, "there's nae cure for consumption but liquor; and I wauld na' assert, that I ha'e na' a sma' touch o' consumption mysel."

Mr. M'Mizen's hint was not lost on the quick ear of the Society, and he was duly supplied with a tumbler, for his private enjoyment, which he took off to his berth.

"I think we had better now go down to dinner?" suggested Chilton to his friends. "What says His Majesty?"

"I a n for anything you please," said that indulgent king.

"Bravo!" cried Carisford—

"Send him victorious,
Boozily glorious,
Sometimes uproarious,
God save the King!"

So they went below; and the servant in the harlequin livery before alluded to, was occupied busily enough for the next two hours.

They were seated at dessert, having apparently forgotten that they were at sea at all, when a slight lurch, which capsized the wine glass of the incautious Dobbs, recalled the fact, and they went on deck.

It was within an hour of sunset. The breeze was fresh and lively; and the yacht, with all her sails set, reeled and swaggered along—soaring like a bird, when she rose on the surface of the waves—diving and flying like a fish, when she sank into the trough of the sea. The light pines that formed her lithe topmasts, bent beneath the wind—as they had bent before it, ere they were stripped of the glory of their leaves, or plucked from their bed of earth, in their native forest. Reeling like a bacchanal, flying like a lightning-charged cloud, dancing like a goddess, and bounding like a de —swift

indeed must the vessel be who shall catch thee, oh, Baboon! glory of the simious race!

"Crikey! how she grins!" exclaimed Carisford, unpoetically, as a certain officer in the West Indies used to exclaim, one who was a great hand at "carrying on" a dangerous amount of sail, till the Admiralty got so deuced particular about making people pay for the spars which they lost in so doing.

"What's that noise?" cried Dobbs, suddenly.

They jumped from their seats.

"Now, don't be frightened," said Chilton; "it's a gun."

At this point, M'Mizen came down the companion ladder with a lantern, enveloped in a huge greatcoat. "Maister Chilton, hae ye got the papers—the ship's papers, ye ken?"

"What are they?" asked Dobbs, in affright.

Chilton turned rather pale—"Come on deck!" he cried to his friends.

They all hurried up together, and found the whole crew assembled, gazing to windward, where there lay the heavy form of a large revenue cutter, with three lanterns hoisted perpendicularly in her rigging.

"Good God!" exclaimed Chilton. "why did you let her get to windward of us? D—n the moon!" he continued, as that luminary, shining clear in the heavens, threw a most distinct light on the elegant figure of the Baboon.

"Why, sir," said M'Mizen, "it's o' nae consequence; of course ye hae the papers. How's the cutter to ken that you're no a smuggler, or even a pirate? It's only a form."

The smile that passed over Chilton's face short and

quick, and luminous in its scorn at these words, was singular; but it was nothing to the feelings that passed across his heart. With one glance, he took in the whole position, as his eye dwelt on the cutter, the assembled crew, the calm gaze of M'Mizen (wherein was much to be noted), Carisford and Pereira in startled silence, unhappy Dobbs awestruck with terror, and knowing not where to look.

Carisford saw Chilton's glance and came up to him. In friendly grasp, he took his hand, as he whispered—"You may have thought from what passed in the cabin that I am timid; try me now; what you will, I am ready to act."

Then two men came forward from the crew, to speak to Chilton.

"Well, Hartly, what have you to say?" he asked.

"Why, sir," said the fellow, a huge man, with black whiskers, who looked as if he had the strength of a Titan, and an equal readiness to use it against heaven, "me and my friend doesn't understand this; we don't want to be shoved in limbo. What we does, we does: we want no humbug. How about that 'ere cutter?"

Both the vessels were now laying to, the cutter occupying her windward position. The situation of poor Chilton and his friends became alarming. Here was the poor Baboon, that had been suspicious in her appearance—watched by the Tulip, telegraphed, probably, down the coast, from station to station—now with a government vessel to windward, and two of the best men of the crew in a state approaching to mutiny!

"Oh," said Chilton, "I suppose the ass takes us for a smuggler. We must send our papers on board. What an infamous thing, that a gentleman's yacht

should be interfered with in this manner! Mr. M'Mizen, get a boat ready, and show a lantern on the weather bulwarks." Chilton then went below; and coming up again, gave some documents to Hartly, and said—"Go on board the cutter with these, and Mr. Dobbs's (the owner's) compliments."

The boat was brought up to the lee gangway. Hartly and the sailor who had come with him to speak to Chilton, went into it with the papers—shoved off, dropped astern of the Baboon, and pulled towards the cutter, on board which the lieutenant in command, who had watched every movement, prepared to receive them.

It was just then that Chilton had two moments most anxious and earnest communication with M'Mizen. What passed in that brief important period, we are unable to say precisely; but certain it is, that it had the most important influence on the sailing-master. We have heard it asserted that there was then made a haul upon the funds of Dobbs, which everybody declared to be most monstrous; certain it is, that long afterwards, Mr. M'Mizen was accustomed to wink knowingly, when any one mentioned the moonlight night, in which the revenue cutter Yahoo met the large and brilliant schooner Baboon. Indeed, it is further said that the snugness of M'Mizen's present cottage in Galloway, where that retired warrior reposes on his laurels and his four-poster, is to be partly attributed to the tip which he then received. Probably, also, it is to the same source that may be indirectly traced, that "wee bit croft" near the cottage in question, where browse two kine of the famous Galloway breed. And, perhaps it is for his good fortune, on that occasion, that

M'Mizen is so anxious to return thanks when he wends his way on Sundays, wet or dry, to the kirk of Bluter.

The boat pulled towards the expectant cutter—but soon the Baboon lay to no longer; over the quarter glided the huge boom; the jib sheet flowed free forward; smart hands rounded in the weather fore-topsail brace (she was a fore-topsail schooner), the gaff-topsail rose like a balloon to its station; the water foamed beneath her bows, dashed along her sides, quivered in whirling eddies and sharp curves in her wake; a kind cloud hid the moon's face—and when it shone again on the Baboon, she was rushing in solitary sovereignty through the waters, headlong on, towards the stormy bay, which dashes on the shores of France, the accumulated terrors of a thousand miles of waves.

Meanwhile, the cutter having caught a glimpse of the retreating Baboon was in such a hurry to chase her, that she rolled heavily on to the boat which Chilton had dispatched, experiencing of course a vexatious delay, and with difficulty saving the lives of the men, whose screams compelled her to lay to for the purpose.

# CHAPTER IV.

## NAPLES.—A SEA LARK.

In a certain latitude and longitude, to be found in any map (sold by all respectable booksellers), there stands a certain city—a city not without a soul—a city, like Bacchus, ever fair and young. It is surrounded by the freshest green country, fairest plains, thickest and softest foliage—the plumage of the earth—and rests, like the nest of a sea bird, on the borders of the ocean. A bright, broad, blue bay heaves lazily and voluptuously before it. At a modest distance stands a mysterious mountain, over whose head roll, in sombre vapoury wreaths, clouds of smoke; but the smoke is not as the smoke of towns—it hangs not heavily like a pall, but vanishes far into the air. Once that smoke was worse—when Vesuvius put on the 'black cap' to pass sentence upon the doomed cities. Now, the mountain is but a show for the gazers of Naples—a piece of scenery from an old tragedy, to amuse and interest the leisure of a gay and indolent people.

And how gay, and bright the scenes, where that comedy of life is acted! Naples is the gaudiest picture in Nature's magic lantern; there poverty itself is brilliant, and superstition sparkling; all the rags are

bright, and all the black—ebony; for the sun is the poor-law commissioner, and keeps the paupers happy; and as to the superstition, if there are such beings as saints, which we in England naturally doubt, why, what place on earth are they more likely to love to watch over than Naples? It is a creed that the people there form naturally from what they see around them; and "if to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all,"* so, to worship foolishly may claim a similar superiority.

Well, one morning, some weeks after the date at which we left the Baboon flying to the Bay of Biscay, there might have been observed, at the window of an hotel in Naples, an elderly gentleman, of dignified appearance. He had just breakfasted very luxuriously, and had come forward to the window, to look out upon the bay, over the beautiful gardens which stood between the road in which the hotel was situated and the sea. These beautiful gardens, among whose trees glisten the white forms of marble nymphs (the very chastity of whose appearance, in such a place, is more voluptuous than all that colour could effect elsewhere), form, as it were, the flounces of the city's dress.

The old gentleman opened the window, and sniffed in the air luxuriously: it is probable that he would have enjoyed it more, but that he was in the habit of taking snuff. However, he did enjoy it very much, as was evinced by his soliloquy.—"What a scene! Ah, if one could but eat it!" He was a materialist philosopher, this old friend of ours, and referred all pleasure to the pleasures of the senses. He put an uncommonly

* Pendennis, No. II.

vulgar construction on what people call love; and stoutly maintained, that every idea of beauty, good, or any other abstraction, was nothing but fanciful, vague exaggeration of an actual sensual pleasure. For example—when his son, with whom the reader is, as will shortly appear, already acquainted, used to talk, as some young men will, about the ideal and the beautiful, he used to cut him short with—"Pray, sir, what does your beautiful mean?—I will tell you. Your cousin Polly (by the bye, Tom, she has five thousand pounds) is a pretty girl; she has a good nose, bright eyes, a mouth small and rosy; yet altogether she is not a beauty; she does not reach your ideal of the beautiful. Well, sir, just shape her nose till it grows more Greek—give a little more lustre to the eye—chisel the mouth slightly; do this in imagination—there is your ideal. That is your process. But, remember, that Polly, is at present existent, is the basis of the ideal; the ideal is in reality her, somewhat altered.—Now don't go off into any gabble about innate ideas. What have you in you but what the spoon put in you?"

This last query generally used to silence the youth, particularly as the enthusiasm of the father used to partly vent itself in sending the bottle round with a jerk along the mahogany.

This old gentleman (to come to details) was Mr. Chilton, senior, parent of our friend Chilton, of the Baboon, prime minister under the limited monarchy of King Dobbs. He was a widower, with no other son; a country gentleman, of good family, and some £4,000 a year. He always lived abroad, and was very fond of convivial society. He used to be nicknamed "Toe" Chilton, because (as it was asserted) he was in the

habit of forming the acquaintance of strangers, by the singular and original plan of treading on their toes, and begging their pardon. It was no wonder that his acquaintance was extensive, under these circumstances, considering the populousness of most European cities; nor, considering the prevalence of gout among the higher orders, is it remarkable, that he had twice been knocked down by a crutch, and once winged in a hostile encounter arising therefrom. He usually followed up, what may very properly be called his first step to intimacy, by asking his new friend to dinner; and being a gentlemanly, well-informed old Englishman, secured, in course of time, a terrifically large connection, and was never at a loss for a house to breakfast, dine, or sup at all over Europe; so that his life, spent in an interchange of friendly hospitalities, was one perpetual round of good dinners and agreeable parties; and while yet in the very spring of existence, as regarded his body generally, he had advanced to autumn unquestionably—in the tip of his nose.

Having cooled his countenance (which altogether was not unlike the setting sun) in the breeze from the bay, Toe Chilton walked down stairs, and marched out. He took his way to a reading room, where English travellers were in the habit of going to peruse the journals of their native country.

His appearance there was not very agreeable to some of those assembled, for he was in the habit of at once entering into conversation with anybody he could catch, which rather spoiled the pleasure of any other gentleman who happened to be reading at the time. There was therefore an audible sigh from an elderly gentleman, who was engaged on the *Edinburgh Review*,

when the portly figure of Mr. Chilton appeared at the door.

The elderly gentleman was a clergyman of a serious turn: let the reader fancy his feelings from the following little scene—

*Elderly gentleman* (*reading to himself*).—"The notion promulgated by Hume, that our idea of power, as *cause* producing effect, is, in reality, only derived from our having seen certain operations succeed each other in nature——"

*Toe Chilton* (*to a friend*).—"Ha! good morning, captain. What a capital dinner Limsdale gave us last night! What Burgundy that fellow has, to be sure!"

*Friend.*—"I'm glad you're come, Chilton. I have something to show you here. Here is the *Malta Snail*, of the —th instant." (*Exit elderly gentleman.*)

The elderly gentleman having disappeared, the conversation became gradually more noisy, inasmuch as the talking couple very soon found themselves alone in the room. Then Mr. Chilton asked what it was that had attracted his friend the captain's attention in the *Malta Snail?*

"Why, sir," said his friend (a half pay captain in the navy), "they say that the Mediterranean has been visited by a dangerous pirate. A set of young fellows are going about in a slashing schooner, armed to the teeth. They call her a yacht—but, by George! they might as well call my bull-dog Nelson a King Charles's pup!"

"Well, what of it?" quoth the philosophic Toe Chilton. "They can't take Naples, can they? I fancy that the fort here would blow them out of the water."

"Yes—but suppose they should capture any of the

gentlemen's yachts, cruising about at this season of the year? There's Mr. Mango and his family—three such daughters!"

"Ah!" exclaimed old Toe, with a twinkle in the eye, which seemed to indicate that he, for one, should not view it as any very heinous offence. "But, however, you saw it in a Malta paper. Well—remember how they lie. Why, they announced that I was going to marry a widow, when I was there!"

"Now for the point—or rather upshot of the story," continued his friend. "If I didn't know that you had no relations—"

"No relations!" cried his companion. "I beg your pardon. What put that in your head?"

"Why, here we have known each other ten years, and you have never alluded to one of them!"

This was the actual fact; for Toe Chilton's affection for his son Tom was not of the paternal sort. He liked him very much as a companion and friend—gave him money—paid his debts—never presumed to dictate to him—and always told him that he was a deuced clever fellow, and a credit to his family. But you would never have thought that they were relations, or anything but friends and boon companions. The interest they felt in each other, in fact, was not tender. It was kind—and kind only.

"Oh, perhaps not," continued Toe; "but I have a deuced fine son, sir—Tom Chilton; and that reminds me, that I have not heard of, or from the fellow for a long time. I should like to see him; and if I had him to dinner, I would give him a bottle of Burgundy—a capital fellow is Tom!"

Here some glimpse of a paternal feeling *did* irradiate

Toe's soul, and he went into touching reminiscences of Tom's childhood, which infinitely amused his friend, the captain.

"The boy, sir," quoth Toe, "began his career by killing his mother."

The captain started.

The old gentleman skilfully paused, to let the remark have its due weight, and continued—"She died in bringing him forth, and I brought him up in my chambers in St. James's Street. What an awful nuisance he was, to be sure, when I used to have friends to dinner. Jack Lesley rocked his cradle one night, after three bottles, and rolled the poor little devil out. Then, the nurse that I got to attend him, used to go out, and leave him by himself, and the neighbourhood was alarmed by his howling. He was a clever fellow from the first, and punned in long clothes, I verily believe."

"That reminds me of a remark of my uncle Toby, when his brother was haranguing on precocious children," interrupted the captain.

Chilton senior's enthusiasm died—and he concluded with "Just fancy me growing paternal!"

"Now for my remark, long impending," said his friend. "The *Malta Snail*, which loves a sounding period, concludes the article about this so-called pirate, thus:—'We hear, from a gentleman who has arrived from Gibraltar, that this dangerous vessel is commanded by a youth called Chilton—one of those desperadoes occasionally appearing in the world, the torch of whose genius shines only to scorch their fellow creatures—men who live without respect, and die without lamentation.'"

"Bravo, Higgins!" concluded the captain; "The horsewhipping from that fellow in the Heavy Baboons has improved his style."

Here the captain paused, probably afraid that the sudden announcement would shake and startle old Toe.

That worthy, however, betrayed no emotion, but coolly remarked—"Ah, that's sure to be Tom! he was always of an eccentric turn, and I should be surprised at nothing he did. If Tom founded a monastery, or established a seraglio, called out the Pope, or ran away with the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it would suprise me equally little. But Tom is a clever fellow, and I like Tom."

Having made this remark, the father rose, and the two old gentlemen left the room together.

Many a shake of the hand, from the slight formal pressure of the fingers, to the friendly crushing grasp of old acquaintance, did Toe Chilton exchange, as he walked along the pleasant road which leads towards Baia—many a nod, from the sharp short jerk of recognition, to the profound obeisance of respectful salutation. He knew, in fact, almost everybody, and was stopped every now and then, with "Ha! Chilton—here? I thought you were in Milan;" or "Dem it! who would have expected to see you, old boy? Heard you were at Palermo!" A slight smile would glide over proud faces in English carriages as he came in sight, excited by the reminiscences of his appearance at great balls in his yeomanry uniform. To figure in that military garb at royal balls and everywhere else, was his one weakness (Burgundy he would not admit to be one); and then he was so fond of dancing, and made himself so conspicuous when he did dance, by the peculiar

energy of his movements, that, what with his singular figure and singular uniform, human gravity could not stand the spectacle. Indeed, his friends, sorry to see so really sensible and so thoroughly jovial an old boy expose himself to ridicule, used to resort to harmless artifices to prevent the exposure. A further bottle would be artfully produced by his host, or asked for by his guest, when the hour of dressing for a ball drew near. His servant used to receive instructions from intimate friends of Toe to take away his master's sword furtively; and of course, Toe could not think of going to a ball, any more than of marching into action, without his weapon.

It would be difficult to do justice to his feelings on this occasion, as walking along the road, he met party after party of pleasant acquaintances or old friends. His spirits rose proportionately; and he soon found that he succeeded in the great object of the day—getting an appetite. His next consideration was, where to dine. He was not of the vulgar order of *bon vivants*, who think it their duty, and make it their pride to dine out, like Gulosulus in the Rambler—whenever they can get a chance. No. It was his first object to take home a friend to dine with him—his second one, to go out to dinner at the house of another. Accordingly, as the hour drew near, he stopped in his walk, and addressed his friend Captain Ropesby, with a request for the pleasure of his company to dinner.

"Really, Chilton, I must go home. You know I have my family here."

"But, my dear Ropesby, I dined with you the day before yesterday. I did you that favour—do me one now."

The captain smiled. "Don't you think you could, just for once, dine by yourself?"

"God bless me!" said Toe, with a look of terror at the mere suggestion; and his friend—remembering with compassion how Toe had once in his desolation taken home a gentlemanly looking stranger, who had made him fuddled, and subsequently removed himself with the spoons—consented to go.

Three hours afterwards, their friend, Mr. Limsdale, called at Chilton's hotel, and found the friends seated at their dessert. The table was enveloped in a golden web of sunset light that streamed through the window.

"How do you do, Ropesby? How are you, Chilton?" he said. "I have come to ask you to go to the opera; my box is at your service—come along!"

"Quite impossible!" ejaculated Toe, lazily.

"My dear fellow, do. Sapphini is in such voice."

"So am I," said Toe, commencing a fragment of King Cole.

Mr. Limsdale renewed the request.

"What, my dear friend—leave Burgundy like this?"

Mr. Limsdale knew that there was no chance of moving him, and departed.

Meanwhile, what had become of our friend the Baboon? She had kept a splendid wind in her quarter, and had made direct for the Mediterranean. The society had been at first quite undecided as to where they ought to go. The king, being of course incompetent to determine the question, his three friends had held a council on the subject. Chilton was for the Mediterranean, Carisford for the coast of Africa, Pereira for the West Indies. In this dilemma, they

summoned M'Mizen—but as he was for turning back and proceeding to the Scotch coast, his remarks were dismissed with ignominy.

"Let us try the *sortes Virgilianæ*, an ancient and honourable practice," suggested Chilton.

"Where the chances would be all in your favour," observed Carisford.

"The West Indies teem with luxury," said Pereira.

"And the coast of Africa with wild adventure," added Carisford.

"The Mediterranean derives a most profound interest from antiquity," said Chilton.

"I owe a tailor's bill at Malta," said Carisford.

"Pay it," rejoined his friend.

"Look at the interest of the slave question," pursued Carisford.

"Think of our Eastern policy," answered Chilton.

"Who likes good rum?" inquired Pereira.

"No gentleman prefers it to lacrima, and no poet to Samian wine," said Chilton, decisively.

Thus the debate went on—and at last it was determined by the force of circumstances in favour of Chilton. A tremendous gale came on, and the Baboon found it the best policy to run through the "Gut," and anchor at Gibraltar.

The Mediterranean, our readers are aware, is thus reached—in fact, that sea resembles, in this respect, many men whom we meet in the world—the way to its heart is through the gut—an observation for which those who first named the Straits the "Gut," must be held responsible.

Now, the extraordinary rumours regarding the Baboon, which we have alluded to as having appeared in

the *Malta Snail,* had their origin in some circumstances harmless and ludicrous enough. The fact was, that to while away the tedium of the voyage, it was the custom of our friends to have on the sea something of a nature akin to what is called a "lark" on shore, but on a more magnificent scale. It was one of their amusements to hoist a black flag, which struck terror into the hearts of humble merchantmen. They then turned the Baboon's head towards the vessel frightened, and made all sail in pretended chase, till having arrived at her, just as the crew had given themselves up for lost, and had loaded a rusty little gun with tenpenny nails, preparatory to a final resistance, they made off again, with roars of laughter, playing a popular air on a French horn.

We are sorry to add, that one great element in the fun enjoyed from such exploits, was found in persuading Dobbs that they were perfectly in earnest, and intended to devote the object of their chase to plunder and destruction. Dobbs thought that by committing himself to their care and companionship, he had become justly liable to any consequences that might flow from it, and used to take his share of the proceedings quite naturally, though in a frightful state of remorse, and with some terrible apprehensions.

One evening, when they were at Gibraltar, on the look out for amusement—in modern parlance "on the loose"—they went into a little wine shop, where were assembled, besides some private soldiers, and three or four black and yellow looking Spaniards, two or three sailors, and the mate and skipper of a merchant ship. These did not put on any look of very cordial welcome at the entry of the society, obviously considering them

interlopers; but the idea of their looks in any way affecting the feelings of the lofty heroes of the Baboon, would have been preposterous.

They entered with an air of careless command, Chilton as usual leading the van. "Come in, boys," said that youth. "Will your Majesty be seated?" he continued, to the blushing Dobbs, who sat down on a form. "*Le roi le veut!*" he cried out, as Dobbs complied with the request—and the company stared at the new comers in astonishment. He then ordered in some red wine—a liquid which appeared to be the most popular among the company—and addressed himself to conversation with the skipper, a little black fellow, who didn't appear at all inclined to be friendly or convivial.

"Rather squally weather we've had lately!" he remarked.

The skipper puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and said "More afore long, perhaps," and glanced round at his friends with a wink which seemed to signify that his words had some metaphorical meaning.

There was a kind of little grunting laugh from the other sailors.

"That's a devilish neat brig, lying off the Old Mole," pursued Chilton, conjecturing that she possibly was the vessel of the little man, and willing to propitiate him.

"Perhaps she is, and perhaps you an't a judge," was the uncourteous reply.

Carisford jumped up, and cried out—"'Gad, this bears out what we hear of the number of apes on the rock!"

"Apes bite, young gentleman," said the skipper.

"Yes, my friend," said Carisford; "and I'll show you a Baboon that bites deuced hard, some of these days."

"What do you mean?" growled the fellow, and rose and left with his friends.

Chilton and the others followed at a convenient distance, and watched them take a boat. They then followed in one themselves, and traced them to a brig, apparently one of those which bring currants from the Ionian Archipelago, from the brilliant warm Zante —or the long low fields of richness, against which dashes in warm kisses, the blue water of the Corinthian Gulf. Chilton saw that preparations were being made on board her for going to sea, and ordering M'Mizen to get ready for sea at once also, summoned a council in the cabin.

"I wish," he said very gravely, "that she was homeward instead of outward bound."

"Why?" inquired Dobbs.

"Why!" repeated his friend, in affected surprise; "because she would have her cargo on board, to be sure; at present she may have dollars, which would be even better; but I am afraid that her money for purchase is in bills, which we could not be able to negotiate."

Dobbs grew suddenly very solemn, and looking round at the three young men, lowered his voice, and whispered—"But about the crew, eh? What could we do with them?"

Chilton looked him in the face, and drawing his finger across his throat with a meaning solemnity, pointed significantly downwards.

Dobbs thrilled with terror—"What!" he ex-

claimed—"you, so kindly, with so good a heart, you stain—"

"Hush!" said Chilton, in a low tone; "my friend, you can never understand me; even now, in the moaning of the night wind round us, my ear is saluted by the haunting voices of the dead! Follow me," he cried out, running to the ladder.

Carisford and Pereira went on deck after him, and they all three had a good laugh together at the state of fright into which they had thrown Dobbs.

In a short time the brig—the doomed brig, as Dobbs considered her—was under weigh, and disappeared gradually. The Baboon was very soon on her track.

"The blood-hound scents his prey!" exclaimed Chilton, pointing her out, on the horizon, to Dobbs.

The wind was fresh, and bearing down with all her canvass, away went the Baboon, a mass of flying whiteness, on the surface of the sea. In a very little time, the brig, at first looking like a black speck, loomed gradually, and her skipper could be seen distinctly from the bows of the Baboon, gazing over the taffrail, with a telescope, obviously unable to divine the meaning of the yacht's bearing down upon her, in such a manner. Both vessels were running free, and there was no other craft in sight; the superiority of the Baboon in sailing, was so splendidly manifest, that it was obvious she could reach the chace under half an an hour.

Chilton summoned the men on deck, and went forward and spoke to M'Mizen who gave a dry leer, as he received his secret instructions. Carisford took his station forward; Pereira in the waist; Chilton carried on aft; and Dobbs, ignorant of what was going to be

done, anxious with fear, uncertainty, and remorse, stood by his side.

"Haul down the gaff-topsail, and lower the fore-topsail yard on the cap," cried Chilton; "we'll give the poor devils half an hour's respite," he added, pulling out his watch.

The orders were scarcely given, before the shivering fore-topsail trembled in the wind, as the yard slid down —and the gaff-topsail started from its height, like a white bird starting from a tree. The slackened pace of the yacht was instantly perceptible, and the brig's distance began to increase; still, however, right on her track followed the Baboon, and still the telescope of the brig's skipper rested on her taffrail, pointed towards the inexplicable stranger.

The skipper of the brig was a plain, surly sailor, acquainted with little but the Mediterranean trade. He had heard, indeed, and knew very well, that there were pirates, dangerous ones too, on the Barbary coast—but that a vessel, so beautiful, *so gentlemanly*, as the Baboon (a vessel, as the little skipper subsequently remarked to a wondering audience in a tavern at Malta, that might have belonged to a lord!) should be a pirate, seemed ridiculously improbable. In the Mediterranean, too, where there was a fleet! But yet, this persevering pursuit—what did it mean? Was she a pirate that had boldly entered the Straits in an hour of desperation, and now waited only for dusk to plunder his craft, and dash away through the Gut? The little sailor was awfully agitated; he scanned the horizon all round; not a vessel that might assist him was to be seen; nothing was visible, but the vulture and his prey.

The little skipper resolved to die game; and, to the

most unlimited amusement of Chilton and Carisford, though by no means to that of Dobbs, he was observed from the Baboon, preparing for his defence. A little black gun, mounted on a shaky carriage, was loaded, and pointed towards the Baboon. The young men gathered forward, with the anxious Dobbs, to look at him.

"By Jove!" cried Carisford, "he's got a match up. Egad! the little fellow's game!"

"D—n his impudence!" said Chilton. "The little black dog won't surely have the pluck to fire. Clap a hand or two on the main-brails, Car," continued he, "and have a good haul up. We must not keep within range."

The order was attended to.

"Now, for a little closer fun!" said Chilton. He then gave some instructions to M'Mizen, who proceeded to execute them.

A brass gun of the newest description made its appearance. Ho! then the gossip of Portsmouth was not so false after all!

"There's a beauty!" exclaimed Chilton, as the little gun of the Baboon ("How many more have we below?" wondered Dobbs) was rolled forward, on its carriage, to the bow.

"Make sail!" cried Chilton; and up the topmast rose the topsail yard; and away to its station flew the gaff-topsail once more. "Whew!" cried Chilton, as a bright flash, like lightning from a wintry cloud, broke from the little brig.

Dobbs clasped Chilton's arm with a jerk; and just on the lee bow they saw the breast of the sea torn and dashed, as the motley contents of the gun struck it, and threw the sparkling water up in jets.

"This *is* getting fun!" cried out Carisford.

They then looked again at the brig. Her deck was in a terrible state of confusion. The little black gun, sole defence of the little black captain, had, ungratefully resenting its master's attempt to make it serviceable, recoiled so violently as to capsize its carriage, and now lay a useless encumbrance on the deck.

This was seen from the Baboon with the most intense satisfaction. Her full press of sail now crowded on her, bore her down with the wind, and from her masthead streamed the black flag, like a fragment torn from a funeral pall—dread emblem of freebooting ferocity, saddening to the soul of Dobbs!

The helpless brig (with rueful little black captain, dismally looked at the triumphant Baboon) rolled under her heavy press of canvass in the sea. All chance of resistance by cannon was now over: the schooner had it all her own way. Chilton and his colleagues (well armed) stood proudly on the deck.

Chilton felt a touch on his arm, as he gazed over the bulwarks: he turned round, and saw Dobbs, rather pale, and obviously very nervous. "May I speak with you?" inquired he, with modest timidity.

"Certainly, old fellow!" and Chilton took his arm, and walked aft.

Dobbs stammered a little. "Perhaps," he began, "I have no right to make a remark. I—I——excuse me, my friend, but spare my conscience! Don't let us have guilt on our souls! If it's money, you know—" and here Dobbs fumbled nervously in his pocket, and produced a pocketbook.

Chilton felt the greatest difficulty in preserving his gravity when Dobbs gave a sudden start, as the sharp

ring of the brass gun on the bow was heard. They turned, and saw Carisford laughing, as the smoke cleared away, with a match in his hand.

"Good God!" cried Dobbs. "Have you killed any of them?"

No answer was given to his question; but the real fact was, that there had been nothing but powder in the gun. In the terrified state of mind, however, of the skipper of the brig, even the report affected him much; and immediately his vessel was seen with colours hauled down, and main-topsail backed, calmly surrendering herself to the destroyer.

"The day is ours!" exclaimed Chilton, drawing his sword; while a cry of—"Be merciful!" broke from the lips of Dobbs.

Chilton took the speaking trumpet, and hailed the vanquished foe. "Send your captain on board!" he cried.

The Baboon then hove to, to windward. Not many minutes elapsed before a little boat was seen bobbing over the waves from the brig. A line was got ready on the lee side of the schooner, and in another moment the little blackfaced skipper stood on the deck, opposite the Society assembled there.

"The prisoner will remove his hat," began Chilton, gravely.

The ludicrousness of the extreme terror of the little man was such, that Carisford was obliged to turn his head away to conceal his laughter.

"Now, sir," continued Chilton, "we have met you again, you see—in a position where we are likely to have a proper degree of civility."

The little man winced as he remembered his uncourteous conduct at Gibraltar.

"You see that you are completely at our mercy. That gun would sink your craft in ten minutes; and what would there be to prevent us from running through the Gut to-night, and hanging you in the morning? There is no man of war nearer than Malta; and if there was, nothing that swims could touch the Baboon, except the Inconstant, which is in the West Indies, and some of the Symondite small craft, which are in the Levant. Your life is at the disposal of His Majesty." Here the speaker turned round to Dobbs. "What is your Majesty's pleasure?"

"Oh, let him go," said Dobbs eagerly.

"You hear that his Majesty is graciously pleased to pardon you," continued Chilton. And here the farce ended by their letting the little skipper go, and regain his own deck.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE "BABOON" TAIL—CONTINUED.

THE Mediterranean, tranquil as it generally is, can indulge occasionally in storms of the most hideous description—as certain delicate creatures that one meets with in life, are capable of violent bursts, perplexing the observers of their ordinary phenomena. The analogy is complete; in both cases the soft breath changes for the fierce gale—lightning darts from the blue heavens, and from the blue eyes.

The Society in the Baboon were not long in experiencing the changeableness of the Mediterranean climate. The morning that dawned next after the day on which they pursued the merchant brig, brought with it a tremendous gale. Dobbs was prostrate with sickness, and lay in his berth, attended by the faithful servant of the Society, who had the strictest orders to administer a spoonful of brandy to his majesty whenever he showed the slightest signs of animation. M'Mizen, who considered the whole wisdom of the world to be comprised in two things—his own experience and his black Bible—cautiously insinuated to Chilton that "it was far frae improbable they had a Jonah on board"—which gave rise to Carisford's re-

marking that it was "very like a whale," to the extreme disgust of the "strong Presbyterian." Chilton dealt with him in a different way, by insinuating that it admitted of inquiry whether he, M'Mizen, was not the Jonah in question—a suggestion which produced a grim smile on his visage, and led to his speculating no farther on the subject.

The Baboon flew before the gale under reduced canvass: one whole night she lay to; and the delay she experienced in various ways was such, that the merchant brig reached Malta before her; and as Malta has a soil peculiarly fertile in the growth of lies, though despicably barren in its general nature, our readers may easily believe, that astounding assertions with regard to the Baboon were speedily afloat there (with the other scum) on the surface of society.

Chilton, who knew that island well, resolved in his mind the probable results of the entry of the Baboon into the Grand Harbour, and called a council on the subject, when he had found by calculation that they were within a day's sail of the island. Behold, therefore, the Society assembled on the after part of the deck, to discuss the subject.

Chilton began—"His Majesty will most likely give his royal assent to our proposal. He has scarcely sufficiently recovered from the sickness caused by the late gale, to attend in person." Chilton then went on to open the sitting—"In the harbour," he said, "we should probably find Sir Booby Booing in command, and that wretched old twaddler, whose feeble gaunt carcase trembles in the slightest breeze, like a decaying hollyhock (a pretty commander for a war service!) would probably seize us, on the pretext of our frolic

with the brig, to say nothing of what he may have heard of our leaving England, by the overland mail from home."

"By the bye, *I* don't understand that affair," said Pereira.

"Probably not," continued Chilton, with a grave expression of countenance. "Well, fancy what our position would be then. I know Sir Booby Booing, and he knows me, and when he heard of our arrival, the old fellow would stammer with passion (he generally slobbers when he is in a rage with any one, as the boa constrictor slobbers over his prey before he devours it), and give orders for the Baboon to be detained. Where then would be our brilliant cruises, our gay revelry, and other enjoyments which we mean to introduce, when Dobbs is a little more like a man of the world?"

"What say you to Naples," said Carisford.

"M'Mizen, the charts!" cried Chilton.

The charts were brought. For a few minutes the points of Chilton's pair of compasses danced over the paper in his quick fingers; then he went to the binnacle; the ship's course was altered; winds and waves were friendly to the good cause, the Baboon arrived in the bay some days after the venerable "Toe" Chilton had seen the paragraph in the Malta paper, which recalled to his paternal eye the image of his son Tom.

"Now," said Chilton, "I think the best course will be to leave the yacht in charge of M'Mizen, and live on shore, at a hotel, for some time."

They landed accordingly on the afternoon of their arrival, and took up their quarters at a hotel of a

second-rate description. They did this for two reasons: —first, that it was more economical, and secondly, that it was more obscure. Chilton prudently argued, that it would not do to excite more attention than they could help, considering the reputation which, they had reason to fear, the Baboon had required. To prevent any gratification of vulgar curiosity, also, they gave instructions to M'Mizen, to tell all visitors to the Baboon, that she was at present tenanted by an elderly gentleman, of the most infirm health, and who could not bear to be disturbed in the least. The good effect of these instructions was, however, rather neutralized by M'Mizen's carelessness. That worthy forgot the exact nature of them, and disdaining to compromise his intellectual dignity by applying for fresh ones, went on to supply information of his own invention, to any one who asked questions. Thus the Baboon was variously reported, as the property of a Russian nobleman, arrived at Naples on a diplomatic mission; a rich English merchant with his family (which rumour caused numerous inquiries as to the number of daughters, and so on); and of an old lady in charge of her medical adviser.

Their earliest interest was, of course, in the house when the *table d'hôte* drew near. They went down stairs, and seated themselves among the people there, who, representing as they did, half the nations in the world, enabled them to form an idea of the first dinner of the Babel workmen after the confusion of tongues. There was a French Canadian and his wife, making a wedding tour round Europe, under the delusive impression (to use my Lord Chesterfield's sagacious remark), that they would not get tired enough of each

other at home; there were a couple of Italians (noble most probably), very black, very grave, and very polite; there was a young Englishman of a philosophical turn, who stared people out of countenance, by speculating on their phrenological development, and who prevented a bald German with a good forehead opposite from enjoying his dinner, all the time from the soup to the walnuts; and at one end of the table, seated together as if for mutual protection against a probable assault, were an English father, mother, son, and daughter, so affectionate and so disagreeable, that it was positively edifying to look at them. Next these last Chilton placed Dobbs, and Dobbs was in no very agreeable position—for his friends kept maliciously treating him with a degree of deference which, coming from youths of their appearance, induced the English party to believe that he was some very great personage, and to show him a profound attention. The fact was, they were the family of a retired tradesman, and duly anxious to get into good society, if possible. Now, if there was one thing in life to which his Majesty King Dobbs was totally unaccustomed, it was profound attention. In vain he tried to become familiar with Chilton, drinking a dose of wine, to put himself at ease. Chilton always threw into his manner of speaking to him a certain air of delighted attention, which seemed to imply that the familiarity was an honour which he could not value too highly.

A few days afterwards, the whole of them went down to the Mole, where they engaged a boat, for the purpose of going off to the Baboon, and seeing what state she was in.

Chilton busied himself in keeping up their spirits, as

the boat pushed off from the stairs, and glided into the bay. "I wonder how the old craft looks!" he said.

"Whereabouts is she lying?" asked Pereira.

"Eh?" said Chilton—and he gazed round rather anxiously. "'Gad, I don't see her! Car, do you see the Baboon?"

They all stared round the bay with curiosity, but in vain. A dreadful misgiving came over their minds. What had become of the Baboon?

Dobbs was stupified with astonishment. There was no Baboon in sight!

"This comes of idling," remarked Chilton, with the calm bitterness of a man who feels that he is not responsible for the crisis. "Of course, the Baboon has been seized during the night. I'll go to the English minister—and he shall answer for the Baboon with his head!"

How the minister's head was in any way responsible for the Baboon, Chilton would perhaps have proceeded to show; but just at that moment the quick eye of Carisford descried a schooner bearing a strong resemblance to the missing vessel, coming down very pleasantly, with all sail set, from the direction of Baia Bay.

"May perdition seize me!" exclaimed Chilton, "but I believe that's her!" He then gave orders to the boatmen to pull towards her; and away they went, all feèling the greatest anxiety to have an explanation of this extraordinary circumstance.

As they drew near the schooner, it was quite obvious that they were not mistaken, and that she was, in fact, the genuine Baboon.

Whatever mental anxiety was felt in the boat, there

was obviously none on board the schooner, which glided down towards them in all the calm majesty of yachting respectability. Never had her spars appeared so lithe; never had her canvass gleamed with such a distinct purity of whiteness—and her copper cast just such a golden reflection in the water, as is cast by the king-fisher in his flight.

As the boat drew nearer and nearer to the Baboon, our adventurers were further astonished at hearing the sound of music proceed from her—and music, too, not floating over the water in long, melancholy, dying strains, such as would have harmonised with the scene; no, it was lively, sparkling music—melody out on the loose! In a word, it was dancing music; and why it was so was soon obvious—for as the distance between the boat and the schooner lessened, it became perfectly apparent that groups were waltzing on the deck. In a word, the Baboon was obviously tenanted by a party of pleasure.

"Somebody shall suffer for this!" said Chilton, ferociously; and he rose up in the boat, and hailed the yacht in a stentorian voice.

Carisford was nearly dying with laughter; and as for Dobbs, he looked round with his usual air of helpless perplexity.

At first it seemed the intention of the Baboon to proceed majestically on her way, without taking any notice of the boat; but in few minutes, a telescope was observed resting on the bulwark—and it being suddenly withdrawn, the schooner shortened sail and lay to.

Chilton and his friends instantly went alongside. When they landed on the deck, what a sight presented itself! That deck which had been consecrated by the

wit of Chilton and the monarchy of Dobbs—that deck, where the little cockney skipper had stood, hat in hand, in reverential awe, was now occupied by a miscellaneous party of travellers, who, having had a cruise to Baia, and having had a dance on the deck, were now occupied in lunching!

There they were, old and young, gathered together in groups, investigating cold pies, slicing delicate tongues, and opening sparkling champagne. The skylight of the cabin had been shut down, and converted into seats, obviously by bringing up the beds of the Society, and covering them with flags. Carisford's piano was lashed abaft, in a convenient position; and a judicious selection from the light literature in the library, in the way of novels and poems, lay variously about, for the use of the more refined of the party. The white China plates, adorned with the Society's arms were in full employment. Huge hampers, with the silvery tops of champagne bottles peeping through the hay, were to be seen leaning against the vessel's sides. One old gentleman was mixing a salad in a punchbowl; and another was cooling claret in a portable bath full of cold water. It is almost superfluous to add, that punchbowl and portable bath were both the property of the Society.

This spectacle, we may easily believe, rather astonished the King and his companions. Chilton stood for a moment in stupified surprise, and glanced at the company with an air of the most sublime disdain.

This, however, seemed to produce but little effect. One old lady looked up at the new comers: what theory she had formed about them we do not know; but it is certain, that on seeing Chilton, she cried out—

"I say, young man, bring them nut-crackers here—will you, if you please?"

"Mr. M'Mizen!" roared Chilton, moving aft; and in doing so, bestowing a kick, maliciously, on a small boy in the way, who was kneeling and devouring a fruit pie; "come here, sir! Explain this disgraceful proceeding!"

At these words there was a commotion among the party at lunch, and knives and forks were dropped in astonishment.

"Mr. Carisford," said Chilton, "go forward, if you please, and prepare to act according to my orders. Pray, gentlemen," he continued, turning round, and comprehensively addressing the party, "are you aware that you are, one and all of you, guilty of the most impertinent intrusion; that this yacht is the private property of my friend, Mr. Dobbs, beside me; and that you have, none of you, any more right to be here, than you have to be in that palace on shore!"

At these words the old gentleman who had been mixing the salad came forward, and said—"I presume, sir, we may have what we pay for? Look at that." Here he put into Chilton's hands a card, bearing the following astounding inscription:—

"YACHT BABOON, DAVID M'MIZEN, MASTER.

ADMIT BEARER FOR CRUISE.

N.B.—Lunch *5s.* extra.—Children Half-price."

It required, in spite of the humiliating position in which Chilton felt his darling Baboon to be placed, all

his gravity to prevent him from bursting into a roar of laughter at this extraordinary card.

As he was twirling it round and round between his fingers, undecided how to act, he perceived M'Mizen coming up to him. M'Mizen was attired with singular care, obviously for the purpose of doing the honours of the vessel properly. He did not appear at all confused; but when Chilton said to him, sternly—"Well, sir, what is the meaning of this? How dare you presume to take such a liberty?" he winked audaciously at him, and motioned in such a manner as to imply that he had some valuable communication to make in private on the subject.

Chilton accordingly went to the fore part of the vessel with him, alone; when, just as he was beginning to reprimand him, M'Mizen said—"Noo, sir, I joost ask ye to look at that," and so saying, pulled out a purse full of dollars, and exhibited it with the calm air of conscious integrity.

"But, God bless me, sir! do you suppose—"

"Noo, my good young gentleman," interrupted the sailing master, with a tear drop, or rather a beer drop in his eye, "just hae some regard for the true principles o' economy! these mony days in the bay, ye hae no ane o' ye set foot aboard. I am no a young man, Master Chilton, and I hae some dependen on me for their breed, and sall I no do something honest, joost to leave them a wee bit fortin, puir things?" Here M'Mizen's eyes twinkled with a maudlin pathos of expression.

"D—n the fellow," thought Chilton; but he saw that there was no use in making a disturbance, at least at that time, and he was too much amused with Mr.

M'Mizen to be very angry, so he confined himself to asking him how he proposed toget rid of the visitors?

M'Mizen was quite prepared for this, now that he had got his money all safe, and was so grateful to Chilton for his leniency in dealing with him, that he burst out—"Ah, sir, they hae been aboard here, quite lang enough. I'll put them ashore, sir. Faith, sir, a guid ducking would do some o' them nae harm. There's ane old gentleman wha lunched, as if he had na tasted for a fortnight."

"I wish we had a good rattling breeze," said Chilton, musingly, holding up his hand, after breathing on it, to catch the airs which were floating very delicately and lightly, and looking anxiously at the strange heavy clouds, which hung dreamily over far Vesuvius.

"Ah, sir," said M'Mizen, "I wish we had! Do ye ken, sir, we hae joost had nae ither than this sma' win' a' day. Ye see sir," he said, taking Chilton by the button, confidentially, and lowering his voice—"This win' was no use to me; I set the big jib afore I brought lunch (here he gave an inimitable leer), joost to tak' the edge off their appetites, sir, but it made nae difference; she was as quiet as a lamb."

At that moment, the long hazel-coloured ringlets of a youthful passenger streamed out under her bonnet. The canvass of the yacht struggled in the wind; and the Baboon creaked and groaned in distress, while the sea foamed at the mouth, like a man in a fit.

"Shorten sail," cried Chilton.

Here the Baboon gave a lurch, and shot an old gentleman head foremost into the champagne hamper.

"Why don't you lower the fore-topsail?" Chilton roared.

"If you please, sir, there's a young gent asleep in the coil of the halyards."

"Pull the cub out," yelled Chilton, and Pereira rushed forward, and seized by the leg the boy who had been employed on the pie when they came on board.

"My boy! my boy!" screamed a middle-aged lady, seizing him just as Pereira extricated him from the coil.

A moment afterwards, the halyards were let go, and the rope dashed through the sheave-hole, with mad and fiery speed, as the yard came down the mast.

"Take a reef in, and brace sharp up," said Chilton to M'Mizen. "We must beat up for the anchorage, now that the wind has set in foul;" and away bowled the Baboon on the larboard tack, through a sea sparkling like molten glass.

"It was only a squall," Chilton said, turning to Mr. Limsdale.

"Only a what, sir?" inquired the old gentleman who had been precipitated into a hamper, and about whose head the hay was still hanging in graceful festoons. It was obvious from his appearance, that he was excessively angry, and he did not look a bit the less ridiculous on that account.

"I said a squall, sir," replied Chilton, sarcastically. "Ready about!"

"But, sir, when I came on board, I—"

"Helm's a lee!" roared Chilton.

"This is most disgrace—"

Whew!—here there was a tremendous flapping, and thunder pealed from the canvass as it shook in the wind—then a jerk, and a whirring noise, a heel

over, and the boom rolled over to the other side carrying the angry gentleman's hat with it, and away went the Baboon on the other tack.

"Really, sir," said Chilton, "I am sorry that you are obviously so little accustomed to salt water. But such accidents are unavoidable."

The angry gentleman looked a little mollified, but cast a long and wistful glance at his hat, which was bobbing away like a buoy in the wake of the yacht.

And now, as we presume that our readers are by this time aware that good nature was a distinguishing feature of the Society, we hope they will not be surprised at learning, that Chilton and his friends exerted themselves to make those who who were on board as comfortable as possible. M'Mizen was directed to bring up some wine of a peculiar excellence, only used on rare occasions. It was some which Dobbs had found in the cellars at Brokesby Hall, and it had been bought by his uncle, Mr. Forrester, at a sale of the property of a nobleman who had reduced himself from some £300,000 a year, to the beggarly pittance of £15,000, and had become, of course, an object of profound sympathy.

As that fact was mentioned, who should suddenly make his appearance from the cabin, but the philosophical young gentleman whom they had met at the *table d'hôte.* That youth who wore blue spectacles—who was a great admirer of Lord Brougham—who dreamed of Jeremy Bentham, and thought Carlyle a wild theorist—dearly loved a discussion, so up he came, and renewed his acquaintance with the Society.

"You were speaking of my Lord Blundermere?"

"Yes; this wine came from his cellar at ——. May I offer you a glass.

The philosophical young gentleman bowed, and drank one with great gusto—"What a vicious spendthrift he was," remarked he, toying with two or three golden drops, that lurked in the bottom of the glass.

"If he had not been so we should not have had this wine today," said Chilton, laughing.

"To be sure, there's something in that. 'Private vices are public benefits,' said Mandeville. — "Yes, there's something in that."

"There's nothing in your glass, however," said Chilton, filling it again.

The philosophical youth took a dainty sip.—"But why should the aristocracy have such enormous wealth?" pursued he. "What an infamous disposition of property!"

"If all were equal, all would have only moderate means—and who then would have Burgundy like this?"

The youth took another dainty sip.—"Then, how wretchedly deficient they are in intellects and acquirements," he said.

"Therefore intellect and acquirements become more necessary to the state, and get better rewarded; so intellects and acquirements attain Burgundy like this," replied Chilton, filling the philosopher's glass once more.

The youth emptied it, put it down, and walked forward on the deck for a little fresh air.

As his back was turned, Chilton pulled Mr. Linnsdale's arm, and said, laughing—"Ah, my dear sir, that's the way to deal with radicals: the aristocracy should go the right way to work, and stop their mouths with Burgundy!

It was morning at Naples, and the city sparkled with life, as merrily as the bay before it; and from out the spires of the churches, sounded the voice of bells, which floated through the air, and died far away on the water, and a wave of the most brilliant plebeianism dashed along the Strada Toledo. Through the broad thoroughfare, which runs in a line with the bay, and of which gardens and palaces are the boundaries, were to be seen, flying along, the light carriages of the English strangers, resident in the town.

And, indeed, the gaiety which sparkled everywhere, was not to be wondered at: it was a "great day" for Naples, for on that day a distinguished prince was to lead to the "hymeneal altar" an equally distinguished princess. This was the reason why the city wore an appearance more than ordinarily brilliant. The populace were overjoyed, and shook their rags in triumph. One would have thought, that they were to have had a grievance under which they laboured, redressed at a blow; yet nothing of the sort was in the least intended; and the mob were in reality howling with joy, because a young gentleman, whom nine-tenths of them did not know by sight, was to marry a young lady, who would not have sacrificed one brilliant from her finger, to have saved them from an eruption of Vesuvius. But mobs are easily pleased; a king's marriage, or a king's funeral, are equally holidays to them.

Indeed, to one who chose to penetrate below the surface of happiness and splendour altogether throughout the town, the general state of things would have seemed remarkable enough. Who was happy in the middle of all this? Were the two great actors in the ceremony happy? It was a mere political alliance;

and though we disclaim any unamiable suspiciousness of mind, yet who can view, without some surprise, the haste with which the august prince then married, subsequently bolted from a revolution, leaving his wife behind him?

Then too, consider the petty jealousies, the miserable disappointments to which the happy event gave rise! Mr. Blobbs had a ticket to witness the ceremony, and Mr. Bobbins had not. Here, at one stroke, was raised undue triumph in the heart of Blobbs, and unchristian indignation in the soul of Bobbins. Mr. Thompson had strained heaven and earth to secure the admission for himself and Mrs. T. but in vain. So, Mr. Thompson resolved to console himself in the bosom of his family; and did so accordingly, amidst the sneers of his wife and the sulks of his daughter.

And now, while all due preparations are being made for the ceremony—while the vestments of the archbishop, who is to officiate, are being prepared, and that reverend man is breakfasting (*not* on locusts and wild honey), in order to be ready; while the dust is being reverently removed from the rich paintings and gleaming silver of the chapel—while the bride is surveying herself in the mirror, and, in her maiden blush, the blood of a hundred kings mantles in her cheek—while Mr. Blubber (English traveller) is splitting his nether court garments in trying them on—while all this is going forward, we proceed to the New York Hotel, where, seated at breakfast, are Chilton, Pereira, and Dobbs, all in brutally plebeian ignorance of the great event impending.

"If you please, sir," said a tall gentleman, with a moustache, and a manner, equally oily, entering the

room—"if you please, sir, there is an individual in the lower regions—"

"A what?" asked young Pereira, laughing.

Now the tall, oily gentleman was the head man at the hotel, an ingenious Italian, who being particularly anxious to acquire the English language, was studying it through the medium of the leading articles of English journals, and of one or two grave English works, which travellers had given him. His English, therefore, was far from colloquial in its character, and was additionally laughable, from its being often incorrect.

"What is the matter, Mr. Dellaria?" inquired Chilton.

"An individual, sir, of whose attitude, I assume him to be professionally mariner, waits or waiteth beneath us," said Dellaria, bowing most gracefully and formally as he pronounced this set speech.

"In fact, there's a man you take to be a sailor, down stairs, eh, Mr. Dellaria?"

"Yes, sir, sai-lor down stairs," repeated he, to fix it on his memory.

"Bring him up," said Chilton.

Mr. Dellaria looked puzzled.

"Direct him to ascend to us."

And the tall gentleman bowed, as if satisfied now, and departed.

"Mr. M'Mizen!" exclaimed Chilton, as that invaluable sailing master entered the room. "Well, what news?"

"What news?" inquired he; "hae ye nae heard the bells gaun this morning, as tho' they would bring down the godless and sinfu' kirks? There's a grand marriage, sir, this morning, and," continued M'Mizen,

"they mak' as much to do aboot a wee-bit gilpie o' a Yittalian princess, as tho' it was ane of the Hous a' Douglas!"

"But, what of it—what of it?" Chilton asked; for Mr. M'Mizen's Presbyterianism had received such a shock from the sounds of the bells, that it appeared he had forgotten in his excitement, what bearing the marriage had on the fortunes of the gentlemen of the Baboon.

"Why, sir, joost this," said he, recollecting himself: "the English government must aye ha a hand in a' that tak's place, sae there's a line o' battle ship in sicht, nae doot coming on account o' the ceremonie."

"Whew!" cried Chilton, at this intelligence; *now* we must bolt, whether we like it or no—that's pretty clear. Now, my boys, we must go on board. M'Mizen, proceed, weigh anchor, lay to, and send a boat on shore."

The sailing master departed. And now, there was a scene of bustle and confusion in the hotel. There were trunks to pack, and bills to pay. Mr. M'Mizen's surmise concerning the vessel in sight was perfectly correct. She was H. M. S. Preposterous, Captain Ricochet, and had been sent from Malta by Sir Booby Booing, to do honour to the marriage ceremony, though what possible honour, by the way, the presence of Ricochet could do to any human ceremony, we are at a loss to divine. And, here we may glance, *en passant*, at the honourable conduct of that officer, who on this occasion, so managed matters, that no one belonging to his ship except himself, could get admission to the chapel. But this by the way.

Through the busy brain of Chilton, as he was hurriedly preparing for departure, numberless calculations

ran. "Would the man of war meddle with the Baboon? Had she any power to do so? What was the exact nature of the information that the admiral had respecting her? Where had they best proceed? Nothing seemed clear to him except the fact, that go they must. Fairly out of the way, nothing very terrible could well happen.

Soon, by desperate exertions, their luggage was got ready, and removed to the boat; and soon everything was prepared. That night, the yacht left Naples.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE "BABOON" AMONG THE IONIAN ISLANDS.—A ROMANTIC EXCURSION.

HIGH above the surrounding water towers the lighthouse of Corfu; beneath it, in the anchorage, three weeks after all that happened in our last chapter, were lying two vessels, an ugly corvette and a beautiful schooner. The corvette was H. M. S. Orson, Captain Gunne; the schooner was the Baboon.

And why was the Baboon lying with such calm impudence near the Orson? The truth is, that her bad reputation had not yet penetrated, in the form of a distinct intelligence, to that part of the station. Besides Captain Gunne was not a dangerous man to be near. One may reasonably fly from a lion; but who, in the name of Providence, would ignominiously bolt from an ass?

Here they found the Orson lying in command; she had been on the Corfu station for months. The fact was, that Gunne was related to Sir Booby Booing, in some way or other, so that he had just served whereever was most convenient for him—had his wife up to live with him, and made himself completely at home.

The heroes of the Baboon soon learned all these particulars from the midshipmen of the Orson, who amused their leisure hours, and their mess visitors, by making Gunne an object of ridicule; and Gunne, indeed, was most admirably fitted for the purpose.

Sir Humphrey Davy has remarked, that a chain of sensitive creation may be traced, link by link, from the polypus to the philosopher. Captain Gunne was much nearer to the polypus of the two. Nothing, in fact, could be more distinct from a philosopher than the worthy man. "Philosophy," says Coleridge, "begins in wonder;" but Gunne never wondered, except, perhaps, what there was for dinner; and that scarcely comes within the meaning of the poet's sentence. He had a goodnatured contempt for literature, and a benign compassion for poets. He was very fond of threatening to bring his officers to a court martial, and spoke about it so often, that the threat soon became as ridiculous as the generality of his observations. He possessed enough science to know that the world was round, and that there was no chance of the Orson ever tumbling off it (a species of dread common in Drake's time); and he was also aware that there was a law of gravity, which, if he exposed himself outside a two pair window, would inevitably bring him thundering down into the street. He had a conscience which never interfered with his sleep or his digestion; and was so far generous, that when he had incautiously bought more grapes than he could eat himself, he used to send the surplus, as a present, to the midshipmen, just as they began to turn rotten.

The Society (cheered by the company of the midshipmen of the Orson) found that Corfu was not a

disagreeable place. It is indeed a very beautiful island, with its rich plains—its white houses peeping through the fields and foliage about them, like the white head of the snowdrop, contrasting with its green stalk. There is one broad road which, shaded by massive arching trees, is singularly fine; and the traveller along it, after passing by gay farm houses, and fields where the heavy red grape weighs down the long tendrils of the vine, finds himself, by an abrupt rising, on a rocky summit, from which he unexpectedly sees the silver water of the sea, far below. Corfu owes its chief architectural attractions to what remains of the Venetian sway there. Wherever Venice ruled, she has left behind a beauty which has outlived her wealth.

Of Corfu, socially considered, little need be said. There is nothing very attractive in garrison society—and not much to admire in dissipation without brilliancy, and scandal unredeemed by epigram.

Chilton and Dobbs went one day over to the Albanian coast to shoot, where Dobbs adventured into a marsh, after some snipe. As he struggled through the long reeds in the swamp, his foot sunk deep, and the unhappy king, in extricating it, discovered that his shoe had found a watery grave beneath. He was consequently obliged to hobble along the shingle to the boat, considerably annoyed by the pebbles, and (as Chilton averred) frequently exclaiming, in imitation of His Grace the Duke of Wellington's celebrated exclamation—"Would to God night or my *Bluchers* were here!"

But the chief amusement of the Baboonites was to go on board the Orson, where the pleasant lively fellows that formed the midshipmen's mess were at once hos-

pitable and amusing. There was always to be had in that mess a good anecdote and an old bottle of port. There the worthy Gunne was dissected in discussion, and flayed in invective. His small tricks for intruding himself into the houses of the consuls in the islands, with a view to battening on their hospitality, were thoroughly known and unsparingly shown up.

In fact, the Orson's mess contained some of the cleverest and most agreeable specimens of the new school in the service. They were neither illiterate nor toadies. When Gunne talked nonsense, they laughed at him; when Lady Smithers informed the mess (per card, in due form) that she was "at home," they permitted her ladyship to stay at home, as far as they were concerned, unmolested.

It happened while the Baboon and Orson were in company, that Captain Gunne resolved on a step which he had been long contemplating. Under the poop of the Orson was a considerable space, which formed a convenient shelter for the men of the watch during bad weather. Now, Gunne—whose reasoning faculties were not very dull when brought to bear on matters affecting his own interest—took it into his head (where, by the bye, there was plenty of room for it) that this space would do capitally well for a summer cabin for his own private use; and he accordingly, by a copious use of government stores, had one built there, very comfortably indeed.

A few days after this, Chilton and Carisford went on board, to visit the Orson, where they found in the berth young Royster, a midshipman.

"Hillo! glad to see you," says Royster; "I am glad you have come on board today. Gunne's last is to be

seen today! The old boy's gone on shore, and I'll show it you."

So they all went on deck, and aft on the starboard side, to the outside of the cabin in question.

"There," exclaimed Royster, as they reached it, "behold the den!" Here he took hold of one of the *jalousies* which were up. "The *jalousies*, you perceive, are of ship's wood; yon stuff with which the cabin is lined is ship's dreadnought. Observe the size of the place!" pursued Royster, rising into virtuous indignation; "and see how it is constructed in every respect, with every regard to comfort, and no regard to the service!"

The young men paused outside, close to the cabin, roaring with laughter, and making all sorts of observations on it and its architect.

"A cunning old buffer, eh?" said Royster.

"Yes," said Chilton; "the foxes of the earth have holes, you see—but your seamen in the watch will have no place to lay their heads."

"And now," said Royster, "let us look at the interior," and he advanced and seized the handle of the door; "perhaps we'll see some of the rotten grapes there, that he destines for his next present."

At these words, the midshipman opened the door—and, advancing a step, stopped short, thunderstruck; for there he saw—sitting pale with rage, having heard every word that had been said, and felt every one as if it were a kick—the captain himself. Royster's liveliness was checked immediately; and the Baboonites thought it best to leave the ship.

We can easily imagine with what zest Gunne "stopped the leave" of Royster for his exploit, and that the youth

was not sorry when the ship left Corfu for Patras. The Baboon followed her there—for as yet, whatever had reached the ears of Sir Booby Booing, that active commander in chief had taken no measures against our friends of the Society.

It is a popular remark in the navy, that those who go to sea for pleasure, would go to the residence of his Satanic Majesty for pastime. Without fully committing ourselves to the same assertion with regard to visitors to Patras, we may yet be understood to be of opinion that it is not an agreeable place of residence. There is a very dreary tower, which represents the defunct past, and a very dirty town, which constitutes the discreditable present; there are churches of the Greek establishment, on the walls of which glare dismally paintings at once tawdry and seedy. About the town you may see occasionally patriarchs of the church in top boots. The inhabitants of Patras enjoy vote by ballot, and have not much to eat; tyranny and beef are almost unknown to that happy population. The general elections are distinguished by disturbances. There is a great deal of liberty, and very little comfort; the mob suffer, and the respectable residents complain. It would be absurd to take up space here, by enlarging on Greek politics; suffice it to say, that those who handed the country over to Otho, performed an act that resembles nothing so much as Wilkes's* impiety, when he administered the sacrament to an ape.

And now, while the two vessels were lying at Patras together, there was an excursion got up, something

* See Lord Brougham's *Statesmen.*—Art. *Wilkes.*

between a pilgrimage and a pic-nic, to Mount Parnassus, and the seat of the ancient Delphi; and they weighed anchor, and proceeded to a place favourable for landing for the journey.

There were in the party all the youths of the Baboon. From the Orson were also Captain Gunne, Lieutenant Grumphy, Mr. Medley the purser, old Skunksby the surgeon, Charley Sycamore, a midshipman, etc. There were a couple of guides supplied with the heavy hooded cloaks, so common in Greece, called *greggos* (we cannot answer for the spelling of the word)—and, of course, there were hampers, with a proper supply of provisions. The journey was to be performed on shaggy ponies and asses; and as the party landed, these were found drawn up, caparisoned in strange guise, with strange wooden high saddles, and bridles of knotty rope. Rough clothes were thrown over them, to help to make the seats of the equestrians more tolerable.

Gunne's donkey gave a shrill bray of welcome, as his portly figure crossed it, and then started off abruptly, making the shingle rattle.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" ejaculated the nasal warrior. "Where's the bridle?"

"Stop the donkey!" roared Carisford; and Gunne's donkey was stopped, that the wants of the captain might be supplied.

And then away went the party, their journey lying through scenery of inexhaustible variety. Now they passed through green plains, and saw a little brook, running like a silver thread, reflecting a world of beauty in every tiny bubble. Sometimes they clambered through rocky passes, among which, springing from every patch of earth where vegetation could take

root, the vine extended its long thin arms, and struggled, as it were, for a respectable livelihood. Anon, in single line, they defiled one by one down long paths, on rocky mountain sides—on one side the mountain, on the other the precipice; far below, the rich valley—far away, the distant sunny hills—and now and then amongst the rocks, they found a hewn out tomb, round which the timid lizard displayed, in the light, its green and golden colours.

"Who mounts Parnassus?" inquired Chilton, as the snowy top of the great mountain of song appeared in view.

"Parnassus, eh?" said Gunne, in his sharp pompous voice; "That's Parnassus, eh?" and Gunne put on an appearance of enthusiasm. "Very fine, indeed, upon my honour!"

"Devilish chilly, I should think," said Sycamore.

They rode to the foot of it, through loose stones and small trees, but very few volunteers were found for the ascent; and old Skunksby, who was one of them, after fatiguing himself in going up, till he could enjoy nothing of the view, regaled himself with a raw nip of brandy at the top, the result of which, combined with the cold, was that in coming down he felt inclined to take every rock for an arm chair, and was obliged to be goaded into moving down. Meanwhile, the remainder of the party pursued their way to Castri.

Castri, *late* Delphi—how much is implied in that change! a monastery substituted for an oracle—a puddle, in the surface of which green weeds float, representing the Castalian spring. Through the walls of the court yard of the convent, amongst the modern stones, you may see peep out the fierce head of an old

marble lion, helping, no doubt, to supply the want of a brick.

The youths of the Baboon gathered in a group round the spring of Castaly. It lies close to high perpendicular red rocks.

Carisford stooped, took some water in the hollow of his hand, and drank to "Flora."

"Now," said Chilton, "I am going to perform a religious ceremony," and he took up some of the water. "We embarked in the Baboon under the influence of enthusiasm; we have tarnished its purity by vulgar dissipation; earth stains are upon us. I will perform a lustration. Here he sprinkled his friends with drops of water. "For the future, let us have nobler aims."

"And this," mused Carisford, "was the site of the Delphian oracle. I wish that we could get a response now. How it would be flocked to, if such sagacious answers could be obtained, as those which cheered on the Dorians to accomplishing the most brilliant revolution of early antiquity."

"Why," said Chilton, "as to that, something may be learned here, yet, in the way of wisdom, if only from the material objects around the spot. For instance, look at the mulberry tree; on its rich green leaves, the silkworm spins round its carcase a neat covering of silk, and lies snug and indifferent to surrounding objects. Thus he represents Capital, acting on the present amiable *laissez faire* system. By and bye, however, come in active gentlemen from the neighbourhood—that is to say, Labour—and they coolly strip the worm of his wealth, help themselves to it, and put the worm to death! Capitalists might take a hint here—mightn't they?"

"These are most pernicious doctrines," ejaculated Dobbs. "But talking of the ancient oracles, I wonder how the imposture was carried on?"

"My dear Dobbs," said Chilton, "don't be so ready to give the name of imposture to what antiquity held to be sacred. The oracle was wise at all events, and wisdom is a sacred thing, and might reasonably be considered divine in the highest sense of the word. For my part," continued Chilton, "I consider it the highest compliment to anything, now-adays, to hear it called superstitious. I always laugh at the 'liberal minded' gentry, who prate about 'enlightenment;' how many I have met, who, though they did not believe in God, yet believed in Jeremy Bentham!"

"Let us seek a response to guide the Baboon's next expedition," said Chilton, as a sand piper dashed from its rest, in a hole far up the red craggy rock, and with a shrill piping noise, flew away westward. "Let the Baboon follow its example."

A cheer from the Society echoed through the sacred valley.

"By Jove," Carisford cried out eagerly, "the augury from the movement of birds, was popular among the ancients. Now, I think that from the chickens in the hand of yonder Greek guide, we may augur that dinner is in active preparation."

And so the Baboonites bent their way to the house in the village of Delphi, which had been selected as a resting place for the night by the party, and here, in the ancient province of Phocis, and on the S. W. of Parnassus, they prepared for dinner.

From out their capacious hampers, came the homely

English ham; the brown sherry of Campbell and Hodges; the tart and creamy ale of Bass.

To say that Gunne was in his element would be faintly to represent a fact of importance. He was to be observed mixing a salad, at which he was always great. How delicately he peeled the shell from the hard boiled egg, how tenderly he divided it, and displayed the yellow pulp of the interior, gleaming like the flower of the crocus!

The party fell to at the repast with great vigour, while up from the grateless hearth the sparks from the wooden fire flew noisily and fast. The conversation rattled on.

"Here's improvement to Corfu!" said one of the party; "and next time that an European prince goes there to live, let us hope that the circles won't find it necessary to have a meeting, to discuss whether his mistress ought to be received into society or not."

"Merciful Powers!" asked Chilton; "is it a fact that they had a doubt on the subject?"

"I heard it on very good authority," answered old Skunksby.

"How I should have liked to be present," said one of the party. "Fancy the delicacy of the subject; old Mrs. Yahoo in the chair, all prudery and paint; the blushing and the heehawing—the keen discussion—and ultimately a poll demanded by the toady faction, and decency triumphant by a majority of one!"

Some little time after dinner, a tender melancholy came over the soul of Gunne. He began to recall his happy infancy— the peg top no longer his—the corduroys that had vanished for ever; and this frame of mind being much encouraged by those about him, as

tending to promote amusement, he then advanced to reminiscences of his courtship, the harvest moon that had shone upon the scene, &c. In fact, the old gentleman became rather maudlin, and intimated to the company that he would probably "dissolve in tears," which, considering his gross bulk, seemed to threaten no ordinary catastrophe.

As night drew on, *greggos* were spread on the floors of different rooms in the house; and rolling themselves round in these, the travellers slept. The next morning they began the journey back.

When the Orson and Baboon arrived once more at Patras, they discovered that there was lying there another yacht, a schooner, being, in short, that of Mr. Mango, to which allusion was made by Captain Ropesby, to his friend, Toe Chilton, at Naples, in a previous chapter of our history.

Mr. Mango "kept himself to himself," as the phrase goes; so that Captain Gunne, who made various attempts to ascertain all about him, with a view to future dinners—as a sportsman marks the feeding-ground of his game, so as to be able to drop on it when convenient—could effect no approach whatever to intimacy, and looked on Mango as a low and improper character. He accordingly went on with his duties, as British officer, at Patras, which duties were to dine with the English consul, and ride out with him on the sands in the afternoon, and, occasionally, to receive a formal visit from the consul, in his cocked hat, on board. (By the bye, the cocked hats of our consuls have generally much more effect abroad, than the consuls themselves, and are the most powerful supporters of our admirable foreign policy).

All this while the Baboon remained in Patras also; but this was chiefly that a thorough refit might be made, as they fully intended to take a long voyage, after once starting.

Just about the time that they were ready to start, the mail, from Malta (which touches at Patras, *en route* to Corfu, in going up), became due. How glad they were in the Orson when the low curling smoke began to show over the horison, just as if some quiet cottage were situated there. The man accustomed to half a dozen twopenny posts a day, rattling like an exploding cracker, along the street, cannot fancy the exquisite excitement of the approach of a mail steamer abroad.

This feeling was not shared by the Baboonites, whose correspondents knew not where to address them; and as the steamer rolled in, they viewed her flashing paddles with indifference.

Let the reader now fancy himself in Captain Gunne's cabin, where that officer is opening his despatches and letters. The captain has put on his spectacles. The midshipmen are in the berth, wading through long, crossed, and recrossed, letters, and hurrying to the part about money matters. One of them is devouring "*Galignani.*"

Gunne goes through letter after letter, with his sharp whining "Pish!" and "Pshaw!" according to the contents of each. "Heh! hey!" he cries. "What's this? A pirate in the Mediterranean? Hey! my gad!"

This despatch astonished Gunne more than any of the others over which he glanced; and he gave vent to his feelings in a few sharp grunts, and then rang for the first lieutenant.

In a minute an active little redfaced man came into

the cabin, and bowed submissively to him, with about as much cheerfulness as can reasonably be assumed by a man, in bowing submissively to a person, his inferior in birth, talents, and education.

"Curious news, this mail, Mr. Baltic. Curious—very, by Jove!"

Mr. Baltic paused—outwardly in patient expectation—inwardlc with *im*patient execration.

"A pirate is said to be somewhere on the station, Mr. Baltic. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"There are pirates on the Barbary coast," Baltic responded; "and I have heard of a piratical brig appearing in the Archipelago."

"This would appear to be a schooner, according to the accounts which have reached head quarters; but, perhaps, I had better read you the instructions on the subject," and Gunne began——

(It is with a pride not to be suppressed that we here subjoin the extract. Sir Booby Booing prided himself on his literary qualifications, and was very fond of issuing general orders, wherein the words were big and the ideas small, to the wondering squadron).

"Among other matters, forming links in the concatenation of your duties (wherein all duties to be discharged radiate)," here Captain Gunne looked puzzled, but thought the words meant something very fine, "you are instructed to cruise, for the purpose of finding a schooner, supposed to be somewhere among the Ionian Islands, with bad intentions. A pirate, or *prædo*, has been well called *communis hostis*," (Gunne slurred over these words with precipitate haste) "and she,—" ('Who?' thought Baltic,) "within a day's sail of Gibraltar, chased a brig."

At this admirably lucent statement, Gunne paused, and wiped the perspiration from his anxious brow.—"Well, Mr. Baltic," he said, "pass the messenger. We had better get under weigh this evening, and cruise among the islands."

In a short time the news had spread among the officers of the Orson, that a pirate was somewhere on the station, and had produced a very pleasurable excitement in the midshipmen's birth, not perhaps, however, so much in the mind of Chilton, who was there at lunch, as in that of the others. He had, in fact, been so perfectly at ease in his mind about the Baboon, of late, that the announcement in question came upon him with an astonishing effect. He sat, however, and listened to the triumphant anticipations of the young men about him, and their discussions on the subject, with a very praiseworthy calmness.

"I suppose you will come with us, Chilton, on the cruise?" asked young Sycamore.

"I'm afraid not," said Chilton, who instantly invented a story. "The fact is, that Dobbs's mother and sister, both in very bad health, are at Malta, waiting his arrival, and we must go down there."

"Away there, gigs!" shouted the voice of the boatswain, following on a shrill scream of his whistle, at this moment.

"Gunne off somewhere," said the clerk, who was quietly mixing himself some swizzle.

"I say, young gentlemen," said the boatswain himself, rolling in at the berth door, "there's one on ye wanted to go on shore with the capting!"

"Who volunteers for that pleasant job?"

"I must go, I suppose, " Sycamore said. "Thank

God, it isn't Regent Street! I would not be seen there with the old fellow for the world!"

So saying, Sycamore jumped up, and went on deck.

He was required to go to the consul's with the captain, who was going to discuss the despatches with that functionary.

"Mr. Royster, below?" cried a gruff voice.

"Here you are, Blumber," Royster said; "what's the matter?"

"Please, sir, is the master aboard?"

"I believe not. What for?"

"Why, the skipper of that ere currant brig as lies off our larboard bow, has come aboard to look at our mahometan."

"Our *what*?" asked Royster, with surprise.

"Why, sir, the mahometan, or crommeter, or whatever you call it?"

"Oh, the chronometer!" said Royster, laughing; "I see; the fellow has come to compare his time with ours. I'll come up to speak to him."

So Royster and Chilton went on deck together: Chilton determined to take the opportunity of slipping quietly on board, and weighing in the Baboon.

"Where's the skipper of the brig?" inquired Royster, as he and Chilton reached the deck and stood together.

"Here he is, sir, said the quartermaster.

And there advanced aft to Royster, a little man with black oily whiskers, dressed in a blue coat, much too big for him, with a red waistcoat, red belcher handkerchief, a blue shirt, and blue trowsers, the ends of which were turned up over a pair of loose fitting and ugly boots. His hat had a seedy roll of crape round it, and his dirty fingers were made more conspicuous by blue

rings, *tattooed* round them in nautical fashion. He came up to Royster, touched his hat, and opened his mouth, when suddenly he turned pale, and looked transfixed.

Royster looked at him, now that his eyes were fixed on Chilton, with an appearance as if that young gentleman had been a rattlesnake.

And, indeed, Chilton's expression of countenance was not particularly calm, for he at once recognised in this apparition, the man whose brig he had wantonly interfered with near Gibraltar.

The fact was, that the little skipper, after staying at Malta, where he had disseminated accounts of the Baboon, which had soon spread with various additions, and in various forms, all round the station, had proceeded eastward for his cargo of currants—and after being some time at Zante, had arrived that morning at Patras.

Chilton at once perceived the impropriety of having a scene on the Orson's quarter deck, so he quickly jumped into a boat that was lying alongside, and went on board the Baboon.

Mr. Barlow, the skipper, glanced anxiously through one of the quarter deck ports after him, and then turned round to Mr. Royster, and said—"Oh, sir! Do you gents aboard this here ship know what that infernal craft is?"

"Why a gentleman's yacht, of course," said Royster.

"Ah, so she looks," answered the skipper, knowingly (for there actually had been some people in Malta who had guessed the real state of affairs, though the skipper, by way of exalting his own character, rigidly maintained that she was a pirate, and that he had had

an awful adventure); "but she's a reg'lar pirate, sir. She chased me with a black flag flying, fires a broadside at me" (oh, fie, skipper!) "and turns funky at the last moment, and lets me go.

"Pooh, pooh, sir!" said Royster; and recalled the little man's attention to the business on which he had come.

But this did not satisfy him; so, after seeing the chronometer, and having learned that the captain of the Orson was on shore, he went off to see him, and tell him the circumstances. He had considerable delay to undergo, however, before he got an interview, for Gunne was out riding with some of the consul's family. At last he met him coming down rapidly to the landing place, where his gig was waiting for him, and in a terribly bad humour.

"Well, sir, well?" said Gunne, hastily.

The skipper went on with his story.

"Oh, stuff, sir! How dare you tell such nonsense to me! Sir, I'd bring you to a court martial, if you belonged to my ship."

But still the little skipper persisted; and Gunne was influenced by his perseverance, and determined to make enquiries.

It was now nearly sunset, and Gunne went on board, taking the skipper with him in his gig, that he might take down the particulars from him—"What time is it, quartermaster?" he asked.

"Just on three bells, sir" (half-past five), said he, giving a jerk to the half-hour glass, through which the sand was running merrily along, under the poop.

"Ah, ah!" ejaculated Gunne, sharply. "Where does the yacht Baboon lie now, quartermaster?"

"Baboon, sir?" answered the quartermaster, raising a glass, and peeping through it; "she sailed at two o'clock, sir."

"My gad! indeed!" said Gunne.

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster; "she weighed just 'afore two, sir; just as the smartish north easterly breeze set in."

# CHAPTER VII.

## THE TAIL AGAIN.

THERE is a class of Jew slop sellers in our seaports, who negotiate bills at enormous interest, buy contingent prize money for moderate sums down, lend cash to green midshipmen, and bully their parents out of it (with interest), by threatening to write to the Admiralty—in fact, who transact all kinds of business, from supplying an outfit to selling a snuffbox, *not* made of wood from the wreck of the Royal George. A Mr. Limp did some business, by acting as a go-between—or legal *leno*—between these Israelites and the nautical Gentiles, who were either too shy or too cunning to apply to them directly themselves: he picked up some good things in this way; but it was not money alone that he sought after. Limp was vain, anxious to make crack acquaintances, and no doubt considered an invitation to dinner from a youngster that he had done a stroke of business for, as good as half the commission on it. He was an acute fellow, too, and we may mention one way that he had of introducing himself into "practice," as not without ingenuity. When a man of war was lying off Spithead, say, just come home from a foreign station, he used to take a shore boat, arm him-

self with drawing materials—knowing Limp!—and proceed to have himself rowed round her, apparently busily engaged in taking her portrait. Of course, the officers could not help feeling some curiosity to see what art made of their vessel; and thus it frequently happened that he got asked on board, pressed to stay to dinner, and so had an opening afforded him, which led to business.

One day, there was a loud ring at his bell, and his clerk, a tall raw overgrown boy, with long red ears, came into the *sanctum* from the outer room—"Shall I say you're in, sir?"

"Very well," said Mr. Limp, and he had scarcely time to adjust a paper or two, dust the map which displayed the disposition of the property of an intestate, hanging on the wall, with his pocket handkerchief, and put his top boots into a spare blue bag in the corner, before the red eared clerk announced Mr. Carisford, and a tall gentlemanly man entered the room.

"Mr. Limp," said the tall gentleman.

"At your service, sir," replied Limp.

"I have a son, sir, in the Pestilent—"

"Have you?" thought Limp, who was perfectly aware that Carisford, junior, was some hundreds of miles off, by the latest accounts.

"And I have come down to see him. Now, as I have learned—no matter how, it is a business affair—that you have had some transactions with him, I have thought it right to come to you, in the first place, about them."

Now the intellect of Limp was not a particularly great one, but such as it was, it was active. It was like a swivel gun, in fact, not carrying heavy metal,

but always capable of being brought to bear anywhere at a moment's notice. He saw in an instant his policy, which was to get all the business between himself and young Carisford settled at once, before the old gentleman should be converted into the frame of mind known as "rusty," by an account of his son's proceedings.

"Just so, sir," replied Limp. "Why, the transactions between us are very slight. The young man being enthusiastically fond of his profession, purchased a boat from me, sir, and I hold his I O U for the amount."

Here Limp opened a desk, while an involuntary shudder came over the doomed parent, and drew forth the document, which was drawn up in rather a flourishing hand, as if the youth knew at the time that he was "doing the governor," and gloried in it. By the bye, the secret history of the affair was this;—the boat was an ingenious fiction, a mythical vessel, like the classical ship Argo, and represented a sum which Carisford had received from Limp in hard cash. They had only met on that one occasion, when Car acquired a knowledge of Limp's tastes, which enabled him to instruct Chilton how to manage him in the inn.

"Hem!" said the old gentleman, looking at it. "Very well, sir; oblige me with a receipt," and he paid the money, pocketing the I O U to show to Car's sisters, as a curiosity. "Now," said Mr. Carisford, "do you know, sir, where I could see the captain of my son's ship? I should like to have some conversation with him."

Limp gave him the worthy's address on shore; and, after conducting him very politely down stairs, he came up again, and said to the red eared clerk—"I

am always out when that gentleman calls—do you hear, Bob?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bob.

And it is likely that he punctually attended to his instructions, for there were sundry ties between them, besides those of clerk and employer. Bob's mother was Limp's washerwoman; and Bob had been employed by him in various delicate negociations, and so forth.

And now, while Limp locks up his desks, rakes out his little fire in the *sanctum*, and prepares to go out and spend the afternoon with the calm satisfaction of a man who has done a good day's work (for Limp never expected to get his money so soon, a consideration which considerably influenced the amount he gave in exchange for the I O U), let us follow his visitor, who is employed in pursuing his only son.

Mr. Carisford was a country gentleman, of a fortune that would have been a good one, in the hands of any body else; but he did not know how to manage it, or rather his wife and children did know for him. The strange thing about this old gentleman was, that in theory he was the most severe, rigid, unamiable being that ever lived, while in practice he was one of the softest characters that you could meet anywhere. His father had been just such a severe character as he thought he was, and had striven to make him the same; but the attempt had been only so far successful as to be partially injurious, and to give a decided appearance of incongruity to his character and actions. Mr. Carisford was a strong tory, and went in for church and state; but then it happened that the whig candidate in his county would occasionally be an honest and able man, so Mr. Carisford voted for him, and was set down

as a waverer. Mr. Carisford was a great advocate for game preserving, but then he had not the heart to punish a poacher; so it is easy to guess what become of the worthy man's game. He was a high churchman —and could not refuse a subscription to a dissenting chapel, when it was eloquently urged upon him. He solemnly believed that the Pope was Antichrist (at least he said so)—and had Jesuits to dinner. He *said* that vagrants ought to be sent to the tread mill—and if he met one out walking, gave him all the change he had about him. He thought himself a perfect Spartan in bringing up his children—yet it was notorious that they were spoiled, to all the world. He told his son that he must learn how to maintain himself—and could not bear the idea of sending him away to school.

In fact, very few people understood his character at all. To have appreciated it properly would have required a philosopher. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the old gentleman was, that with all this, he believed himself rather a severe, unamiable character, than otherwise, and only consoled himself with the reflection that he did his duty.

From the office of Limp, he took his way to the house of Captain Balder Dash, R.N.; but he found that that officer was on board his ship, the Pestilent. It was a great exercising day there.

It was not without difficulty that Mr. Carisford managed to get on board that distinguished vessel, the interior of which presented the appearance of an inquisition torture room, from the number of hideous instruments of destruction assembled together in it. There was the eighty-four pounder, and the thirty-two pounder, and the carronade, and the long eighteen

pounder, and blunt cutlasses that bruise, and sharp cutlasses that gash, and tomahawks that crunch into the brain, and boarding pikes that run through a man with any thrust that is at all scientific. Then there were grape shot, lying together in bacchanalian bunches —fine fruit for the devil's wine press—and "*such* stuff for clearing an upper deck," as a warlike little gunnery lieutenant (who was never in action in his life, by the bye) told him; and there were deafening explosions going on, and cries of "run out!" "load!" "stop the vent!" so that old Carisford, a quiet peaceful gentleman, felt quite certain, that if a whole French fleet was in the neighbourhood, with hostile intentions, there would very soon be an end of it, and no mistake, and indeed, began to feel rather bloodthirsty himself.

After watching the proceedings for some time, he began to grow surprised that his son was not visible. He had not, when he first reached the deck, made any inquiry after him; for it was a favourite plan with this old gentleman, to excite that sensation among those whom he visited, which is known as an "agreeable surprise," by courtesy—but which, in reality, is often anything but agreeable. Thus he had once or twice dropped upon his friends, at times when they least wished to be seen by anybody; and had not unfrequently "agreeably surprised" his son in the enjoyment of calm dissipation among a select circle.

He now asked a young midshipman whether Mr. Carisford was on board, a question which excited a smile, quickly suppressed, and an answer of—" I don't know , sir, I'm sure," delivered with an air which excited his curiosity. But the midshipman he had spoken to slipped away immediately, with a handful of tubes

in his fist, for the use of the guns, before he could ask him any other question.

He then determined to go and speak to Captain Balder Dash himself, to whom he had once been introduced. As he advanced aft on the quarter-deck, he saw that that commander was surrounded by a number of officers, whom he was addressing with much formality. Approaching, to catch something of the flow of eloquence, he heard these words—"Yes, gentlemen, subordination is the pivot, on which the service turns!" Mr. Carisford remarked that there was a frightful emotion visible on the countenances of the auditors at these words, arising from a strong struggle, on the part of each, to keep down a laugh.

The fact was, that this rhetorical figure of the pivot, was the one solitary trope in Captain Balder Dash's intellectual coffers. He was a vain man and liked to make speeches—a dull one, and consequently made stupid ones—a pompous man, and therefore his delivery was ridiculous. He was constantly spouting to his midshipmen, and on every occasion this solitary *flosculus* of oratory, the pivot, made its appearance. It required great self-command to refrain from laughter, it must be confessed, when the familiar sentence was uttered. Yet, Balder Dash never omitted, never varied it. It was his one image, and he venerated it with the most servile idolatry. Its ludicrous effect at last became something overwhelming. As the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip gave the generic title of Philippic to all assailant orations, so, the pivot speeches gave the title of "pivots" to all dull quarter-deck homilies. Midshipmen did not say—"We shall have a speech to day." It was—"Dash will give us a pivot." In the

Pestilent's gunroom, the "pivot gun at sea" (the work of some mind of a literary turn) became a popular song. Anecdotes of Balder Dash were called *pivotiana.* The word "Cardigan" applied to an empty bottle was not more common than pivot.

Mr. Carisford soon found that he had some interest in the pivot that was going on that day. He heard his name mentioned. When it was over, he accosted Balder Dash, with a view to make inquiries about his son.

Now, the captain of the Pestilent was not generally inattentive to the parents of midshipmen in his ship, particularly if they were members of parliament, or lords. With regard to the latter, indeed, we may remark, that his sagacity in detecting latent merit in the son of a great or influential person, was as remarkable—as what? well, his dullness in other matters generally, let us say. It has been known, that midshipmen of such fortunate parentage, have joined the Pestilent with a six or eight years reputation, for well tried dullness, and lack of promise of any kind; yet, after they have been there a short time, Captain Balder Dash has "felt it his duty,"—has been goaded, in fact, by his conscience—to recommend them for instant promotion, to the Admiralty, as luminaries of genius, and models of conduct. On this occasion, he assumed, as Mr. Carisford spoke to him, an air of moral melancholy.

Mr. Carisford, who had just come down to see how his son was getting on, and did not imagine that any thing terrible had occurred, was somewhat taken aback by Dash's expression of face. However, he bowed, asked the captain how he was, and then proceeded to inquire, whether his son had been conducting himself, of late, to the satisfaction of his superior officers?

"Ah, sir!" said the captain, "I was afraid that you were scarcely prepared for the bad news I have to communicate. Your son, sir, has badly requited your parental kindness." And then, after a few preliminary common places of the consolatary turn (and the use of the pivot figure), he went on to inform Mr. Carisford, that his son (a youth, he must say of considerable abilities), had obtained permission to go on shore one evening, and had not returned. That about the same period, another midshipman then in the ship, Mr. Chilton, had forwarded a despatch to the Admiralty, saying, that family affairs required him to abandon the service, and had obtained his discharge. That also one Mr. Pereira, just at that time appointed to the Booby brig, had premptorily declined to join that vessel, and that the whole of these youths were believed to have sailed together in a schooner.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Carisford, with great composure—the old gentleman had a notion that he was a complete Brutus—"then I am to understand that my son is a deserter, sir?"

"Why, sir," replied the captain, with a quiet air, "strictly, perhaps, he may be so described; but in these times——"

"These times, sir! I apprehend that Her Majesty's navy is still under the articles of war, as confirmed, I believe, by an act, passed in the reign of George the Third?"

"Oh, most certainly, sir!" said Dash with great promptness. He was a rigid disciplinarian, as we have seen, and pricked up his ears at the words "articles of war," like a war horse at the sound of the trumpet.

"Very good—very good," said Mr. Carisford, with

the air of a man, who feels that he has a painful duty to perform, but has made up his mind to it. "May I ask what steps you have taken in the matter?"

"I wrote to the Admiralty, informing them of the circumstance; but have received nothing further in reply, than an acknowledgment of the receipt of the information."

"Just like the whigs—just like that miserable faction," said the old gentleman, while the captain's face assumed an appearance of terror, and he looked round to see if the blasphemy had reached the ears of anybody; for he was always a whig—*when the whigs were in*—was the high principled Captain Balder Dash.

"The punishment for desertion is hanging, I believe?" inquired the bereaved parent, with a business like air.

"Yes, sir," answered Dash, opening his eyes.

"Just so—just so! Do they hang offenders at the starboard, or the larboard yard arm?"

Dash opened his eyes still wider at this question; but Mr. Carisford looked perfectly serious; and as Dash's perception of the ludicrous—like that of all pompous men—was by no means keen, he did not consider the inquiry very ridiculous. He, in fact, began to esteem Mr. Carisford more highly, as a man who had the most correct notions of discipline, and answered him—"The larboard generally, sir," with considerable respect.

"Thank you—very good!" said his companion; and he proceeded to pull out a pocket book, in which he entered the words "hanging—larboard yard arm—desertion—eight in the morning," with great minuteness, crossing

the t's very formally, and ornamenting the page with a small flourish at the bottom.—"You will be surprised at my coolness, sir," he said; "it is principle. Our duties are the first consideration—our affections merely secondary. I may be stern, sir, harsh—but my conscience acquits me. Good morning!" On which he moved to the gangway to go on shore in a boat, declining an invitation from Captain Dash to stay a little while, and see an experiment, with a conical bomb-shell, of improved construction, warranted to blow off the roof of a house on the most correct principles. Neither could he be tempted to stay, to inspect a curious instrument of the grenade *genus*, so compounded of diabolical ingredients, as to emit, when ignited, a pestiferous odour, that would drive enemies from the lower decks of their ships, out into daylight, at any risk, and consequently make them good marks for shot.

Perhaps it was as well that he did not wait to see any of Balder Dash's ingenious experiments; for it so happened, that a report having arrived in England not long before, that a shell, supplied from the Pestilent, had exploded in the hands of a bombardier, in a war steamer, killing him, and two other men "most unexpectedly," as her captain pathetically stated—it so happened, we say, that after Mr. Carisford's departure, Dash determined to prove the absurdity of such assertions about the Pestilent's shells—ordered one to be brought up from the shell room for examination, the result of which was, that *it* exploded also, killing a man, whose widow went, in due course, to the workhouse.

Old Mr. Carisford went on shore to his hotel, full of the most rigid notions of discipline. He was determined that his son should be an example to all posterity; he

would insist on the Admiralty's pursuing him, and bringing him to justice. These were not times for lenient examples. The bonds of public order were loosened; society was threatened with dissolution. (The old gentleman had not recovered the Reform Bill.) Having established himself, *pro tem.*, in an hotel at Portsmouth, he wrote off to his wife, telling her of her son's exploit, and recommending her and the girls to bear the event with firmness, and to be prepared for the catastrophe—to the infinite amusement of the whole of them. He next wrote a long letter to the Admiralty, dividing the subject into three heads, glancing at the past state of the navy, urging on them to carry out the laws providing for the punishment of deserters, and demanding back, at all events, the son whom he had entrusted to them, which he enforced as coolly as if he were requesting back a carpet bag that he had committed to their care.

To this communication, he received, in reply, a very big letter, with very little in it, the pith and substance of which was, that his son had chosen to leave the service, and there was an end of it. And when he followed up his first letter by another, which he esteemed a model of stately declamation, and which he had imitated from his favourite author, Burke, the answer was, that "their lordships had nothing to add to their former communication," which, in one point of view, ought to have been satisfactory, for their former communication had been dull and insolent enough, by itself.

He next went on to make enquiries after his son everywhere where he had been known; but this was rather a loosing game, as it soon appeared. "Did you

know young Mr. Carisford, of the Pestilent, sir?" said he, to Mr. Ruffles, the tailor.

"Oh dear, yes, sir," replied the polished trader. "I have had the pleasure of furnishing him with many little articles," and out came the youth's bill!

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE "BABOON" ON THE COAST.

SOME months have passed since the Baboon left Patras; and here we may state, by the bye, just to dismiss Captain Gunne, of the Orson, in a regular manner, that that officer, after her departure, took it into his head that Mr. Mango's yacht must be the pirate in disguise (it will be remembered that Mango had not asked him to dinner), and subjected that harmless traveller to a great deal of annoyance.

He was soon taught what a mistake he had made; and though he attempted very zealously to soothe the victim, he was quite unsuccessful. He even visited his vessel in full uniform, to apologise, hoping that his cocked hat would produce an impression; but Mr. Mango was a peace theory and financial reform man, who held men of war in abhorrence; so, telling the captain that he was sorry such blunders should be made—not for his own sake, in this case, far from it—but because the toiling millions had to pay the men who made them, he bowed him over the side.

And now we return to the Baboon, no longer floating on the sunny waves of the Mediterranean—no longer

dropping her anchor among the purple seaweed and glittering sand at the bottom of its bays—no longer perfumed by the gales from its lemon groves. Farewell to the olive and the vine; and hurrah for the scorching sun of Western Africa—the deadly dews, and the slave cargo!

It was on a fine morning—hot, of course, but not particularly disagreeable—that the Baboon descried Cape Verd, on the larboard bow. They pursued their way southward, and in a few days held themselves in readiness to meet an English cruiser.

"Well," said Chilton, one day about noon, "except a somewhat increased heat, which rather creates a grateful thirst than otherwise, I do not find much difference between this and the more civilised parts of the world."

"And, thanks to our brief stay at Madeira," said Carisford, we need not care about thirst much, just yet."

"We shall see, all in good time," said Pereira.

Dobbs did not make any observation at the moment; but he drew his silk handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration from his brow; he then gave a loud sigh, and sat down on the gratings abaft—all which movements implied that he did not consider the present state of affairs so agreeable as the others seemed to do.

Chilton laughed in an encouraging manner. "Ah, Dobbs!" he said, "when you know this coast a little better, you will value every drop of perspiration, as if it were a drop of your heart's blood."

"How is that?" asked the king.

"Why, you see, it's when the head's hot and the

skin dry, that the danger impends. When I was in the West Indies for a twelvemonth, I used to examine my wrist every morning: if there was a little perspiration on it, I considered myself all right; if it was dry, I took a jorum of hot rum and water, rolled myself round in a couple of blankets, and lay down on the lockers in the berth."

"Did you know Hicksly in the West Indies?" inquired Carisford.

"To be sure. I was there at the period of his great adventure."

"Which great adventure, though? Do you mean his going for a ride inland, somewhere, in his clerk's uniform, passing himself off for a general officer, reviewing the Spanish troops, and expressing himself highly satisfied with their appearance and efficiency?"

There was a general laugh at this characteristic anecdote of Hicksly, who was known as a very boozy clerk, R.N., from Baffin's Bay to Canton.

"No," said Chilton; I mean another performance of the old boy's. He went on shore without leave—but with a couple of bottles of brandy—from the Spigot schooner, and was found, two days afterwards, in a state of *delirium tremens*, in a family vault."

With such light anecdotes they were beguiling the time, when from the mast head (where our friends always kept a look-out man, in regular man of war fashion) they heard the expected announcement of "a sail!" It created some considerable excitement on board—for they were now, as they got southward, in daily expectation of falling in with an English cruiser.

The Baboon was now running free, with a light

breeze, in smooth water, and making a peculiar chirping noise as she clove through it—and rolled gently and regularly, like the movement of a cradle, from one side to another. The stranger was a point or two away on the starboard bow; and as her tall white canvass rose above the blue line of the horizon, all square, neat, and ship-shape, it became evident that she was a man of war. She was close hauled on the larboard tack, beating against the wind, which was bringing the Baboon down towards her.

As the distance between them lessened, they saw from the Baboon that she was a brig. Her hull was painted black, with red port-sills; her copper was very dirty and very green. She looked enormously over masted—her top sails were patched—her foremast evidently fished. She seemed to have one anchor missing, and altogether had the appearance of a craft that had seen a great deal of service on the coast, and had better be sent home by an intelligent Admiralty, as soon as possible.

The breeze freshened, and the Baboon drew nearer and nearer to her. The Society, with Mr. M'Mizen, assembled at the bow, and watched her carefully. But the man of war appeared to take no notice whatever of the Baboon, and held on as before.

"There's some dodge in that, you may depend," said Chilton, taking the glass from his eye. "What do you suppose she carries, M'Mizen?"

"Thirty-two pound carronades," said the master, "wi,' not improbably, two long twenty-fours amidships. Faith, *she's* no a sma' merchant brig frae the Levant, and ye had better play nae games wi' her, or ye'll find yersel in Abraham's bosom afore lang." And with these

words, accompanied by a sarcastic look, that was even more impressive; Mr. M'Mizen turned round to perform some nautical work, and left the youths staring at each other in astonishment.

"Bravo, Mr. M'Mizen!" cried Chilton, good-humouredly; "no fear of us. But now we'll see what the brig is thinking about." And rapidly giving the necessary instructions, sail was shortened, and the Baboon hauled her wind, and braced sharp up on the starboard tack, apparently with a view to making off to windward.

No sooner had she done so, in fact, the instant after, the man of war was in stays. She was about in a twinkling, and, as her sails filled, she run a gun out of her bow-port, and sent a shot flying past the Baboon, which made the water jump as if a whale had spouted; and, what was more, the instant after the explosion, the youths in the Baboon heard the rammer ring in the discharged gun, with a noise most alarmingly and appropriately like somebody tapping with a hammer in a vault. There was nothing for it, so the Baboon lay to, like a lamb awaiting the slaughter, and, at the same time, hoisted a white ensign at the peak. Then, the brig backed her main topsail, and the Baboonites heard the shrill pipe, which called away a boat's crew.

"Now," said Chilton, "we must do the respectable; and we shall have an opportunity of seeing what kind of fellows are produced by the coast service." He then ordered a line to be got ready for the man of war's boat.

"In bow rowed of all!" was heard from it, and in another minute the officer jumped on board the Baboon, where he was received by Chilton, who bowed with

much formality, though he felt very much inclined to laugh at his appearance.

This representative of Her Britannic Majesty was a midshipman, apparently about sixteen years of age, excessively sunburnt, with very black hair, and a general appearance, in fact, which suggested the notion, that he was degenerating under the wholesome influence of the Coast, into a kind of animal, somewhat resembling its aboriginal natives—as a breed of sheep, they say, acquires in time something of the look of the goat in hot climates. His uniform, too, showed most distinctly that he had been a long time a crusader against the slave trade. The colour of the gold lace on his cap had waned into paleness. There was an autumnal look about the blue of his jacket, and the buttons on it exhibited traces of tar. His coarse white duck trousers were rather dirty, and the same remark may be extended to the duck shoes which he wore, as suiting the climate. The general effect of his look and bearing altogether was impudence idealized. In a schoolboy it would have been mere impudence, but in him, experience, danger, and thought, elevated it into something higher. He looked something between a gipsey that read Byron, and a Delaware Indian who wrote sonnets.

Almost at the same moment that he reached the deck, six of the boat's crew jumped up after him, some over the gangway, and some through the nearest port hole. Every man of them had a cutlass. They took up a scientific position, not exactly offensive, but suggestive of immediate readiness to act in any way that might be advisable.

The midshipman came up to Chilton, who, not

showing the slightest surprise or the least disposition to make any resistance, was coolly smoking a cigar, and had on a fez, with a long tassel of blue silk, which he had purchased in the East. "Now, my good man," said the midshipman, very coolly, "what's the name of your craft? what's the tonnage? what's *your* name? how long are you from the Havannah? when did you see the Daintie Davie last? Come, we are rather in a hurry, for we expect some chaps of your kidney hereabouts, and there's no time to loose." So saying, the youth playfully drew his sword, and began digging the point of it into the seams of the deck, where the pitch had begun to melt and run like black sealing wax.

"Why," began Chilton, imitating the coolness of the interrogator, "this is the yacht Baboon, belonging to Mr. Dobbs, who, I am sure, is excessively happy to make your acquaintance." Here he directed his attention to the perspiring Dobbs, who bowed. "We are from Madeira, whither we came from Gibraltar, after a cruise up the Straits. Our object here, is amusement—"

"Oh, indeed!" cried the youth; "this is a new move. Here, Jenkins!" and his coxswain came up to him; "come down below, with those half a dozen hands—we'll search you, my man!" And so saying, he marched below, followed by his boat's crew, excepting a few who were left on deck to look out there.

The midshipman led the way down into the cabin, in the first instance. Then they examined every part of the vessel, routing out even M'Mizen's berth, to his extreme disgust, and then the midshipman asked for the papers.

Chilton brought unimpeachable documents.

The youth shook his head musingly. "'Gad, I'm afraid we can't detain you," and then he looked very hard at Dobbs. "Ah!" he said, "you're the honestest looking thing on board (in which, perhaps, he was right)—you don't look like a slaver, nor do I think you would ever make one;" which favourable observations were perhaps less to be attributed to the honesty of the king's appearance, than to a certain portliness and incapacity before alluded to, which gave the idea of softness to an observer.

When the midshipman had quite satisfied himself that the Baboon was all right, he ordered his men into the boat, but betrayed no remarkable hurry to go himself; on the contrary, he took a seat in the cabin, and opened a general conversation with the Society.

It was not to be expected that he could be dismissed without hospitality, so Chilton pulled out from the locker a bottle of Guiness's stout, and one of sherry.

"Well, upon my honour," said the midshipman, "a devilish pleasant life you have of it—why, on board the Cowslip, our brig, we have not such a thing as this; very little rum, and even a scarcity of water, is our fare in the drinking way. Here's to you!" And with this, he drank off a large glass of sherry and water. "Pleasant, very—let us have a little sugar and nutmeg, and make some sangaree."

"Boat's return hoisted, if you please, sir!" said the coxswain of his boat, coming down the companion ladder.

"Like their impudence," rejoined the boy. "Here, Jenkins—give my coxswain a glass of grog, will you? Thank you. Now Jenkins, go and hoist the all right signal in the boat. Now," continued he, resuming his

conversation, "what are you fellows going to do with your yacht?"

"Well, we don't quite know," Carisford answered; "put down the slave trade, I suppose,; that's our best plan, isn't it?"

"Put down the trade winds while you are about it! I have been three years out here, putting down the slave trade; and we have put down some forty of our crew—to say nothing of a lieutenant and the purser. Why, as long as one man wants to sell, and another wants to buy, the produce remaining abundant at the same time, who the deuce is to stop it, any more than any other trade? If people could sell their wives in England for a considerable profit, do you suppose they would'nt do it?"

"Well, I can't answer as to that," Carisford said. "Who's governor of Sierra Leone now?"

"'Gad! that's hard to say. Old Sir George Barracoon is under the mulberry, by this time, I have no doubt."

"Under the mulberry?" said Chilton, inquiringly, while Dobbs grew a little pale.

"Yes. You see, all the governors are buried under a mulberry tree, feet in, heads out, forming the *radii* of a circle, of which the tree is the centre, something in the *sub tegmine fagi* line, I suppose you may call it."

"Who's your commander on board the brig?" asked Chilton, as familiarity with this eccentric specimen of the blockading squadron began to increase.

"Our commander? Bibbin, sir; the great Bibbin! blind of one eye, and imported here at an enormous expense, by Her Majesty's government.

"Will he put down the slave trade, think you?" Carisford said, with a laugh.

"No. But I am not without hopes that the slave trade may put down Bibbin; in which case there will be a chance of my getting made an acting lieutenant, and perhaps getting the command of the brig. Bless you, I'm his right hand man! He doesn't know a slaver from a palm oiler; and hasn't got as much brains as a cocoa nut!"

Here the coxswain of his boat came again down the ladder. "Please, sir, the boat's return's up again, and we had better be off to the brig; she's dropped half a mile to leeward of us."

"Never you mind, Jenkins; wait till I come up. You see," he continued, "I say unto the man do, and he doeth it. A beautiful thing is discipline—and so is sangaree. Mr. Dobbs, the nutmeg grater, if you please?"

There was a glance interchanged between our friends, as this free and easy young gentleman proceeded to make himself at home; and a decided start followed it, as the sound of a gun made the glasses jump upon the table. Overhead there was a noise heard; and M'Mizen came down this time, and announced that the man of war's boat had shoved off without her officer.

Proceeding on deck, they found that such was actually the case.

"I see," cried the midshipman: "the brig's after a stranger!"

And so it was. There was a strange craft running in towards the African coast. The brig waited a few minutes, while her boat came alongside, bore up, and then cracked on every inch of sail, and made after her.

The midshipman who had been left behind, mean-

while, watched every movement with the greatest anxiety from the Baboon.—" What's your best point of sailing?" he inquired, from Chilton.

" Well; I'm not sure. Going free, I think."

" Ah, then that will do! Crack after her! for you see, if that's a slaver, I sha'n't get my share of the prize money, unless I'm on board my ship at the capture!"

"Indeed!" said Dobbs, who appeared rather surprised at the coolness with which he treated the matter.

" No. So just crack on, will you. Have you anything in the gunnery line on board?"

And so the Baboon was put under a press of canvass, and made all sail to join the man of war brig. She had reached considerably on the stranger, and had commenced firing at her.

The midshipman seized a telescope, and looked very anxiously at her, uttering little exclamations, such as —" Pish!" " Psha!" and others of a more striking description, at every shot.

" What are you looking for?" asked Dobbs.

" To see the blood running from the scuppers, to be sure! But they haven't hulled her yet. Oh, Bibbin, Bibbin!" continued the youth, " why did you commence chasing without having me on board?"

The brig still continued firing, and at last one or two shot took effect, and the stranger hove to. A boat was sent to her; and they saw it return to the Cowslip, and the stranger stood on, as before.

" What's the meaning of that?" asked Chilton. " Your craft is not detaining her—how's that?"

" Why, I suppose, she has not got slaves on board, that's it. But Bibbin will keep his eye upon her. We can seize her when she loads, you know."

The Baboon then neared the Cowslip, which sent a boat for the midshipman, who, on parting, said—"Well, good bye, you fellows! You had better follow us, and see how we'll tackle the slaver when he gets his cargo on board!"

And now the stranger held right on towards the African coast; after her, warily watching, came the man of war brig; and on the green sea, in the track behind them both, gleamed the white canvass of the schooner Baboon, light and delicate, the knight errant of the sea!

The day was declining, and as it grew darker, thick heavy mists gathered in the sky, and black dropsical clouds hung portentous in the air. And then came a sudden squall, which made the waters hiss and gleam, and a torrent of rain fell, in heavy drops, like lead, pattering on the water, and angry bubbles broke out, ulcers upon ocean's face. Sunset came, but its period could not be exactly marked; the sun was lost amongst the clouds that gathered round his setting—like misfortunes round a good man's death-bed; and after he sank, the wind still increased; but the grey twilight made objects visible, and the stranger was seen, carrying on every stitch of possible sail. The brig spared no inch of canvass; the storms and clouds of heaven did not threaten her more constantly than she threatened the object of her pursuit.

Meanwhile the Baboon followed through the flashing water. Her adventurers were assembled on the deck to watch, when, suddenly to windward, rose a giant body of water—dread offspring of ocean in the whirlwind's embrace—Titan child of the labouring sea! the terror of the deep embodied—the water spout! It

moved along, whirling in its might, with its head among the clouds.

"What do you say to that;" said Chilton, slapping Dobbs on the back.

"Great God!" he exclaimed.

"Pooh, my dear fellow, see how easily it's destroyed!" and, in another moment, a musket was fired by one of the crew, and the mighty stranger, that moved as if it had a soul, burst into a lump of water, and perished in a thousand eddies.

As he spoke, a roar of thunder was heard, and chasing echoes reverberated round the sky. A pause, and lightning burst out from the black clouds, and for a moment they gleamed with a network of fire. Then there was observed, a bright glare of blue sulphuric light from the man of war brig. It cast a ghastly radiance over her canvass; it flashed, reflected from her guns; it lighted up her dark hull; it glittered in the sea below her. What is that which it reveals? Land!

The three vessels were approaching a bay, with long low shores. The stranger went in first and anchored; then followed the Cowslip, and last of all the Baboon.

As Chilton and his friends ran into the anchorage, they heard the bell on board the Cowslip strike twice. It marked nine in the evening. As soon as they had anchored, a boat again came from the Cowslip, with the same midshipman that they had seen.

"You see," he said, "I have come to borrow a dozen of that porter from you. We are in a terrible state on board—short allowance of everything; and I must keep watch all night, for the only other midshipman on board is laid up, and somebody must look after that strange brig. We cannot touch her until she actually has

slaves on board; and we think it deuced likely that she'll ship them before daylight."

They gave him what he wanted, and in a few minutes more conversation that they had with him, they learned that the brig was in a very bad plight altogether. She had anchored then with a hemp cable, the only one she had left, and she had sprung the fore topsail yard before coming in.

One hour passed away in perfect silence. No movement was made on board the strange vessel—a brig, by the bye. The regular cry of the sentry on board the Cowslip, the gleam of a lantern, and the movement of a figure abaft, shewed that a strict look out was kept there. Nothing was heard from the shore, but the waves dashing on the beach. But still the night was stormy; still lightning gleamed, and thunder rolled, far away in the sky, as if there was being carried on there, with weapons of modern warfare, the old battle between the Titans and the gods.

Another hour passed away. Chilton was left alone on deck. The wind was still increasing, and every now and then, the Baboon gave a sharp jerk at her cable, as she rode head to wind, against the rolling waves. M'Mizen came up to him from below, and suggested that he should turn in, and let him look out.

"No, no, M'Mizen," answered Chilton: "I'll stay on deck with you. I can't sleep on such a night."

"Such a night!" echoed M'Mizen; "ay, sir—

'That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business in his hand—.

as Burns says."

"Well, I don't know what business could be

more appropriate for him than loading a slaver; I imagine that's what the strange brig will be about presently."

"Weel, sir, we dinna a' belong to the elect, and though a man live withoot grace, he canna live withoot siller," and with this reflection, the Scotchman walked forward to the bows, and lighted a pipe.

Chilton, thus left by himself, commenced walking about on the grating that was raised abaft, and gazed out upon the scene. The stranger was lying between the Baboon and the man of war, but nearer the shore, or in naval parlance, inside both, so that Chilton could see the man of war across his bows. The night was still very stormy, and the wind set dead on to the shore, so as to impose the necessity of beating out, under great difficulties, upon any of the craft which wanted to sail. But Chilton saw that the strange brig —though her topgallant masts were down, in consequence of the bad weather—had the topsail yards hoisted, so that the sails could be loosed and sheeted home in a moment. He could see, however, no signs of motion on board her. He grew tired—his eyes ached with straining to pierce through the dusk; he was wearied with pacing the narrow walk on the grating; he sat down upon it, and huddled himself up in the corner, in his pilot coat. It might have been five minutes, it might have been two hours, he could not fix the period which had elapsed—but he felt a sudden sensation, as if some one had seized him by the throat, and their hot breath was steaming on his face! He sprang up. He had been asleep, and the collar of the large coat he had on, being turned up, his breathing had been impeded by it, and the sensation had been

thus produced; he tore it away, gasping for air, and the strong wind rushing, refreshed him. But he was thoroughly awakened from his incautious slumber by the accident, and again he strained his eyes in looking out. And now he saw a gleam start for a moment on the beach, flashing and vanishing like the wandering light on a morass. Still, all was quiet on board the stranger—all was quiet too in the man of war, whose figure stood out, dark and spectral through the night gloom, like a yew tree in a church yard.

Chilton went below, struck a light in the cabin, lighted a lantern and proceeded to call Carisford and the other two. They assembled very quickly and silently round the table. Chilton brought out an ingenious *cafetiere* that they had for producing coffee in a few minutes, lighted the spirits of wine, and they soon had some cups of that cheering beverage, which, whether to student, soldier, sportsman, or seaman, is the most vivifying cup in the world. "Now," he said, "I think the brig is going to load. Carisford, you and I will drop on shore and see the job. Let the man of war look out for herself."

The Baboon had a boat on the stern davits, something between a dingy and a cutter. Into this, Chilton and Carisford climbed, over the stern, and arranged the gear, while Dobbs and Pereira stood by to lower away with the tackles. Dobbs let her go by the run, a few feet at his end to begin with, which very nearly precipitated Carisford into the sea.

"Steady, steady," said Chilton, in a loud undertone; "lower together!" And then, there was a grunting noise heard, as the tackle-falls went through the sheave holes; then a splash, as the boat plumped into the

water. In a moment, they cast off the falls in the boat, out oars, and turned her head to the beach.

"Pull, Car, pull!" called Chilton, as a big wave came roaring up to the stern, and sent the little boat flying like a feather. "By Jove, how nearly we were swamped!"

They hoisted a sail, and flew before it, the stormy water dashing alongside the boat, as if the sea was licking its lips preparatory to making a gobble of it. On, on it went: as it approached the beach, a large wave caught it—and shooting it forward with a rush, struck it on the shingle. It capsized—the mast went by the board, and Chilton and Carisford struggled through the surf, and gained their legs on the beach drenched through and through, just in time to see the little boat floating, bottom up, some way off.

It was still dark—not one gleam of the tropical daylight was yet wandering through space, and only a few stars peeped every now and then from the chinks in the stormy sky. Our two friends wandered along the beach, in the direction where Chilton had seen the gleam of light. The country around was flat and sandy, with thick spots of sombre bushwood dotted over it. As they approached to that part of the shore opposite the strange brig—a tedious journey, for the distance was considerable—they saw lights glancing again and again; and presently, voices broke upon their ears, and the murmur of a river. Advancing to the spot, they took up a position behind some bushwood; and there they saw by the light of lanterns, such a group as man has never traced on canvass, with colours, though often enough on earth, with blood—a hideous spectacle, combining the two worst

aspects of our English Smithfield—when crowded with beasts for sale, and when lighted by the fires of martyrs.

Near the banks of one of those rivers which bring down from the loathsome heart of Africa the children which she sells to the stranger, the slavers were shipping their cargo. Fastened together in knots, each man numbered like a lot at an auction—exhausted from travel, mad with thirst, and worn with disease—the victims were being stowed in boats, till they formed dense piles of human agony. By the light of the lanterns, which the brig's men, huge, swarthy complexioned villains carried, Chilton and Carisford could distinctly see the marks of blood on the slaves' limbs, the clotted paste of mingled dust and blood formed on their sores, and the foam that streaked their faces.

And it seemed, too, from the number, that the work of shipping must have been going on for some time before they arrived. The utmost hurry was made; every moment resounded the noise of the lash—and once, a loud yell and a splash told that a boat had capsized, and given its cargo to the waves.

The day began to break—the last load was shipped. Chilton and Carisford were lying flat on the ground, and perfectly motionless in the place where they had been watching, when suddenly they heard a loud noise close to them; some dark object hovered above them—they started with a cry. The object clashed upwards. There was a whirring of wings like thunder, and far into the air, they saw a vulture rise!

"By G—!" cried Carisford. "Do you see that fellow? *He took us for dead niggers!* Oh, shade of Brummell, has my appearance come to such a pitch as that?"

"Hush, old fellow," said Chilton, with a laugh—for

there is a very narrow boundary between the terrible and the ludicrous, as *Tam o' Shanter* most splendidly exemplifies. "Come along!"

So they retraced their way along the beach, towards the point where they had landed from the Baboon, looking through the grey misty twilight of the morning to see what was going on in the bay. They had now no power of influencing events, for their boat was lost; so they remained on the beach, and watched to see what the man of war would do.

The reader must keep in mind that at this period the men of war employed in the African blockade had no authority to touch a slave ship, unless she actually had slaves on board. On this occasion, therefore, it was quite natural that the commander of the Cowslip should wait till the brig was loaded—for then alone had he the power to interfere. What he had been doing all night, what resolutions he had formed, &c. must be gathered from the conclusion of the narrative.

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As the day gradually broke, our two friends on the beach saw the misty outlines of the slaver and the man of war in the same relative positions which they had occupied on the previous night. The wind, which had been high, was increasing; the swollen waters rose and broke more angrily still.

"What's that boat doing?" asked Carisford, pointing to a boat that was hovering near the bows of the Cowslip.

It was difficult to distinguish objects in the light, as yet; but still they could perceive that there was a boat moving in a very suspicious manner, near the man of

war's bows. It moved ahead—then retreated; at last it made a dart at the bow. Then there was a flash from the musket of the sentry on the forecastle, which showed that there was an alarm raised on board. Almost at the same moment the man of war drifted; her head veered away from the wind; she moved bodily and all adrift towards the lee shore. The boat was seen pulling away for life and death, and the slaver's canvass spread to the wind—*she was under weigh.*

"I see!" cried Chilton. "The slaver's boat has cut the Cowslip's cable!"

Now came the struggle. The Cowslip was drifting on shore; her yards and rigging swarmed with men loosing sails, for she had no anchor left to bring up with. Presently her canvass struggled in the wind—she gained a little way—she began to move and creep through the water, close hauled.

Meanwhile, the slaver stretched on the starboard tack across the bay. Bang went a shot from the man of war. It played ducks and drakes across the waves, and plunged and sunk just at the Baboon's bows. The slaver passed close to her, guessing that the Cowslip would not like to run the risk of hitting the yacht. How Chilton and Carisford felt the blood dance in lively rills in their veins, as they stood on the beach, and in the keen breeze of the morning, watched the exciting game.

"Now comes the rub," cried Chilton, as the slaver tacked, with the obvious intention of crossing the Baboon's bows, and fetching out of the bay. She was about, her yards braced sharp up, tacks down, and everything.

"The Cowslip's in stays!" said Carisford.

And so it was. The Cowslip began to turn to the wind, with every inch of her white canvass fluttering like the plumage of a frightened bird. But she had not had way enough on; she paused—backed; the waters eddied round her. She yawed wildly, and struck once—twice—a third time; and then heeled over, and displayed her green copper. She was hard and fast, and they began to shorten sail.

The slaver, meantime, dashed along, hoisting, in sarcastic triumph, a small negro at the peak. But a farewell shot from the man of war cut away her fore-top mast.

Half an hour afterwards, Chilton and Carisford had got on board the Baboon, and she was chasing the crippled vessel, while the Cowslip was still hard and fast on shore.

"Now, Dobbs," said Chilton to the king, "we are going to *burst a blood vessel,* or in other words, to blow up a slaver. Hands, make sail, and let us pull foot, before the villain shifts his wounded spar!"

No sooner said than done. All sail was made—and our self constituted knight-errant of the sea pushed forward to deliver the imprisoned Africans from the bonds of their enslavers!

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE KING'S REALMS EXTENDED.

Why did Dobbs experience a little difficulty in swallowing his potted beef that morning, at breakfast? Why did his fat fingers shake, as they raised a glass of sherry to his mouth? Why did he glance anxiously at the faces of his young friends, and, turning away his eyes, sigh? Dobbs had pluck; but his first sea fight was approaching—his first, that was the rub; and Dobbs could not help feeling, as he glanced upon his manly proportions, that they would make an alarmingly nice breakfast for a shark. That there were sharks near, there could be no doubt; for there had been seen that morning, under the stern the bright *tartan coloured* forms of the lively pilot fish.

Our four young friends were at breakfast at eight o'clock, in the cabin. The slaver was far ahead; and the struggle going on was, who should get the windward position. The Baboon was weatherly; M'Mizen had the octagon headed tiller in his hand, and the gallant schooner was jumping through the hissing brine like an amorous young porpoise. There were good prospects then in view, and the Society had come down to breakfast before the chase grew close. Each of them

knew that the others were thinking more than they cared to think about the impending danger; and each man tried to conceal any appearance of the sort in himself. Levity was the order of the day.

"For whose benefit are we breakfasting?" remarked Chilton; "our own, or the sharks?"

"Never mind; we'll be a treat to them, after the black fellows."

"A dish of *blanc mange!*" suggested Carisford.

"If you joke in that style, we'll lose the day," said Dobbs, who had some quiet homely superstitions.

"What! is it unlucky to spill attic salt, as well as the ordinary kind?"

"Bravo, Car, you keep your pecker up gloriously," said Chilton. "But, my boys, we've forgot one remark."

"What's that?"

"Why, you see," Chilton continued drawing attention to the nautical style of their attire, "it's a good thing for the sharks that are to eat us, that we are all dressed *à la matelotte,* which is a capital way."

This was received with a loud laugh, which reached the ears of the sage M'Mizen at the helm, who muttered "puir lads," and gave the tiller a jerk to leeward, which made the fore-topsail shake again in the wind.

"A curious fact!" exclaimed Dobbs, looking up suddenly from a pocket book, which he had been looking into.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, this is the anniversary of our leaving England!"

"The deuce it is! Well, we will keep it up gloriously," said Chilton. "And now to clear away for

action. 'Action, action,' cried Demosthenes, and so cry we!"

As he spoke, they went up on deck. The breeze was still rioting in exercise, and the waves rolling wildly, but the slaver was still to windward. He was under all sail, and displayed at the peak of his boom mainsail, the gaudy colours of Spain.

But there was a sight on the deck of the Baboon, which Dobbs had never witnessed till that morning. Four beautiful eighteen pounders of the latest construction, "Mantons" of artillery, in fact, met his eye: their appointments were perfectly new. In fact, the whole deck of the vessel exhibited the very dandyism of war, full as it was of elegant weapons, boarding pikes, as handsome as fishing rods, and tomahawks that would have adorned a drawing room, and shamed the bright eyes there, too, with their gleam. All these things had been procured with the money of Dobbs's uncle, the industrious Mr. Forrester; they had been brought on board by stealth, in fitting out, and kept below concealed, till they were wanted. And now their hour was come.

Chilton then held a council with Dobbs and the others; and it was agreed to call all hands. The crew made their appearance—men, whose aspect did justice to Chilton's judgment in selecting them; fellows, whose muscular forms, and keen eyes, proclaimed the activity and courage which make men conquerors in war, and rich in peace. And now, as the great historians of antiquity usually prefix the speeches of the generals, to their accounts of each battle (it being understood that the speeches are usually those of the historian himself), so, the present historian of King Dobbs, thinks it right to give Chilton's speech on this occasion to the men.

They were summoned aft, when that young warrior, as representative of the king, is said to have addressed them in this fashion, or as Tacitus would say, *in hunc modum locutus fertur.**

"Men of the Baboon! Your warlike appearance upon this occasion, proves that you have formed no false estimate of the character of the individuals who employ you. You are all obviously aware that this is no ordinary yacht, peopled by idlers (an ironical grin from M'Mizen), but a vessel sailing with noble objects and lofty purposes, like that which bore Jason to Colchis, or Miltiades to the Chersonese! How have you been treated on board? Has your grog been weak, or the supply of it scanty? (loud cheers). Have you not been permitted to go on shore whenever you thought proper? Have you been employed in degrading occupations? No! Show then, on this occasion, that you are worthy of the Baboon, and assist in throwing up the hatches of yonder vessel, and setting the captives free! Are my friends and I likely to deceive you? No! By those who fell at Navarino! By the men that sleep off Trafalgar—"

Chilton was rattling out this imitation of Demosthenes with great zeal, when he received an awkward interruption, for a shot from the slaver, the skipper of which began to think that it was time to take active measures, struck the sea, close to the yacht, and made the water dash in his face. "To your quarters!" he cried; and the men occupied their guns with the greatest activity.

It was resolved very quickly by the Baboonites, that

* VIT. AGRIC. *Cap.* 29.

the best game to play at first, would be a distant one; and to this Dobbs most heartily agreed. The reason of it was this. The guns of the Baboon were of the latest construction, and capable of a very distant range, which Carisford's long service in the Pestilent, had enabled him to acquire such a degree of skill in gunnery, that he could point a cannon with a nicety required for aiming with a rifle. They accordingly suffered the Baboon to drop astern of the flying brig, till it became obvious that *her* guns could not reach. Splash after splash in the water showed her shot falling short, and finding graves for themselves in the waves; and, from her putting on more sail, it seemed that she thought the chase abandoned, and her escape safe.

Now was the time for Carisford to display his skill. They had one of the guns carefully loaded, and brought forward on the weather bow. The men assembled alongside it, with handspikes, &c.; behind it were assembled the young commanders, in great glee. Carisford having made a calculation of the brig's distance, raised the tangent scale on the gun about a couple of degrees, and laying hold of the trigger line, moved back, and proceeded to take aim. "Elevate!—Lower! —Well!"

"How say you?" asked Chilton, after a moment's pause, during which Carisford had been leaning over, with the right knee bent, looking along the sights of the gun.

"Luff!" cried Car.

The man at the helm luffed. The schooner's sail trembled in the wind.

At that moment Carisford fired—"with a turn of the wrist springing up to the safety position on the

left," as they say in the navy. The gun gave an angry roar, like a wild beast—the smoke was blown away by the wind, almost immediately—and they distinctly saw from the Baboon the shot plunge close under the slaver's quarter.

"Very pretty! very pretty indeed!" said Chilton.

"My hand's not quite in," said Car modestly, "but I don't think it was bad!"

While he spoke, the men loaded the gun again. The operation was repeated, and this time the shot plunged into the brig's hull. A second trial produced a second hit; and the brig, finding it was a game in which the Baboon held all the trumps, and the honours too, tacked, and stood towards her, with a view to coming to close quarters.

But the youths of the Baboon were not inclined to lose their vantage ground so soon, and they kept the vessel away, and held off at a modest distance; and every two or three minutes they sent a shot straight into the brig's hull, which made the splinters fly, and the black bulwarks gleam white for a moment.

At last the brig managed to draw nearer them; and then it was that one shot went far to take vengeance on them, for the injury they had done to her. Carisford had given up the trigger line of the gun which he had been firing, to one of the men. As his successor was leaning over to take aim, (and as he did so, his fine figure—for he was a very handsome man, appeared to great advantage,) a shot from the brig struck the mouth of the gun; a solid piece of the iron, about the size of a a man's hand, was knocked off, as if shivered by a thunderbolt, from the mutilated cannon. It struck the doomed man, who was aiming, under the chin, and cut

away the front half of his head, so that his face fell, like a mask as it were, upon the deck. The body fell across the gun, then slid down upon the bloody planks; and the most awful sight of all, was to see it there, struggling in a spasmodic writhing movement, as if in life.

The men lifted the defaced corpse, and, *while it still shook and quivered,* cast it into the sea, while, by a sudden impulse, they exclaimed—"The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" This was the burial service of the slaughtered man, and in another moment his blood was reddening the jaws of a black shark alongside.

Chilton had seen this brief tragedy with horror. He heard a groan near him—he turned and saw Dobbs, who was as pale as death, and was leaning quite sick against the mainmast, with cold sweat on his brow. He approached and took him by the hand, and muttered some words to cheer him.

"Oh God!" said Dobbs, "his blood is on us—look there!" He pointed to the water, where the blood was still to be seen, with many a crimson bubble. At the same moment, the wind fell light, and the schooner lay becalmed in the spot. "The blood clogs us, it will not let us move," he continued; "why should we have left England to find a hell here?"

Chilton brought some brandy, and persuaded him to drink it. Then a breeze sprang up, and the schooner moved through the water; and the men continued loading and firing with increased rapidity, so that the heated guns jumped madly in the violence of their recoil.

The Baboon continued to have the advantage in the contest, when suddenly the brig ceased firing. She hove to, but still kept her colours flying. Advantage

was taken of the pause, to make a short refit on board the schooner. Some ropes that had been shot away were spliced; the decks were sanded; you might see two or three of the old sailors wiping the black sweat from their faces. M'Mizen began to polish his cutlass with a bit of rag, and Carisford busied himself in pipe-claying a blood stain on his white drill trowsers. Meanwhile a tub was brought on deck, and some lime-juice mixed with rum was served out to all. It was a most luxurious breathing time.

"What are they about in the brig? Can you make out?" asked Carisford.

Chilton took the glass, and looked carefully at them. "Why, they're getting a whip in the foreyard. They can't be going to hoist the boats out!"

"No, deuce take it! What's the use of their boats, so long as the breeze holds, and they can't get near us."

"Can they be sinking, think you?"

"No such luck!"

Chilton still kept his eye on the brig, watchfully. He started suddenly—"By heavens!"

"What's the matter?" asked the others, crowding round him.

They were not long held in expectation. The brig filled her main topsail again, then backed her fore topsail—a seaman was observed crawling along her fore-yard, and fixing something at the yard arm.

But let us glance at the interior of the slaver, meanwhile, through the magic tube of the novelist. Not to the wretched victims on the slave deck, whose misery had been added to, by several of them having been killed by the schooner's shot, would we direct attention; but we turn our eyes to the savage crew alone, among

whom in the hour of battle, mutiny had been spreading. The murderous precision of the Baboon's firing had had a terrible effect—the boats on the booms were knocked to pieces, and scarcely a man had escaped unhurt by the splinters; and the fury raised in the breasts of the crew swelled to madness, when they saw that the schooner's tactics prevented their retaliating adequately, while the superiority of her artillery enabled her to knock their vessel about as she pleased.

"This won't do," said one of the crew, as he saw another shot fall short. "Comrades," he cried, we're sold. That—— there has sold us to the Englishman." As he spoke, he threw down the lighted match, with which he had been firing the gun, and pointed to a tall figure, to which all eyes were turned. It was their captain; and now that one man had found a point, to which the inflamed passions of the rest could turn for a vent, his triumph had begun. Several of the others came round him, and the contagion of mutiny spread.

The first speaker continued—"Didn't he tell us that that there devil's imp of a schooner was a yacht? A yacht indeed, that throws a shot as far as any of their b——y buccaneering squadron, and a devilish deal closer than half of them! Why, it was a got-up thing between him and the captain of the brig that we left in the bay. I suppose he's to get off with something for himself, and we're to go to jail. But, I say, if we're to strike, let him hang first."

The captain listened to these words with a look of scorn on his face. He turned to look round upon the men, and see how many voices he could count upon in favour of his life. But there was no hope *there.* They

had all gathered round the mutineer, and he saw that his doom had come.

"Curse you all!" said he, gnashing his teeth, bitterly. "Mutiny spreads among you, like the scab among the niggers! Do your worst." He drew his sword, but they rushed in upon him. He was pinioned, and they prepared with savage haste to hang him.

It was at that moment that Chilton, from the Baboon, saw the seaman running along the fore yard of the brig. Five minutes afterwards the body of the captain swung at the yardarm, having been run up with such force that it was thrown over the end of the yard and fell across it, when the same seaman who had prepared the rope, went out again and pushed it off! There it swung and dangled with every motion of the brig, and two minutes afterwards she began firing again, with it hanging aloft.

The wind had now fallen light, The sun was glaring with an intense remorseless heat, from a sky of the very faintest blue, and looked like a well of boiling silver raining from above. The sea was unbroken by a ripple, and its broad expanse, so smooth above, so clear below, seemed stagnant. The clouds of smoke from the guns hung heavily round each vessel, till a casual cat's-paw of a breeze took them slowly away.

It is only the episodes of a battle that can be made interesting; the general effect of the whole is confusing. Let us look at the individuals.

M'Mizen's conduct was very singular on this occasion. He was attired hideously—probably for purposes of terror. He served with great zeal at a gun, but, every now and then was taken with a fit of philo-

sophy, and began muttering that they, were fighting without an object, "there was nae principle involved," and so forth. Then, apparently, by way of supplying this deficiency, he brought his imagination to bear, and invested the slaver with new attributes, saying, as he fired a shot—"There's ane for Prince Charlie; down with the strange Hoos!—Hae at them, Lochiel!" and using other encouraging expressions of the same sort. But even this not being stimulating enough to his nature, he was heard to exclaim—"Wull ye, Satan?—eh, you auld tyke? Be aff, Clootie! There's for yersel, Nick!" from which it would seem, that he was exciting himself to combat, by supposing the enemy of mankind to be opposed to him in the hostile bark.

Dobbs, meanwhile, ran about, panting with excitement, dodging his head at every gun from the slaver, which he seemed to think a good precaution, whereas it was but a useless ceremony. He went and looked curiously at every hole which the shot made; and sometimes put his hand to his head, to make sure that it was all right; which it certainly was, in the sense in which he meaned it, that is to say, that the exterior was uninjured. But Dobbs behaved with proper pluck throughout.

At three P. M. a breeze having sprung up, it was resolved to board the enemy. For this purpose a final broadside was fired; and the helm being suddenly put up, the Baboon gathered way, and ran, stem on, into the brig's quarter. Her bowsprit catching the maintopmast backstays, tore the maintopmast away, which fell, with all the gear hanging about it, like the leaves and branches of a felled tree.

There was a scene of dreadful confusion. Then,

M'Mizen, Chilton, and Carisford, came with the pick of the Baboon's men, and sprang on board the brig. The two vessels hove together in the sea. Some of the slaver's men, in resisting the boarders, fell overboard, and perished miserably between the dashing hulls, as they smote each other in rising and falling with the swell of the waters. There was one final struggle. The deck was won, and the English flag floated from the brig's peak. The slaver's crew were disarmed and secured. The two vessels were disengaged from each other, and arrangements were made for keeping the brig as a prize.

One of the first things done was to lower the body of the murdered captain. They brought it down into the cabin, and as they removed the jacket which the dead man had on, they found marked upon the arm, in those blue tattoo marks which sailors are so fond of—none of the prevailing nautical emblems, no flags, anchors, Egyptian looking females, or initials, but *a crest*, punctured with heraldic exactness, on the white skin. Some little things in the cabin lockers, seemed to indicate that he had been of more refined tastes than generally belong to such adventurers, and this fact, coupled with that of the crest, established the probability that he had been an erring spirit of a higher order, who had stooped to sin with the villains of the brig, and perished in all likelihood from some jealousy which he had excited. Chilton learned that the fellow who had raised the crew against him, had been killed by the very first shot that the Baboon had fired, after the murder had been committed and the fight renewed.

Not long after the capture came a flood of heavy rain,

and poured upon the scorched decks of the vessels. It poured along the decks, washing the blood away in streams along the gangways into the sea. The men joyfully placed buckets to catch it, and moistened their parched lips and faces, and soaked the begrimed and blood-stained clothes.

A fine breeze sprung up with the evening's shades, and the two vessels jogged on together (M'Mizen taking charge of the brig), all that night, as harmoniously as possible.

The next day, Chilton and the others went on board the brig, which was now regularly added to the dominions of King Dobbs, and as she contained two hundred and fifty slaves, the king had thus a very respectable number of subjects. It was not long before he gave a proof, that he scarcely possessed judgment enough for a monarch. His thorough benevolence was dangerous to him, as was shown by the following little incident, which occurred in the afternoon.

Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, were standing on the deck of the slaver, abaft, in quiet conversation, when a peculiar noise was heard.

"What is that?" asked Carisford.

"I don't know, I'm sure—stop—it's a kind of clinking noise; somebody doing something with a hammer, I should suppose," Chilton said.

At this moment, Dobbs was observed walking aft, with that peculiar self-satisfied smile, which men of moderate capacity assume, when they think that they have made a great hit, and which may safely be taken as a symptom that something terrible is on the eve of happening.

"Well, Dobbs, what news? What's that row below?"

"Ah," said Dobbs, with a knowing smile, "I have been preparing a surprise for you—"

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the "surprise" presented itself in due form, for a dozen of the slaves rushed on deck.

The fact was, that Dobbs, in his benevolence, had ordered some of them *to be let loose*, and as they knew nothing of the lofty motives which had impelled the youths of the Baboon to capture the vessel, their first impulse was to massacre all the white men that they came across. Accordingly they made a rush at them, and the end of it was, that the Baboon's crew were, in self-defence, obliged to shoot some half a dozen of them and maim a few more. They were also compelled to put the whole body of the slaves under stronger restraint than ever, for some time, so that more of them died during the first week of King Dobbs's command, than would probably have died in a month, had the brig remained in the possession of the original slave-owners. But then it is well known that a similar result takes place, whenever a man of war captures a slave ship, under the existing system—and what, we should like to know, is the use of blunders on the part of government, if not to justify the blunders of private individuals?

Dobbs, unlike most kings, was terribly ashamed of his blunder, and invariably blushed, when an allusion was made to the result of his humanity. The murdered negroes haunted his imagination, and it was some time before he considered his political character purged from these black spots upon it, as Chilton used to call them.

For three entire weeks after the capture of the slaver, there occurs a *hiatus* in the Baboon's log. All that the

historian can conjecture, is, that the two vessels continued running to the southward, with a very strong breeze. It is certain that the Baboon was at St. Helena, not only from the following note in the Log:—

"August 18.—St. Helena. Wind S.S.W. Visited Napoleon's grave. There is a willow there—a *weeping* one, they call it; but more like the 'All-round-my-hat' willow of the popular song. Why, the deuce, should anything weep at that grave?

"N.B.—Spot imposing. Hotel ditto. Sherry bad and dear."

Not only, we say, from the above flippant extract, obviously written by young Carisford, is it certain that the Baboon went to St. Helena, but from *a bill drawn on England by Dobbs,* which was kindly placed at our disposal by the gentleman who paid it, and which was doubtless drawn to pay for the refit and provisions required by the vessels.

From St. Helena, it would seem that the adventurers pursued their way towards the Pacific. The following extracts from the Log of the Baboon, give some hints of the voyage:—

"October, 18—. Lat. 55° S. Long. 39° W. Wind N.E. by N. 8 h. 30 m. A.M.—Shifted sails. Died, one male slave.* Saw an albatross. Crew picking oakum.

"October, 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind N.E. One negro child born—very ugly. Died, one male slave.

"November, 18—. Lat. —. Long. —. Wind N.N.E.—Christened the little negro (the ugly one)

* Such are the brief little tragic notices that you find in the Log of an officer belonging to a vessel of the squadron, that has been *lucky.*

*Bilson Stoker*, after the celebrated secretary to the Admiralty."

It would seem from the foregoing, that the voyage was rather monotonous, but soon the scene changes. Once in the Pacific, once among the South Sea Islands, the log becomes more interesting. It appears that the Society made great efforts to ameliorate the condition of the slaves. At first no great reform could be brought about. *Some sturdy old aristocrats, the Tory party in fact, among the niggers, held out against washing and fresh air.* The Baboonites had selected a man from the old slave crew, of a most respectable character, and employed him in an attempt to introduce something like cleanliness and comfort into the slave deck. He had orders, for example, to take some of the niggers on deck and wash them, to improve the way in which they were stowed, &c. He was a great enthusiast in this reform, and as his name was William, he was nicknamed by the Society "Reform Bill." Yet, he was constantly resisted by some of the old slaves, the chief of the captive tribe, and it was long before they would permit him to pass in amongst them, to perform his operations. However, by a threat to swamp the vessel, they were persuaded to listen to reason, and the state of things soon became better. The health of the slaves improved; even some intelligence began to dawn upon them; when one morning the Baboon and the brig met with the most extraordinary accident that had yet befallen them. One fine morning, in a part of the sea, where the charts had marked "no bottom at a thousand fathoms," a part believed universally to be a waste of water, they espied land.!

Land! A large island, apparently fertile, met their

eyes. The vessels ran in. A black population—strange to say, speaking a sort of English—came to the beach. Our adventurers fired a shot or two, to "astonish the natives;" formed their niggers in the slave ship into a band—landed in hostile array—took possession of the island, the name of which they found to be Somniata—and then and there hoisted the conquering standard of King Dobbs!

Of the exact latitude and longitude of Somniata, we are unable to give any precise account; but undoubtedly it is situated in the temperate zone. Some have asserted that it is near the continent of Utopia; others, that it is within a day's sail of the Formosa, discovered by the ingenious Psalmanazar; and one enterprising geographer informs us, that it belongs to the well-known group of the Allmihi islands. However, let speculators say what they will, *there is the fact*, that the Baboon arrived at the island of Somniata, anchored at half-past one in the afternoon, and carried the island by a brilliant assault at four. The invasion was completely successful; the standard of King Dobbs floated from the citadel; and by midnight he and the other youths of the Baboon were examining the maps of the island, for the purpose of arranging about the property.

So little was the unfortunate Dobbs acquainted with the real nature of his position, as conqueror, that he began absurdly to ask what right he had to dispose of the lands of the inhabitants.

The council stood aghast.

"What right?" said Chilton, his prime minister. "Why, the right divine, to be sure!"

"What *is* the right divine?" inquired Dobbs.

This was too much; the council was convulsed with laughter.

"The natural right of kings, to be sure—the sacred right which they derive from Providence, of doing what they think proper!"

"Oh!"

Dobbs then drew up a document, by which the lands of the island were divided amongst his followers; large provinces to Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira; smaller to M'Mizen and the crew of the Baboon. The great seal (which, by the way, had, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," upon it—being a small *souvenir* given to Dobbs by his mother) having been affixed, the document was carried into force; and a proclamation was issued at the same time, informing the "people of Somniata" that they had been long under a grasping government, but that they would now know what a beneficent administration was.

"Now, Dobbs," said Chilton, "you must create us peers."

"Indeed!" replied the king; "why?"

"Why?" said Chilton. "How the blazes is a country to get on without an aristocracy, I should like to know? We must have a government of the best; those best the king creates!"

"I should have thought that only Providence could *create* such an order," replied the ingenuous monarch.

"My dear Dobbs," said Chilton, compassionately, "we must take our own beloved England as a model. It is the duty of Englishmen to spread their own institutions, wherever they get a chance. I suppose you will admit that, or has our amiable Palmerston been a statesman so long in vain? Do we not diffuse drunk-

enness, for example, among the Red Indians, and small-pox? Well, let us make peers. Why that remark about *creating* a government of the best? It is as well to be omnipotent, when one is about it. If a king wants a number of tulips in his garden, and nature does not produce any, his proper course is to select weeds, and call them tulips, and order all men, by his royal authority, to call them tulips also. Such is the power of *creation.* If you can't do that, what's the use of being a king.

Dobbs made no further resistance; and Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira, became dukes by the magic of the royal word.

This event was duly announced to the people, and a salute was fired from the Baboon on the occasion. A shot happened to be in one of the guns, and it unfortunately decapitated a leading native, who had distinguished himself by his resistance to the Dobbsian invasion, so that everybody exclaimed that the hand of Providence was visible in the event, and the government received a considerable accession of strength from it.

Dobbs then proceeded to establish a standing army, consisting chiefly of the slaves from the brig, who had become somewhat civilised under the Baboon administration.

Standing armies are something like standing corn; they are supported by the soil, and have very long ears. Dobbs's troops were of the orthodox character. They understood that their duty was to defend the king, and that his was to feed them. Here ended their notions of citizenship; that was all they understood—and so they were eminently useful.

Such were the opening measures of King Dobbs, in the island of Somniata.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE ISLAND OF SOMNIATA.

MENTION has been made of a noble lord who made Christopher Sly, the tinker, lord for one day; and various potentates have played similar tricks—but they were not, we imagine, aware what a profound political lesson they were teaching the lookers on thereby; for surely, when the said lookers on saw the boozy Christopher, after some hesitation—not to mention his "pot of small ale"—accommodate himself naturally to his position; when the Persian courtiers saw the poor fellow whom the caliph had transported to his palace, perform quite properly his imperial part—surely, we say, they must have thence deduced that but small natural advantages were necessary to the post at all; and thence have proceeded to inquire whether such lord or caliph were not a too expensive dignitary, who might be well dispensed with.

Irrespective of that inquiry, however, we are now about to show how our hero Dobbs, behaved as king, when he had succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Somniata.

It was the first aim of Dobbs, acting under the advice of his courtiers, to govern his kingdom as a benevolent

despot—a being that has always been a desideratum among moderate politicians. To this end, he became very scrupulous of outward appearances; he cultivated the Vandyke beard, to which (*vide* Macaulay's *Essays*) Charles the First owes his popularity; he bowed and smiled to his subjects whenever he rode out; and he frequently alluded in public to the love he bore his respected mother. He was also very kind to his dogs; and never signed a death warrant without a tear in his eye, which tear he showed to all the people present, as carefully as the Neapolitan priests show the blood of St. Januarius.

Much was anticipated from such promising signs. Dobbs was pronounced by the Somniatans "the Lord's anointed," and liberal popular concessions were universally expected.

But the most benevolent of all despots must look out for himself before he looks out for his subjects; so Dobbs's first cares were the establishment of a body of household troops—the selection of a private band, to perform after dinner—the fitting up a snug palace for his regal residence, and so forth.

"You have forgotten one thing," said Chilton to him, one evening that they were holding a private council.

"What is that?" asked Dobbs.

"You must have a poet laureate."

Dobbs had quite overlooked this; but it was time to repair the omission. A search was instituted among the Somniatans (who, as has been already stated, were a black people speaking English) for a poet.

It appeared that the Somniatans treated their poets as they did their canaries—caged them up, and fed them principally on sugar; for nearly all the good

poets* of the island were in jail for debt; and though everybody concurred in lavishing flattery on them (*i.e.* sugar), nobody helped them to get out.

One poet, indeed, was not in jail; on the contrary, he was very well off. He was certainly very far the worst of all—but then he had always been a consistent supporter of the institutions of Somniata. Who had most constantly supported the idol Foggum, chief of the Somniatan gods?—Verbosh, the poet. Who had written poetry to the danghter of the King Boobylee (dethroned at the Dobbs conquest), calling her carroty hair golden?—Verbosh again. Not a man in all the island had such an organ of veneration as Verbosh. In that respect, his head was like a barber's block—on which, for some reason we could not understand, the organ of veneration is always largely developed. Verbosh was just the man: he was made poet laureate by Dobbs at once, with a small salary, and a pumpkin per day—to which was added a vegetable marrow, on sacred occasions. His duty was to write odes on all events of importance in the royal family.

We have one or two of these productions, selected from the archives, but it seems unnecessary to publish them. The occasions on which they were written, indeed, were not of very great importance. One long one was composed on the occasion of Dobbs dropping a cigar, which he was smoking, out of a window, by accident. The poet exclaims—

"That great cigar
Is now a star
In yonder constellation."

the literal fact, we believe, being, that the stump was

picked up by a youthful Somniatan, who happened to be passing at the time, and was by him enjoyed as a rare and unwonted luxury. But Verbosh was quite right to make his statement too; for there is a popular notion, common among the Somniatans as elsewhere, that whatever is not common sense must be imagination—and he had nothing else to do but take advantage of it.

It was some time before the king had sufficiently arranged his personal matters, to have time to bestow on the affairs of the kingdom; and when he at last had, and had proclaimed his intention of summoning a parliament, that the Somniatans might have an opportunity of declaring their grievances, such a mass of petitions flocked in, that he was well-nigh overwhelmed with them; and it was observable, which sadly puzzled King Dobbs, that no man prayed for anything to benefit Somniata itself, but always some *interest* in Somniata. There was the landed "interest," which prayed for "protection," to the exclusion of everything; and the commercial "interest," which demanded encouragement, and pooh-pooed the landlords. One class of medical men prayed that another class might not be allowed to practice. Those who worshipped the idol Foggum in black, petitioned for measures against those who worshipped him in white. One party wanted to gild Foggum afresh, at the expense of the island; another proposed that Foggum should be sold, and the money used for public purposes.

"I wonder they never have a civil war, with all their conflicting interests," soliloquised King Dobbs.

"It would not pay," said a merchant who was with his majesty.

There seemed to be a complete separation of all men from one another—nay, Dobbs noticed that even the grocers and tailors in the capital must needs caution the public against each other, and warn them that it was not "the same concern." Never had benevolent despot such a job to do as Dobbs.

Parliament met. The king opened it in person, with a speech which was received with enthusiastic applause. It was the first time that parliament had been assembled since the Dobbs conquest. The present parliament had been elected during the days of King Boobylee, whom Dobbs had dethroned when he conquered the island. Dobbs was anxious to let the Somniatans have this ancient institution still—and was willing to hear what they had to suggest for the improvement of the island.

Up got Lord Jocko, the leader of the movement party that would not move.

Up got Sir Beelzebub, the great conservative, who would not conserve.

Up got Mr. Bluster Stiletto, who wanted a place, and whose game it was to fling at the government till they gave him one, as a West Indian pelts the monkeys on a cocoa tree, till they fling him a cocoa nut in self defence.

After these heroes (each of whom only looked at the question in the best light for himself), there rose Mr. Sparkles Aculea, who peppered everybody with epigrams. All the members roared as they inhaled the "laughing gas" of Mr. Aculea, and then everybody went off to dinner.

That evening there was a council held in the palace, in one of the most private of the royal apartments, at

which were present only the king, and his now titled friends, Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira.

"'Gad!" said Chilton, carefully preparing an oyster (the Somniatan oysters are renowned in that part of the world) "what an assembly! Who the deuce would have expected to drop on such an island as this in these parts of the world?

"It is astonishing," said Carisford: "and the airs these black fellows give themselves too! Why, by Jove, Somniata seems a miniature vice!"

"Do you know," said the king, very solemnly, as an idea seemed slowly to force itself upon him, "what with that parliament, and affairs generally, Somniata reminds me very much of—"

"Of what?" asked Chilton.

Dobbs whispered something; whatever it was, it did not reach the present historian: but it was received with a laugh, which seemed to convey the approbation of the company.

"How am I to go to work to reform existing abuses?" pursued the king, despairingly.

"Heaven only knows," said Chilton, with a reckless air. "Attempts at reform, seem to me like the attempt of the fellow in Æsop's fable, to scrub the blackamoor white. The job is impossible, and the trial kills the object of it. If you meddle wholesale with land, you endanger property; if you interfere with labour, you give an opening to socialism; and let me tell you, my boys," continued Chilton, "that if socialism gets one foot inside, it wont be easy to shut the door on it."

"Oh, dear!" muttered Dobbs, in perplexity; I don't see where to begin my reforms."

"Only one thing seems perfectly clear," said Caris-

ford: "you must keep your standing army attached to you; and let us have the Baboon in the bay, always ready for a bolt, in case of a revolution."

Here the Baboonites ceased to trouble themselves about the affairs of the island; and the remainder of the evening was spent as they used to spend their evenings in the olden time, before they came into these unknown latitudes.

Next morning the king was awakened by the sound of joy—bells ringing through the air; and he saw from the windows of his palace, troops of well dressed people hurrying to the city's gates. Each of them carried in his hand a strangely shaped instrument, and was accompanied by two four-footed animals, not unlike our English dogs.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the astonished king.

"May um massa live for ever!" said a Somniatan courtier, in the peculiar English of the nation. "To-day is um Feast of Flying Things, the first day of the ninth month of our year. To-day um Somniatan nobs (nob is the Somniatan for aristocrat) go kill the Sacred Bustard."

"Kill the Sacred Bustard!" thought Dobbs. "Are the people mad? Oh, dear! who would be king over such a population?" Here Dobbs heaved a deep sigh, and thought, with increased affection, of his mother's little cottage at Portsmouth—the yellow jug, with flowers in it, in his bedroom—the landscape, with Abraham and Isaac, suspended on the wall. "Why do they do this?" asked he, of the courtier who had watched his emotion with profound respect.

"Custom of um ancestors," said the courtier, very

readily; and Dobbs felt inclined to laugh, as he recognised the familiar phrase, which had been returned as an answer to almost every inquiry which he made about the island.

He then determined to go out and witness this festival. Like most ceremonies among the Somniatans, he found that it was accompanied by a human sacrifice. The Somniatans were very religious in this respect; if they had one of their great dancing meetings, for example—such as those held at the Temple Omnax, dedicated to one of their chief gods, Modus—a number of girls were sacrificed to a goddess called Vestes. The mode of death was peculiar: it was secret starvation; for the Somniatans were a humane people; they prided themselves on their abhorrence of bloodshed, so immolated their victims in a delicate manner, that could not offend the eyesight in any way. On the present occasion, the victims were men, called Bosheers, and these were formally imprisoned by the nobs while the Festival of Flying Things lasted, for it was held sacrilegious for the Bosheers, who were usually of the lower orders, to kill the sacred bird in fun, or eat him in earnest, both which last operations the nobs performed, with a zeal which showed their attachment to the institutions of the country.

This ceremony, among many other things, showed Dobbs what a people he had to deal with. Here was an institution which kept a large number of sacred birds* at the expense of the Somniatan farmers, for the amusement of the Somniatan "higher orders," and

* It is right to mention here, that Mr. Douglas Jerrold applied the name "sacred bird" to the partridge of England.

which was kept up by the annual imprisonment of hundreds of Somniatan peasants, a system which made one man a felon, that another might amuse himself like a fool. Never was a benevolent despot in such a difficulty, as our friend the king. Move where he would, he found an abuse; and every abuse (like every sacred bustard) was carefully "preserved" by those who had an interest in it,

But it was the social system of the Somniatans that chiefly surprised his majesty. Exclusiveness was the very soul of it; and to such an extent was it carried, that several of the very great people had taken to living in balloons (in construction of which, the Somniatans have arrived at great proficiency), so as to escape completely from the intrusion of their inferiors. And it was amusing to see how, when one of these balloons descended for a fresh supply of provisions, all sorts of people hastened to surround it, and strove madly for admission. Nay, some unfortunates even held on by the car, so that they were raised into the air, and being unable either to get in, or to maintain their hold where they were, fell down again, and got a terrible shock thereby. These were laughed at by everybody, and happily dubbed snobs by a Somniatan satirist.

Dobbs resolved to take the opinion of the greatest men among the natives, as to what changes ought to be made in the island. A few edicts that he had issued had been already received with much grumbling. But the army was firm; a double allowance of beer had been issued to each soldier. A number of places were given to the Somniatan aristocracy, and Dobbs himself asked the leader of the opposition to dinner. By these great strokes of diplomacy, discontent was allayed.

It was in vain that he sought to form a system out of the opinions which he gathered from the natives.

Lord Jocko wanted places for the little Jockos, and their cousins, and second cousins, and so on, unto the third and fourth generation.

Sir Beelzebub was for conserving, as long as anything could be conserved. He was for treating the institutions of the island as the Athenians did the vessel that bore Theseus to Crete, patching bit by bit as was necessary. But he never considered whether, for purposes of utility, it would not be better to have a new vessel altogether.

One of the most amusing suggestions, was made by a party called young Somniata, which proposed that the lower orders should take to the pastimes of their ancestors. These politicians thought that hungry and dissatisfied peasants should, by way of remedying their condition, begin dancing round a pole. Here was a plan for a complaining nation to adopt—a plan which, when Rome was burning, would have set every man to fiddle, and emulate Nero.

"No, no," said Dobbs, to a slim young Somniatan, who urged this project on his imperial consideration, "there are pastimes enough going on. Work is what we want."

But had the people of Somniata no religion? You might have lived there for months, as a stranger, and never found out that they had; but you discovered it when you had to pay your taxes. You were taxed for your soul, as you were for your gig, or your windows; and if you did not pay, then you found out the full extent of Somniatan zeal—for your goods were seized.

The king determined to avail himself of the religion

of the people, and use it as an engine for ameliorating their condition; and before he did so, he paid a visit to the Valley of Hope, where was the idol Foggum, of which mention has before been made.

It was on a beautiful morning, in the southern summer, that our King, attended only by his English companions, went to visit the Valley of Hope, where was the temple of the great idol, chief of the Somniatan gods. The way lay through a narrow lane, with steep banks of rich green, which sparkled with yellow flowers. On the summit of the banks were hedges, and through these ran the twining branches of vines, so that clusters of red grapes hung down on each side, ripening into purple bloom, under the rays of the sun, which shot from heaven in gleams of silvery white. Trees, tall and motionless, with broad leaves, were on each side of this narrow way. In a hole in the trunk of one of them, a cluster of wild bees had made their nest, and this had swelled, from the prodigal richness of the country in flowers, into a size too great for the little colony's retreat, so that the honey had escaped, and stole in a lazy golden stream down the glittering bark. Birds, so gaudy in their plumage, that they looked like winged flowers sporting in the air, flew everywhere around, and butterflies swam from flower to flower, and rested on them, leaving on their heads, in gratitude for their welcome, some of the sparkling dust from their wings.

The island of Somniata is only seventy-five miles in circumference (as ascertained by a survey by King Dobbs). The Valley of Hope lies on the S. W. of it, where a small chain of volcanic hills, called the Blue Hills, rises and forms a boundary between the valley and the sea. To this valley the travellers now came.

In Somniata, nature is a spendthrift; and she has lavished all her riches without restraint upon the valley. And never was it seen to more advantage than on this morning. The sky was of a violet blue, and the few white clouds that hung upon it, had assumed strange and solemn shapes. The stillness was broken by nothing but the noise of the waterfall in a small river, which leaped from height to height from the place in the Blue Hills where it rose, until it gained the bed of the valley, through which it ran in a quick smooth stream, and so carried away the flowers which dropped into it, from the bushes overhanging its banks, to the sea.

In the centre of the valley stood the temple, a relic of the architecture of the old time. It was built in what the modern Somniatans call the dark ages, a title which they apply to all ages into the depths of which they themselves cannot "securely pry," and a title, which, in all human probability, is applied by all enlightened bats to those noontide hours in which they cannot see. Be this as it may, the temple is the finest building in Somniata.

The king and his companions were received by the native high priest (a Somniatan, who had been made a high priest for his knowledge of the language of the Cockobees, of the neighbouring island of Swango), who showed them the great idol Foggum. It was a noble image of wood, somewhat, however, decayed, for though the revenues of the Somniatan religious institutions are large, the priests are numerous and well paid, so that the Gods are somewhat neglected on their account. The Somniatans could never clearly explain to strangers, how this was; how, when religion was at a low ebb, the priests were so very well off, seeing that

one would think, the first object of the Foggum establishment, would be to provide for Foggum himself. It certainly appears an anomaly.

From what the king learned on that day, he discovered the impossibility of influencing the people through any *sentiment*, however holy. He was told that he must be "practical," particularly by those Somniatans, who called themselves liberals, &c., who certainly were deuced "liberal" in giving away the old creeds and institutions of the island, for any party benefit that they could get in exchange.

"Practical" is a very fine word, and much in use among the Somniatans, in opposition to the word "visionary," which is contemptuously applied to all who propound anything lofty, holy, or mysterious. "Be practical," cried the people, to their new king.

Dobbs determined to turn his hand to education. He found that the higher orders among the Somniatans were chiefly educated, not in their own language, but in the language spoken by the Cockobees of the neighbouring island of Swango, two thousand years before. They were flogged at the shrines of the Cockobees in their infancy—they laboured at the books of the Cockobees in their youth, they neglected them in their manhood—and forgot them in their old age. Such was their education. But woe to anybody who meddled with the system! As on a decayed tree grows fungus, of which good matches may be made, so on a decayed institution grows prejudice easy to set fire to.

Then as to the lower orders. The king found that there were two ways of dealing with them in this matter. One was to give them education without bread; the other, to give them bread without educa-

tion. To be sure, some governments had hit on the happy expedient of giving them neither, which had resulted in a good deal of crime; so that the money which ought to have been spent in educating the poor, had to be expended in maintaining them in jail. This was rather a blunder for a "practical" people to be sure; but there was no evidence that the Somniatans were at all ashamed of it.

The king had scarcely had time to inform himself of these facts, before his attention was called to one remarkable abuse. He found that the offices of state had all been bestowed, from time immemorial, upon those persons among the higher orders who happened to be born with the marks of strawberries upon their ears. Abilities had nothing to do with any appointment; merit had nothing to do with it. This physical peculiarity determined the matter. The new born child was looked at with the greatest anxiety; and if on the fine long ear glittered the mark of a strawberry leaf, he was destined to high employments and lofty situations. Here was a regulation, fruitful of disgrace abroad, and misfortune at home—of blundering diplomacy, and high taxes—of national dishonour and deficits in the revenue.

Among the higher orders were several reformers; but they took very great care that no reform should interfere with themselves. When it seemed likely to do so, they cried out "finality!" When they wanted to drink the waters of liberty, they helped themselves; but they did not pass the bottle. The great reliance, in fact of the Somniatan masses, was in the fears of the higher orders. They knew that when it came to the last rub, the higher orders would give way; they knew that their amiable superiors would play the

coward when the bigot's game was up; thence a proud reliance on what they called "agitation," or hubbub; hence large profits to professional agitators, who led mobs, as men lead bees, by a clanging noise.

What could King Dobbs do in an island like this? He could not move without offending many, nor stand still without offending all.

In truth, the island was "like dog distract or monkey sick." Nobody was contented, and yet nobody knew how to better matters. A jargon of lies was spoken everywhere; and yet you would hear people exclaiming that Somniata was in the highest state of civilization. "We have white bread," said they, "when our ancestors had black—clothes where they had rags—and we don't die nearly so quickly." But they did not say "We have *cretins* to rule us, when our ancestors had heroes—we have shams, where our ancestors had men of genius—and we are without faith, when they were prepared to die for theirs."

Eat your "white bread," oh, Somniatans! but it will not feed the soul!

Cicero tells us, from Aristotle, that the intellectual are melancholy—*omnes ingeniosos esse melancolicos.* A melancholy was one of the chief characteristics of the intellectual of Somniata, when Dobbs became king.

Their most original thinker, a man who came nigh being a prophet, such as they had had of old, the great Tommaso, always wore a pall when he preached. It seemed as if he knew that he should meet no attention in the plain garb of a teacher. He despaired of his time, and always gave utterance to strong contempt or a laughter that was melancholy to hear. His mind always marched to the tune of the "Dead March in

Saul." His favourite amusement was firing volleys over the graves of the Somniatan heroes.

Then the best Somniatan poet, Tennusa, of the many-coloured verse — to his rainbow colours, there was always a cloud for a back ground, on which they shone. One of his chief poems contained the wailings of a man, whose dearest hopes in life had been sacrificed to the vulgar and greedy prejudices of Somniatan society. He too found his age all wrong; and he sang his music to cheer it in its sadness, as the brave old harper played to the imprisoned Richard.

Indeed, there were tokens every where that something was fundamentally wrong in this little island. Their philosophical novelist seemed to make a kind of apology, and give a pitying laugh, when he introduced a tender, loving character into his book. He seemed to produce such a gentle weeping creature, with a consciousness that she would be cried down as uninteresting; but, on the other hand, when vice and pretension were to be exposed, he went to work with the ease and power of a master; and the Somniatan public, much more given to laughing than loving, cheered him on—but encouraged vice and pretension all the same.

The above remarks will furnish a slight idea of the state of Somniata, in various ways, when it fell under the government of King Dobbs. It may amuse some of the inhabitants of our great and happy country to learn something of the condition of this little island of the distant southern sea. How strange it seems (yet it is perfectly true, as Dobbs has repeatedly assured the present historian), that the Somniatans should constantly speak of themselves as the "envy of surrounding islands, and the admiration of the South Sea!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE INGLORIOUS REVOLUTION.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE author of the fable about the old man and his ass, must have had an eye to politics, when he penned that apologue. What situation can be conceived more horrible, than that of a king bent on governing according to every suggestion made to him? Such, however, was now the situation of our benevolent despot, Dobbs, in Somniata. He was "blown about by every wind of doctrine" from the rude nor'-wester of radicalism to the mild somniferous zephyr of *laissez faire.*

The ministers of his predecessor, King Boobylee, had been liberal Somniatans; these Dobbs had retained —Lord Jocko being at their head—in office after his accession, with the intention of acting by their advice. But advice soon became dictation. These little black fellows, with their pompous manners and fine phrases, showed a strong disposition to lord it over the conqueror. King Dobbs dismissed the ministry, who forthwith asked him to appeal to the island—they would throw themselves on their countrymen; in fact, they wanted a dissolution of the assembly of Somniata, and a general election. The king, willing to learn the opinions of his subjects, complied. The assembly was dissolved by his *fiat.*

Then, indeed, began such a hubbub as the king had never yet seen in his little island. It appeared that an appeal to the island meaned an appeal to the public houses in it, for these seemed the head quarters of the people who appealed. An almost incalculable quantity of *Beeheer*—a liquor which the Somniatans make from a plant common in the island—was consumed during the proceedings. And then, the choice of representatives! Never was such a representation seen. Farmers and labourers, in white cotton dresses, producers of rice and maize, cultivators of sugar, growers of flax, were *represented* by Somniatan dandies with rings in their noses, who knew nothing of them or their occupations, and who divided their time between idling in the capital, and killing the sacred bustard; and when the assembly met, King Dobbs looked in vain among the names of the members for those who enjoyed intellectual reputation. But, after all, this was a defect he could not remedy; he tried to improve the position of the literary men of the island, but desisted when he found that the celebrated Snugger, whom he had often asked to dinner, brought out a novel, in which all that he had said or done in his own palace, while Snugger was enjoying his hospitality, was minutely displayed for the gratification of public curiosity.

King Dobbs was disgusted with the assembly. He resolved to govern as a military despot henceforward; he dissolved the assembly without choosing a ministry, threw some malcontents into prison, banished a few leaders to the Wango Fum Islands, and took the reins of power entirely into his own hands. His new station requiring new external advantages, he cut off the Vandyke beard, which he had assumed as a benevolent

despot, and began his career of military despotism with moustaches, a snuff-box, a military uniform, and a star about the size of a cheese plate.

Of course the same degree of decency is not expected from a military as a benevolent despot, so Dobbs ceased to affect a love of dogs, but cruelly killed flies in his palace windows, frowned melodramatically, swore occasionally, and pinched his Somniatan favourites by the ears.

These seem trifles, but such trifles are important in a king. Who will deny that the basest and meanest trifles, the lowest and paltriest objects, may be important to a people, when he glances at the kind of persons into whose hands Europe has fallen of late years? But a truce to seriousness, though wise men must see, that there is something very *skeletonish* in the grin which the miserable farce of politics provokes now, when we consider what a few years may bring about.

It was while Dobbs governed in this thoroughly imperial style, that he acquired that knowledge of Somniatan matters, from which we have derived the rude and imperfect sketches we have given of the state and manners of the people.

Their language occupied a considerable deal of his attention. We have already stated that it was a *peculiar* English, being peculiar chiefly from the fact, that it had been greatly modified by the institutions and manners of the people from its original meaning. The Somniatans grew tired, it would seem, of calling things by their proper names: for example, their words *galant*, *lerned*, *nobull*, and so on, though once bearing the signification of the words they resemble in English (though spelled differently), had come, in Dobbs's time, from

frequent misapplication, to lose their original signification, and almost to bear no meaning at all; for *lerned* was applied to all young talkers, in their law courts, whether they were in reality what the English call *learned*, or not; *galant* was bestowed, as a title, on persons who had no opportunity of showing whether they were *brave* or not, and so on. They even applied the word which answers to our word *gentlemanly*, to some of their vices; so that travellers visiting the island, were apt to be deceived terribly by the *sound* of words, which they bestowed on each other in affected love, civility, or kindess. Many of these, indeed—not words only, but phrases—were downright destitute of any meaning whatever.

It used to be a custom among the Somniatans to sell their wives. This had fallen into disuse in the days of Dobbs, the king; but the influence of the ancient custom was still perceptible in the legal remedies afforded to injured Somniatan husbands.

It was in vain that King Dobbs attempted to carry out the reforms which seemed good to him. He was obliged to fall back upon the creed of the native sage Tommaso, that a radical change must begin in the inmost hearts of the natives. He had thought to influence them through their religion; but what could be done by religion where there is no faith? They were willing to pay for their religion, with a certain grumbling demur, without being influenced by it; just as the poorer among them paid taxes for windows, through which (owing to their impurity) they could get no light. The cases were precisely similar. What was the use of hero worship where there were no heroes? and

where, too, there was such a total want of insight necessary to spy out a hero through external environments, that, as Chilton remarked, had St. Paul come among them, he would have been excluded from "polite society;" had Peter the Hermit come, he would have been sent to Bedlam; while St. John (fresh from Patmos itself,) would have been laughed at as a fanatic; and Moses (arrived from the wilderness,) would have been black-balled at their Travellers' Club.

King Dobbs issued several edicts, which had the effect of producing loud howls for a constitution, that being a machine very popular among the Somniatans, and, like their physical machines, having the effect of throwing human labour and the energies of the strong out of employ.

"I tell you what," said the king, "by Jove, I think the people have no souls." And a loud utilitarian laugh from the surrounding Somniatan courtiers proclaimed their acquiescence in the opinion of his majesty.

In a short time Dobbs found popular discontent increase; and one fine morning he was awakened by a loud noise round his palace. The roar of an enraged populace rose upon his ear, and scarcely, amidst the sounds that they made, could he distinguish any words but these—"His head—off with his head!"

Heavens! could it be his head to which they were referring?

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

exclaimed Dobbs, as his friends Chilton, Carisford, and Pereira rushed into the room.

"Yes," said Chilton, "particularly when it lies in a basket under a guillotine! and, let me tell you, Dobbs," he continued, "there's no hope for you, for you have been a most benevolent king! They always come off the worst."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dobbs, to a Somniatan courtier, who rushed into the room, not pale with affright, for he was black, as our readers are aware, but terrified beyond measure; "tell me, Pongo, is it a revolt?"

"No, sire, it um revolution," replied the courtier, unconsciously using a celebrated reply, made in similar circumstances.

And now the hubbub increased, the political fury of the mob swelling beyond expression, as a rumour spread among them that there was a large quantity of very fine liquor in the imperial cellar. Prodigies of valour were performed against the few of the king's guards who remained faithful; and the bakers' shops were plundered in the ardour for popular liberty.

Resistance was useless. The king and his friends ignominiously retreated by a back way from the palace; at the same moment the front gates were carried by assault (through the treachery of a native, to whom Dobbs had been particularly kind,) and, in the excitement of pillage, their escape was overlooked. They ran like Bourbons (to use an emphatic expression), and gained their dear old Baboon in the harbour, on board which they found the prudent M'Mizen making every preparation for flight. In a few moments they weighed in the yacht, (leaving the slaver and slaves behind, to swell the resources of the island,) and sailed slowly out of the harbour, when they paused to look at the town.

A huge cloud of black smoke, with streaks of red fire in it, marked the conflagration of the palace. The fact was, that the liberated people had fired it, in a state of intoxication. It is really very kind of the people of most countries, nowadays, that they cannot destroy a dynasty, without sacrificing a considerable number of themselves in its honour.

We think it right here to subjoin an extract from a historian of Somniata, writing of this important event, in that fine old orthodox humdrum style which distinguishes the Somniatan historians, with one brilliant and recent exception.

"Such was the fate of King Dobbs, after a reign of one year and thirty days. He was a monarch, of whom it may be said, that if he had not had a feeble volition, he would probably have been of a strong will. His want of courage was perhaps the reason that he had no great reputation for valour; and his love of his people prevented him from having that hatred to them which has distinguished some tyrants. He failed as a king, because he was not successful—and terminated his career unfortunately, from an absence of good luck, &c. In person, he was tall, without being gigantic—and fat, without being obese; his hair was red, without being carroty—and his limbs large, without being disproportionately so, &c."

The yacht chirped merrily along past the island of Somniata, at which the heroes of the Baboon took a long farewell look as they passed its shores; and indeed you may look long, oh heroes of the Baboon, before a fairer island meets your view, than is presented to you under the golden glare of that southern sun.

See how the rosy rays, bright as gold, but soft as silk, strike upon the long slender spires of the temples of Somniatan worship! see how the white palaces of the wealthy gleam in their light, and the capital uplifts a hundred architectural heads of beauty to the blue sky, in which the smoke from the city hangs like a veil of sable gauze. Beautiful, indeed! and yet through the streets of that city stalk figures of poverty, and children of wrong, as ghastly as ever darkened the daylight, since the aborigines of the island stained their skins with the juice of the wild berry. See again how the rosy rays fall in a golden shower into the green lap of the country, rich and beautiful as a dowered queen. Here too gleam the palaces of the wealthy; and here are children of the soil, less cared for than the beasts, and to whom the land they make fruitful, grudges everything but a grave.

A fine fresh breeze bore away the schooner from the island; in a few hours it shrunk into the dimensions of a man's hand, and then faded away out of sight.

"Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno!"

The wind fell light at sunset, and the sails of the schooner flapped against the masts. Dobbs and his friends sat together, in the golden calm of the evening, discussing the only subject which had any interest for them now—home. It was a tranquil and beautiful hour. The scene could scarcely be called solitary, for every now and then, as the night drew on, there dawned in the heavens the face of a new star.

The night was beautiful that followed—it was a night that invited more to meditation than talk, and the young

men were unusually silent. There was a pause among them, which was broken by Carisford, who went down into the cabin, and began to play upon the piano, which still figured among its ornaments. Thė instrument had been long silent; but now the imprisoned spirit of melody sprung from it, and roamed over the waters. His friends went below to join him.

"We are somewhat dull, to-night," said Chilton. "Let us have a song. Come, Car, oblige the company."

"No, really," began the modest Carisford.

"Stuff, *dulcissime!*" said his friend. "Come, we know you write your own songs—sing one of them; it's too dark for us to see your blushes, so begin."

Carisford put a bold face upon it, and struck up the following lay:—

THE WAVES AND THE STARS.

"How silent the scene,
Where to-night's calm has found us;
Only stars are above—
Only waves are around us.
Ever restless the waves,
As the life they are bearing;
The stars ever calm,
As the death that's preparing.

From these let our life
Take a lesson to guide it,
In sorrow or triumph,
Whate'er may betide it:
To bear like the waves
What may ever pass o'er it;
To shine like the stars
Upon all that's before it.

And when comes the death,
  Be it met as a brother:
One tear for our love,
  And one prayer for our mother.
The tear with the waves
  Its bright tenderness blending—
The prayer to the stars
  In a pure breath ascending!"

"Very good, Car!" exclaimed Chilton, with the air of a man who considers his praise worth having.

"Did you write that?" inquired Dobbs, who had a mysterious regard for authors.

"I must plead guilty," said Carisford, with a laugh.

"Indeed!" said the simple minded Dobbs; "let me look at the writing." And the ingenious youth took the paper on which it was scribbled, and gazed upon it with a reverential air, which excited no inconsiderable amusement among his friends.

"Now for a quiet evening," Carisford said; and the servant of the Society was dispatched to the galley with a kettle for the familiar hot water.

"*Spiritus intus alit*, as Virgil says," exclaimed Chilton. And the quiet evening was begun.

It is not our intention to trace the Baboon home mile by mile on her long voyage. The winds were favourable, and she reached St. Helena in the month of June, where, it would appear, from some entries in the log (and from the dates of those bills on England, which principally gave information to their friends of their whereabouts), the youths of the Baboon stayed for some time. St. Helena, even, it would seem, had its attractions for them. We find in the log (a part of

which is "unfit for publication," as the newspapers say) that "larks" were going on in that solitary rock when they were there. The Cowslip, which they had left long before, hard and fast in the Bight of Bludi, on the African coast, had been more successful during the Baboon's long stay in the far south; and one day, when riding out to Longwood, who should present himself to the eyes of Chilton but the eccentric midshipman who had boarded the Baboon from that man of war, of which he was the great ornament. He communicated to the Society with his usual vivacity, that he had been sent to St. Helena in charge of a prize, and told them, with a very hearty laugh, how "all his men being devilishly given to drink, he had been obliged to sleep with loaded pistols under his head, for fear of the slaver fellows;" and "'gad, sir," pursued he, "I had a slight scratch from one of them." Saying which, he bared a small white womanly arm, and showed the traces of a deep gash, with a "wasn't it a lark, eh?" He still seemed to preserve his health, and said there was a great deal of humbug talked about the sickness on the coast; but it was observable that he could not begin the day without some cold brandy and water—and that he could eat no meat that was not heaped over with the most pungent cayenne.

The Baboonites spent a great deal of time with this young gentleman, and with some junior officers in the garrison; and a story is still told thereabouts, of a young gentleman who rode a horse up two pair of stairs, in some respectable house, and excited the terror and astonishment of all who dwelt therein.

It does not do to be too particular about dates; but we may go the length of stating, that the Baboon left

St. Helena only a few days after the French frigate Harpagon departed with the remains of Napoleon. She passed that vessel at sea subsequently, on which occasion (as the youths of the Baboon constantly asserted) the illustrious Pr—e de J—n—lle cleared for action in a most courageous manner, in case the Baboon should attack him—which was very probable, considering that there was no war between the two nations, and that the Baboon had only four guns; but the fiery enthusiasm of the Pr—e is well known. He sometimes, however, misses the mark, as was the case in his conjecture on this occasion—and in his bombardment of Tangier, where he did not make a great hit.

The sight of the French frigate, of course, gave rise to much discussion about the character of the Emperor, whose remains it was bearing.

M'Mizen's observations where characteristic. "Disappointed ambition, indeed!" exclaimed the philosophical sailing master; "he began the warld little better than mysel', and ended wi' ten thousand a year! He had great reason to be thankfu'!"

The Society were much amused by this "natural homily."

After passing the Harpagon, the Baboon pursued her way towards England tranquilly enough—

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;"

or, in other words, Carisford and Chilton smoking a cigar at the bow, and Dobbs and Pereira doing ditto on the stern gratings.

"I thirst for a glimpse of England!" said Dobbs, emphatically, the day after they left Madeira.

It was a beautiful day, and in the few gilded clouds which hung in the sky, they could not deem that any danger lurked. Glide on rapidly through the blue water, oh Baboon!

* * * * *

And now, while the Baboon is advancing homeward, it will be as well, perhaps, to advance before her, and glance at the state of the various persons interested in her commanders. There is no traveller like the soul: it wanders through creation with its heavenly passport at will; perhaps, after all, at a greater speed than that electricity, with which the brutal materialism of modern speculation is so fond of comparing it.

One fine afternoon, in the first week of August, 183—, just at that period when Parliament, according to its usual custom, was hurrying through the business of the session, and measure after measure was being swallowed greedily by majorities—when the opposition, fatigued with retarding public business, was too lazy to oppose anything with vigour, there strode down Parliament-street the figure of a pilgrim. He had a look of travel—he had a look of anxiety: he was on a pilgrimage to the House of Commons: and does any human being ever go there with a cheerful look upon his face, except an "honourable member," who hopes to get something by his votes?

Past the gardens of Whitehall (where the leaves ought to be regularly dusted, by some patriotic inhabitant), past the bridge of Westminster, which has become a ruin without becoming picturesque (as Lord —— is grey without being venerable), went the pilgrim, to the unholy sepulchre of many national hopes, and many individual aspirations. He

paused at the entrance (where two or three members were gathered together, waiting till prayers were over in the House to go in); till, in a few moments, an elderly gentleman rode up to the door. He dismounted: he saw the pilgrim. They stepped aside together. You could see, from the way in which they spoke, that the pilgrim was discoursing with his county member.

"I'll put the question immediately after the petitions," said the elderly gentleman.

"Thank you! thank you! But will they?—what think you? These d—d whigs!—can they refuse?" Here the pilgrim lowered his voice.

At that moment somebody rushed out, and said, hurriedly—"Sir John! Sir John!"

The elderly gentleman rushed in after him, with a hasty nod to the pilgrim, who turned and departed.

Next morning he saw the following interesting report in the "Parliamentary Intelligence" of the *Times.* :—

"CASE OF MR. CARISFORD.

"Sir John Jumble, seeing the Secretary of the Admiralty in his place, wished to ask him, whether any further intelligence respecting Mr. Carisford's case (here the Hon. Member became inaudible).

"Mr. Delout replied (as we understood), that whatever explanations were afforded to his honourable friend, there could be no doubt, that the Board of Admiralty had done all that could be expected from them (hear, hear, from Captain Bugbear).

"Sir John Jumble was desirous of stating—(loud cries of 'order, order," amidst which, the Hon. Member resumed his seat).

The fact was, that ever since our friend Mr. Carisford (the pilgrim) had received the communication from the Admiralty, which announced that their lordships had nothing further to communicate about his son, he had been following up the attack with various degrees of vigour. He had had the case brought before Parliament, time after time, in spite of countings out, being of opinion, that there was a principle involved in it, and that the Admiralty were bound to deliver up to him, the son whom he had committed to the service. Nothing could persuade him to the contrary, and he argued, that Carisford, junior having "deserted," the articles of war ought to be put in force against him, and the youth be captured accordingly.

This last report in the *Times*, at last convinced him, that there was nothing to hope from further agitation in the subject, and it surprised him to find that he bore the fact much better than he had anticipated. The truth was, he had been acting under a sense of duty, more than from any other feeling, all this time, and he tired sooner in proportion, of his pursuit. Everybody knows how much sooner men tire of labour in a good than in a bad cause. We read, nowadays, of crusaders with a feeling of wonder, far greater than that which is excited by the accounts of the zeal and enthusiasm of persecutors; and the man who gets knocked up very quickly by labours for a friend, or a public charity, works to an astonishing extent when revenging an injury, and running down a foe. This is a truism. *Tant mieux.* If one propounds anything lofty or elevating of the race in the present age, one is accused of a tendency to paradox!

Something of this sort passed through Mr. Carisford's

mind, as he sat at breakfast the morning after Sir John Jumble's last attempt in his favour at the House. For a quarter of an hour he dropped the relinquished *Times*, after reading the report, and fell into a fit of meditation. Then suddenly seizing it again, as a relief from his thoughts, he pounced on a paragraph in the "Shipping Intelligence," which set his blood off at a gallop. That number of the journal was like the spear of the hero of old, which cured by one end the wounds made by the other; at least it was so to Mr. Carisford, who read—

"Portsmouth, August 4.—Arrived the brig Mary, from Teneriffe. Spoke the Baboon yacht, main topmast and stern boat gone."

Here was a surprise. Mr. Carisford instantly recognised the name of the yacht, which, indeed, owing to its eccentricity, it was not very easy to forget. He instantly wrote a letter off to his wife, to inform her of the fact of the yacht having been heard of, and to say, that he was on the eve of starting to Portsmouth, to endeavour to get particulars about her, from the captain of the brig Mary. Who knows, thought he, but it may have been my son himself who spoke from the Baboon? his very voice, the ringing boyish tones that used to enliven the old country house of the family, may have saluted the worthy captain. Full of the thought, he started to Portsmouth.

Next morning he took a boat to go off to the brig; and, in a short time, was bobbing over the water to the place where she was anchored. He found her a dirty little vessel, with her rigging looking very loose. Her mainyard was topped up in a singular style for hoisting out casks, and her main rigging was decorated with shirts suspended there to dry.

As the boat came alongside, the boatman in her began to act as interpreter between such very different individuals as the tall gentlemanly old Mr. Carisford, and the fellows in red caps (we never could understand why sailors are so fond of that republican *bonnet*), who were knocking about on her decks.

"Hoy, there, I say, aboard the brig!" cried the boatman.

"Hillo, mate!" said a sailor belonging to her, coming to the gangway.

"Is your capting aboard?" asked the boatman.

"Yes, he is. What for?"

"This gent wants to speak to him."

"Oh, walk up, sir," said the man, probably taking him for one of the owners. "One minute, sir. Stick your foot on that bolt; now then, sir, t'other foot on the main chains; now a jump."

Which directions being complied with, Mr. Carisford reached the deck in perfect safety.

"Aft, if you please," continued the sailor, as he made a vague move in that direction. "The master 'ill be up directly." So saying, he dived down the little ladder.

Mr. Carisford, meanwhile, was cheered by the grateful music of three or four of the men, who were singing away as they hoisted a cask—

"Heigh ho! cheerly men, ho!
Betsy Bell, she loved a sailor."

"Mind your legs, if you please, sir," said one of them, requesting him to move out of a coil of rope.

In a few moments came the skipper, a little good natured looking man, obviously just out of his berth.

He had smoothed his hair by the application of some cold water, and what with his earings and his whiskers, which formed a kind of chin-stay under his chin, was a well looking fellow.

Mr. Carisford made his political bow, and neatly explained the cause of his visit. Would the captain be kind enough to tell him all he saw, all he knew, about the yacht Baboon, which he had met at sea?

"Yacht Baboon! ah, sir, to be sure I. will. Jem, bring here the log. P'raps you'll step below, sir?" said the skipper; and Mr. Carisford agreed, and speedily found himself in a little cabin with a narrow skylight.

"That's some wine in that jar, sir?" Let me fill you a horn," pursued the skipper, and the old gentleman made no opposition.

The boy Jem, who had been summoned to come with the log, was not long in making his appearance, mindful, perhaps, of a certain curiously worked rope, which hung suspended on a nail in the inside of the cabin door, and which was known as the "colt."

The skipper turned over the pages, by the aid of his moistened thumb, and at last exclaimed—"Ah, here she is! we saw her on the first of last month, two days' sail this side of Madeira."

"I have a son on board her," said Mr. Carisford, feelingly, and thinking that it was a proper course for him to adopt, to explain at once why he was thus troubling the worthy sailor.

"Have you, sir?" Lord bless you, sir! I went aboard her to look at the chronometer, and was never better treated in my life! They provided all sorts of hospitality," said the skipper, with a laugh, and remembering perhaps some consequences of it, which he did

not care to relate. "But I beg your pardon, sir," he continued. "There were four young gentlemen aboard her—first of all, a stoutish young man, hair, the least shade red—" here he paused, and looked at Mr. Carisford, who shook his head negatively.

"Then, sir, there was one about the same height, and dark, with a face that shone, like, and was bold and sharp."

Again Mr. Carisford shook his head.

"One much younger, sir, like a Spanish girl."

Mr. Carisford shook his head again, and began to feel very anxious.

"Well, then, Lord bless me," exclaimed the skipper, feeling sure he was quite right now, "it must have been the tall slim young fellow, with blue eyes and brown curly hair, the best looking fellow of the lot."

Mr. Carisford laughed gaily. This was the youth, there was no doubt about that.

"Dear me," said the sympathising skipper, "the very one that I catched putting more rum into my glass, after it was half-and-half already."

Mr. Carisford smiled again, as he recognised his son in this performance, and then proceeded to ask the skipper when the Baboon might be expected in England.

"Why, you see, sir," said the skipper, "a yacht ain't like one of us, obliged to hold on, blow fair or blow hard, so as to make her passage. Bless you, sir, if the wind's a little contrary, they think nothing of up helm, and run into the nearest port. The schooner had lost her main topmast; but that ain't no great matter. I should say, she ought to be, taking all chances, somewheres in the channel now."

"Ah," said Mr. Carisford, thoughtfully; he was

revolving in his mind what leave of absence he had from his wife, and how long he might venture to dally in the English seaports, on the look out for the yacht.

The skipper took advantage of the pause to collar a large brown jar, remove a portentous bung, and pour some wine into a funny little carved tumbler.

At that moment the trampling over head ceased a moment. Voices were heard; then the movement of a stout figure down the ladder, and—enter "Toe" Chilton, who has not appeared in our pages since we left him basking in the sun of Naples, and wandering amidst antiquities, to look for—an appetite.

Toe was as lively as ever—"Good morning; captain. A very pretty brig you have; 'Gad, sir, it reminds me of the ship Argo! 'youth at the prow,' &c. I have come on board, sir, to ask the pleasure of your — of, that is to say, your telling me about the yacht Baboon, that you met near Madeira."

The skipper smiled; Mr. Carisford smiled too—"Why, sir," said the skipper, "this gentleman has just come on board to make the same inquiry."

"Oh, indeed!" said Toe, proffering his snuff-box to Mr. Carisford, instanter—"Mr. Dobbs, perhaps."

"Carisford," said the old gentleman, with a bow.

"I see. Oh, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting your son at Naples, when the Baboon was there. My name is Chilton."

"And I, sir, have had the pleasure of seeing your son at my house."

Here was an acquaintance got up at once. Toe's features gleamed with pleasure. "I'm staying at the Crown," he said. "Perhaps I may have the pleasure of your company to dinner?"

Mr. Carisford bowed, and glanced slightly at the little skipper, in whose cabin they were making themselves at home, he thought a little too coolly.

"Captain—"

"Flurry," said the skipper.

"Will join us, I hope," pursued Mr. Chilton.

"Much obliged, I'm sure, sir. Can't exactly promise, you see, for about this here cargo—"

"And we're detaining you all this time," said Mr. Carisford, looking meaningly at Toc, who, in his usual vein of happy adaptation to immediate circumstances, seemed to have forgotten all about the Baboon already.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RETURN.

THE storm which raged with such a fury in England, and in our last chapter, committed a degree of havoc which it was melancholy to contemplate, particularly for those who lost anything by it. H. M. S. Chaos, a frigate of huge bulk, went on shore on the English coast. The officer of the watch had no leadsman in the chains, the master had taken no observations that day, the captain had viewed the rising storm with the sublime indifference of an epicurean god. So that as might be expected the officers of the Chaos were tried by a court-martial for the loss of the vessel, and a midshipman was dismissed the service. When the great Agamemnon wanted a fair wind he sacrificed his daughter. Nowadays such important personages are not the victims. If ever an English admiral wants a human sacrifice (and looking at the advance of Puseyism, who shall say that we may not go farther back, and adopt still more ancient superstitions than those already in fashion, some of these days), depend on it, a midshipman will be picked out to suffer. Several ships belonging to the firm of Grubber and Snag, were cast away also, and one yacht which had been cruising out-

side the Isle of Wight when the gale came on, passed the night lying-to in the channel, to the extreme terror of the man-milliner sailor to whom she belonged, who, no doubt, thought it cursed impudent on the part of the wind to blow so hard when he was on board.

In a little inn, in a small village in one of the western counties of England, a group of men were assembled the night after the gale, talking over it and discussing the mischief that it had done. The inn bore the sign of the Chequers, that celebrated sign which has been popular in Europe for fifteen hundred years, and which has been immortalised by the muse of Canning. The company consisted of the blacksmith of the village, the parish clerk, the doctor's man-servant, and a small grocer, that is small *quoad* grocer—personally he was of average size. The scene of their confabulations was the taproom, where the fire was blazing very comfortably, and serving the purpose of keeping the poker at that degree of red heat necessary to warm a pot of beer when inserted therein.

"Such a night!" said the blacksmith, throwing up his eyes. "The wind howled through my workshop, and made the sparks fly like—"

"Like the hinfernal regions!" said the flunkey opposite him, interrupting.

It is amusing to see how, in all classes nowadays, an elegant periphrasis substitutes itself for a plain word. A drunken cobbler is an intoxicated mechanic—the devil has become his satanic majesty—and the scarlet lady an "unfortunate female."

The blacksmith smoked on at his little black pipe with increased vigour. He was as galled at the inter-

ruption as a dog who has had a bone, or wit who has had an epigram, taken out of his mouth.

"My master," continued the doctor's servant, "has a theory about the winds."

"Indeed!" said the grocer, who had an attachment to intellectual pursuits, and consequently was very unsuccessful in business; "do you know it."

"I ought to," said the flunkey, superciliously, and taking a sip at the pot.

The grocer was a timid man; he therefore only ejaculated quietly—"Oh!" Then his love of knowledge jogging him, he pursued—"You've paid some attention to it, then, Mr. Brown?"

"I should think so. I've carried it from his study to the drawing room every night these six months."

The grocer gave ever so little of a sigh, but made no observation.

Mr. Brown was obviously not deep in the theory; but, perhaps, after all, he knew as much about it as his master.

"Perhaps," said the blacksmith, "the doctor would explain why my chimney pot always comes off, and our next door's one always stops on, in them gales?"

"I should say, no doubt he could," said Mr. Brown.

"Your neighbour goes to church," said the parish clerk, who had recently turned a severe Puseyite (but, somehow or other, always faced the wrong way in church, to the amusement of the profane); and, so saying, he popped the red-hot poker into the pot, and as it gave a violent hiss, glanced at the blacksmith, as if to call his attention to the kind of noise which he would probably make, under circumstances of a similarly hot nature, by and bye.

At this moment there was a loud thumping at the door. The landlady came into the taproom, and glanced at the enormous round-faced clock over the fireplace: the hands, which were not unlike pokers, marked the hour of ten. "Nobody can come in now—too late," said she; and she advanced to the door, and cried out—"Who's there?"

"It's me," replied a delicate voice from the exterior.

"Who's me?" asked the landlady, snappishly.

"Not to know me, argues yourself unknown!" roared out another voice. "Come my good woman, if woman you be, as I conjecture from those tones, just a little cracked, but silvery still, open the door to a distinguished traveller!"

Mrs. Parkin was a little startled, as well she might be, at this address; but she opened the door. When she did so, a party of five presented themselves. Four of them were youths; the fifth was a burly man of middle age. They were all dripping wet, and had but one carpet bag, in the way of luggage, amongst them, which was carried by a youth with a fat rosy face.

"Ha! an English taproom," said the youth, who had spoken last from the other side of the door. "Sweet picture of English comfort! Dobbs, be seated!"

The youths of the Baboon had come to this. In last night's gale, that gallant schooner had strewed her bones on the western coast: scarcely anything had been saved from her but some money, which the gallant M'Mizen had borne to shore on his person, in defiance of all danger.

The party in the taproom betrayed no little surprise at the entry of the damp strangers, particularly when M'Mizen took off his hat, and gave it a shake, which

scattered moisture over them, and followed it up, by grumbling out—"That weeds wanted nae watering," by which reflection, he at once condemned his own act, and ridiculed those who suffered by it, in the most impartial manner.

The clerk, the blacksmith, and the grocer, rose and went away, leaving with the new comers the doctor's servant, who, probably anticipated a job for his master.

The unfortunate heroes of the Baboon gathered round the fire. The landlady brought a pot of our national liquor.

Chilton took it in his hand with a certain degree of formality. It was an important moment. With upturned eyes and solemn looks, the returned heroes partook of beer. "And here is an end of our career," said Chilton, mournfully. "The Baboon wrecked—Dobbs discrowned—nothing left for us all but to earn what is called a respectable livelihood! We, who have lived out of the pale of the law, will have to study it! we, who have inflicted wounds, will have to learn how to cure them!"

"What did you dream, M'Mizen?" asked Chilton next morning, desirous of giving a lively tone to the talk at once.

"Faith, sir, naething in particular; but ance I fancied I was busy at a grouse pie and a glass o' strunt wi' Birtwhistle o' Klavers."

"Bravo, Mac," said Chilton. "Your's is an old family in the Stewartry—isn't it?"

"Ay, sir, we're aulder than the Galloways—"

"What! Lord Galloway's family?"

"To be sure, sir, but—" and here the sailing master paused thoughtfully—"ye ken, the Galloways were aye

a powerfu' hoose;" which characteristic touch on the part of their old skipper caused considerable amusement to the young gentlemen.

"Now," said Chilton, "I have been thinking matters over, and this is my project. We have a certain amount of money left, not enough to take us all up to Portsmouth in the regular way. Some one must go forward by the coach to see how matters are getting on; the rest must follow in a waggon. Let Carisford take the money for the coach and push forward."

The proposal was welcomed with applause. Carisford resisted it of course, at first, but was overruled, and his eyes sparkled with gladness at the prospect. They found that they were five miles distant from the town of T—, whence a coach started, and that town they reached in an hour and a half. There came another consultation. All the money of the Society, except a few shillings, was made over to Mr. Car, and furthermore, he was furnished with the one carpet bag of the company, that he might present a respectable appearance among his fellow travellers, for, as is sagaciously remarked, in the clever burlesque of *Noureddin and the Fair Persian*—

"'Tis the carpet bag that tells
Gentlemen from dressed up swells."

Here was an example of what the devotion of friendship ought to be. What is the "silken and perfumed amity" (as Emerson calls it) of the fine world to this? Our friends gathered round the coach, at the door of the Royal Arms. The devoted carpet bag was tossed, rather superciliously they thought, into the boot. Ca-

risford mounted on the box alongside the driver, and, in another instant, the coach had rolled away, and there had been achieved, in the simplest manner possible, what storm, battle, and fate, had not brought about during some three years — a separation among the "band of brothers," whose history we have been recording in these pages.

"Let us love and cherish our friends in the days of our youth," thought Chilton, as Car disappeared. 'Tis with the world as with mountains—the higher we climb, the colder is the air, and the fewer are the flowers.

Our friends marched briskly through the town, and along the high road, and by evening they had very contentedly installed themselves in a huge waggon, and were jogging eastward, while M'Mizen was howling out a love song about the "gowden locks o' Anna," and the waggoner, a humble Bootes of the western road, was seated on the shafts, smoking a little black pipe.

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Carisford now went briskly pushing along towards Portsmouth.

Night had descended as he entered upon the city of ships; and the moon was shining on the waters that roll at its feet. Oh, that moon! quiet, calm, and gentle, as she looks—who would think, from her pale face, that it makes the wilderness of ocean heave and roll upon a thousand vast shores? So calm and so mighty! What a reproach to an age of blustering agitation, and no results!

Carisford passed the gate of Mrs. Dobbs's cottage. He had made up his mind not to go in, as it had been agreed that Dobbs should enter to surprise them, with-

out previous announcement, when he arrived. But he could not help pausing to look over the railings of the cottage, and he plucked a leaf from a fragrant bush, and crushed it in his hand, that he might perfume it with a memory to convince him after he had passed on, that he had indeed been at that homely old place, so well remembered. As he did so, he saw the reflection of figures on the window blind; he heard voices—it was all he could do to prevent himself from rushing in, and announcing the yacht's return to Caroline and her mother. Perhaps he even touched the latch of the gate, for as he moved away, he heard a sweet clear voice, at the door, ask—"Who's there?" It was Caroline's; he made no answer; he felt a sensation of luxury, in knowing the power in his hands and not using it.

As he advanced towards old familiar places, he thought of his past life, and how he would marry some day, when his governor came round—and live quietly, and be kind to the poor, &c., &c. Car felt more and more poetic—till he reached the Ship and Anchor Hotel. Was it possible that any of his old messmates were in the billiard-room? He heard the clicking of the ivory balls, as he went up stairs to see.

There they were, that old, old clique. There was Clarendon of the Magnificent; and Jigger of the Bustard; Percival Plug of the Snob—whose reminiscences the present historian presented to the world; Royster, late of the Orson; Dulcet, whilom of the Wavelet, &c., &c. Clarendon was leaning over to play a difficult stroke with the "rest," requiring nicety of touch, when Car entered. "'Gad, here's old Carisford," cried Plug. Clarendon made a stroke and missed. "Thirty-

two—twenty-six," cried the marker. How familiar seemed the old sound to Car!

The playing was dropped. They gathered round the new comer and old friend. They had a hundred questions to ask about the Baboon, whose career had been heard of, in the profession. Had they been pirates? Was it true that they had killed a man in the tropics, and sent the body home in a cask, marked "damaged pork?"

Carisford explained that the Baboon was more innocent than they seemed to take her to be, and that, at all events, she had now expiated her crimes by being wrecked.

"I say, Carisford," said another, "do you know it's said your governor has been seen prowling about here lately?"

"Quite impossible," Carisford said; "oh, dear, no, catch him putting himself to the trouble."

"Well—heard so—may be a mistake."

"This is an event," exclaimed Clarendon, "a day to be marked with a white stone!"

"With *chalk* at a tavern, you mean, I suppose?" said the facetious Jigger. "We must make a night of it."

Away they went. Car had almost forgotten Flora herself. They entered the theatre. A piece of Shakspere's was being performed. They bawled out—"Author, author!" and pretended to be very indignant that he did not bow from a private box. They then halloed for silence, and begged that the people who were making an uproar should be removed.

After the play, they went somewhere for supper, and there they drank large quantities of wine. They

gained the street, flushed and roaring, and attempted to remove a naval officer, with a quadrant in his hand, from a shop over which he presided. They walked six abreast, and encircled an inoffensive passer-by, and danced round him like cannibals round a victim. They had a row with the police—more policemen came up—Clarendon floored two; there was a general row, and a grand *finale* at the station house, where they all woke up in the morning, with clayey throats, and heads which seemed to be tenanted by Lilliputian blacksmiths, hammering like mad.

In this beautiful plight Master Carisford woke up among the others—with what feelings of shame, self reproach, and thirst, need scarcely be said. "Good heavens, if Flora could see me here!" he thought, as he glanced round his unromantic dungeon, and saw Messrs. Clarendon, Jigger, &c., lying near him.

These gentlemen presently woke up, and glared dismally round the room. At first they had but a dim consciousness where they were; but presently, "Good God!" Clarendon cried, "here's a place for a gentleman! By the shades of my ancestors, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself!"

"What the blazes did we do?" asked another.

"It's time to ask that," said Jigger, sardonically. "We licked the police, that's all, and I've a dim notion that we assaulted some elderly gentlemen." And here Jigger began kicking at the door, in a paroxysm of contrition.

At that instant, a policeman appeared at the door in question; and after casually informing Jigger that if he continued to kick, his boots would be taken off, went on to inquire, with facetious condescension, after

the health of the party. After a little parley, he brought some rather muddy coffee, flanked with slices of bread and butter, the very sight of which, under the circumstances, was enough almost to make the whole party sick.

"What will be the damage, Charley, think you?" asked Clarendon.

"You'll all be fined, I 'spose," answered the policeman.

"'Gad then," said Clarendon, pulling his gold watch off, "you had better go and raise the wind on that, for I'm cleaned out."

In about an hour, these gentlemen were marched oft to the court, before the magistrate, being received with a faint murmur of applause by a motley crowd of hackney coachmen, common sailors, &c., gathered together in the body of the court. The charges were soon made. Carisford's case was on. The chief witness was called. Car turned curiously to look at the person whose evidence was to condemn him. The witness got into the box. It was his father! This was their first meeting for upwards of three years.

Old Mr. Carisford was perhaps the most astonished of the two. He had not the slightest conception that his son had returned. He stood there, mute as a mummy.

"Do you recognise him, sir?" inquired the magistrate sharply.

Recognise him! Did he not? The poor old gentleman was as nervous as a girl.

The magistrate understood nothing of the circumstances (Carisford the younger had given a wrong name, of course), he ordered the old gentleman to stand down.

But a sturdy intelligent witness immediately afterwards recognised the whole party. "They were talking to a cabman, when I see them first," said the patriotic witness.

"I never talk to the lower orders," said Clarendon, haughtily. A murmur of disapprobation, and a slight hiss passed among the mob.

"Fined £2 a-piece," was the ultimate decision of his worship. It was drearily hauled forth, old Carisford coming forward to the astonishment of them all, to pay for his son.

"And now," said his worship, "let me tell you that a more disgrace—"

"Come," said the audacious Jigger, "we've paid you your money—don't let us have any of your jaw."

A roar of applause from the mob followed this piece of temerity; but before our friend Carisford saw the result of it, his father had pulled him by his sleeve, and taken him out of the court.

They walked in silence, hurrying away for a few minutes, till they turned down an unfrequented lane.

"Oh, Harry, Harry," began the father, "you plague spot on the family—you curse—. My dear boy, how are you? And where, in Heaven's name, have you been?" So saying, he shook his hand tremulously, and his old eyes filled with tears.

Car wept like a girl. Let us pass over the scene.

They went off together to Mr. Carisford's lodgings; and then Car breakfasted sumptuously, installed himself in one of his father's shirts, and dispatched a message to Mr. Ruffles, the tailor whom he ordered to lose no time in making him some clothes.

After breakfast, they went to the cottage of Mrs.

Dobbs, when Carisford gladdened their hearts by informing them, that the king must certainly return soon. He was wonderfully improved; he was now quite fit to command a ship, and was as good a fellow as ever breathed.

Mrs. Dobbs felt quite proud of her son. How she longed to see him. There was a noise at the gate—What was that? Pshaw! the butcher!—who could think of such things as beef and mutton now?

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No romantic or surprising incident is to be expected in the remainder of our history. That evening, Chilton, Dobbs, Pereira, and M'Mizen, arrived at Portsmouth. The Scotchman went home to Galloway, and was, on the very next Sunday, the most conspicuous person present in the kirk of Bluter. He joined in a psalm, by the agency of that extraordinary wind instrument, his nose, and comported himself, otherwise, with religious fervour.

The gate of the cottage of Mrs. Dobbs turned on its hinges with a creak of welcome, as the three young men passed in. Toe was there—Carisford, the elder, was there; Mrs. Dobbs was down stairs. Never was such a meeting—the king being kissed by his mother and sister with a heartiness which made him blush, as if, being kissed by one's female relations, was anything to be ashamed of!

The meeting between Toe and his son, Tom Chilton, late of the Baboon, was not romantic. They shook hands heartily; they complimented each other on their looks, and fell to talking together about the Cup. Then they got on family matters, and indulged in a little abuse of their relations. They are always quarrelling

in that Chilton family, though it is not true, as has been asserted, that Tom ever blackballed his father, at the —— Club.

What then was the end of the ambitious speculations of the heroes of the Baboon—those youths who complained that their country gave them no career! Matrimony and home are the established golden apples for which men stop in their course. Even so. Happy they whom such a fate snatches from the stormy career of ambition, and enables to suspend their votive tablets in token of delivery from shipwreck therein! Perhaps the household gods—

"Lar and the old Penates,"

are the best divinities of all. Perhaps it is because we are so domestic, that we don't rush into revolutions in England like our neighbours. Heaven only knows what we owe to our grandmothers for sitting by the fireside, with their "work." But the cause of the people! Oh youth, shall we leave it to —— and ——? Alas, and "reputation," and "immortality?" "Oh, my brother," as C. and E. say, "look only for reputation among the angels; and as for 'immortality,' *par la splendeur de Dieu*, art thou not content with the immortality of thy soul? Fix thy thoughts on that."

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Tomkins laughs at the last sentence—as indeed he does at most things—antiquity, enthusiasm, love, &c. The author ought to stick to satire, ought not he, Mr. T.? What a poor fellow he would be, my dear

Tomkins, were it his main object to give satisfaction to such as thee?

"A satirist without heart," says a young friend, "is a meaner creature than an ape—from whom he mainly differs by the want of that natural appendage—a tail. We *may* laugh, but we *must* love."

THE END.

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